ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

L. Lomond
Stirling
Kirkcaldy
Firth of Forth
Dunfermline
Bannockburn
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Lammermoor Hills
Berwick-upon-Tweed
LINDISFARNE
FARNE IS.
Greenock
Firth of Clyde
Isle of BUTE
Dryburgh Abbey
Melrose Abbey
Tweed
Flodden Field
Clyde
Lanark
Ayr
Firth of Clyde
SCOTLAND
Abbotsford
Auchinleck
Alloway Kirk
Ayr R.
Nith R.
Ettrick
Selkirk
Warkworth Castle
Craigenputtock
Dumfries
NORTHUMBERLAND
Newcastle
Tynemouth
North Channel
Ecclefechan
Gretna Green
Tyne R.
Wear R.
Sunderland
Annan R.
Carlisle
Knockando
Solway Firth
CUMBERLAND
Cumbrian Mts.
Durham
Cockermouth
Mt. Skiddaw
Derwent Water
Keswick
Ullswater
Mt. Helvellyn
Hartlepool
Whitby
Mull of Galloway
Grasmere
WESTMORLAND
Tees R.
NORTH YORK MOORS
Scafell
Rydal Mt.
Swale R.
Northallerton
Scarborough
Hawkshead
Windermere
Brantwood
Snaefell
ISLE OF MAN
Douglas
Cleveland
Ure R.
Flamborough Head
Lancaster
Ripon
Stillington
Morecambe Bay
York
Stamford Bridge
Elvington
Haworth
Wilberfoss
Preston
Bradford
Leeds
Hull
IRISH SEA
LANCASHIRE
Halifax
Wakefield
Great Grimsby
Bolton
Manchester
Hampole
Don R.
Humber R.
Formby Pt.
Liverpool
Sheffield
Louth
Birkenhead
Mersey R.
The Peaks
WOLDS
Holyhead
HOLY I.
ANGLESEY
SHERWOOD
LINCOLN
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60
6°
4°
2°
0°
2°
56
54

St. George's Channel
Bristol Channel
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Cardigan Bay
Barnstaple Bay
Hartland Pt.
Tintagel
Eddystone L.H.
Lizard Pt.
St. Ives
Land's End
Falmouth
Start Pt.
Portland Bill
Beachy Head
Boulogne
Dieppe
Calais
Strait of Dover
North Foreland
The Naze
Selsey Bill
Isle of Wight
Carisbrooke
Ilfracombe
Bideford
Plymouth
Dartmouth
Torquay
Exeter
Taunton
Bridgwater
Wells
Weston-super-Mare
Cardiff
Swansea
Caerleon
Tintern Abbey
Monmouth
Chepstow
Gloucester
Cheltenham
Bristol
Bath
Malmesbury
Chippenham
Salisbury
Winchester
Southampton
Portsmouth
Bournemouth
Dorchester
Weymouth
Farringford
Chichester
Brighton
Hastings
Lewes
Eastbourne
Pevensey
Rye
Ashford
Canterbury
Maidstone
Rochester
Gravesend
Tilbury
Chelmsford
Colchester
Harwich
Ipswich
Aldeburgh
Lowestoft
Great Yarmouth
Norwich
Cromer
Wells
Hunstanton
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Ely
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Leicester
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Stoke
Crewe
Nantwich
Whitchurch
Oswestry
Welshpool
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Builth
Brecon
Abergavenny
Newport
Pembroke
Milford Haven
Haverfordwest
Carmarthen
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Neath
Port Talbot
Bridgend
Aberystwyth
Cardigan
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Knighton
Ross
Monmouth
Abergavenny
Oxford
Reading
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Watford
St. Albans
Hertford
Ware
Epping
Romford
Barking
Woolwich
Greenwich
Deptford
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Croydon
Kingston
Richmond
Hampton Court
Staines
Egham
Guildford
Dorking
Reigate
Redhill
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Tunbridge Wells
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Rye
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Girvan
Stranraer
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Annan
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Brampton
Penrith
Appleby
Kirkby Stephen
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THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ENGLISH LITERATURE

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This series of anthologies of English literature
is under the general editorship of

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Professor of English, Dartmouth College

ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

EDITED BY

EVERT MORDECAI CLARK

Associate Professor of English
University of Texas

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H

PREFACE

Although this volume is entitled *The Seventeenth Century*, it does not undertake to present early seventeenth-century literature that is essentially Elizabethan. Even Bacon, Jonson, and Donne have been apportioned to the volume dealing with the Renaissance. Two overlapping figures have been included by way of transition, but the book is designed to represent adequately only the literature of those periods in which Puritan and Restoration influences prevail.

Within these periods, however, literary materials are so abundant and diverse that further limitations have had to be imposed. Only the most important writers of a group or subdivision have been given representation. Drama, and all prose and verse primarily historical, technical, or controversial, have necessarily been excluded. For obvious reasons, volumes, and occasionally long chapters and poems, have been cut down. Thus, for example, I have not chosen to omit entirely Burton's delightful chapter on "Exercise" merely because I could not include the whole. Again, it would be a bold anthologist who should dare either to omit from his collection of Caroline verse Sir John Suckling's *Ballad upon a Wedding* or to present it entire. As far as practicable, however, the principle of presenting literary wholes has been observed.

The arrangement of the book is chronological except where chronology has been set aside for more important considerations. Thus Milton and Dryden have been allowed to stand as the final, summarizing figures of their respective eras. Other authors are grouped according

to periods or predominating types, but all selections from a particular writer are exhibited together under the group to which he primarily belongs. The general principle of organization that has been observed throughout is that materials should be arranged in an order suitable and convenient for private reading and classroom presentation.

With few exceptions the texts have been based upon those of authoritative early editions. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized except where there seemed to be good reason to retain the earlier forms.

I desire to express my appreciation of the many courtesies extended to me by the officials of the Yale University Library during several busy weeks of resident investigation. Grateful acknowledgments of obligation are here made also to my colleagues, Professor James B. Wharey, for the loan of early editions of *The Pilgrim's Progress,* and Professors W. J. Battle and H. J. Leon for help with certain classical obscurities; to my wife and sons for assistance with indexes and proof, and particularly to Rupert Clark, who drew the diagrams on page 581; to Sir Edward Abbott Parry, for his kind permission to draw freely from his original edition of *The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple;* and finally, to Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell and to the Clarendon Press, for their equally kind permission to reprint selections from their editions of Traherne.

E. M. C.

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INTRODUCTION

THE PURITAN AGE

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The germs of the English Puritan revolt appear far back in the Elizabethan régime, and within the membership of the Anglican Church, in the yearnings of devout but individualistic souls for a more purely Protestant and individual form of worship than Episcopacy allowed. As early as 1579 Archbishop Grindal (Algrind of *The Shepherd's Calendar*) had fallen into disfavor with the Queen because of Puritan inclinations. Before the close of the century Puritan "vipers," as Archbishop Whitgift called them, had multiplied alarmingly, discreet attempts at enforcing conformity had been made, and Puritan emigrations to Holland had begun.

A more rapid development of these seeds of civil and ecclesiastical strife began in 1603 with the accession of James I, who promptly asserted his headship of church and state and set to work to compel non-conformists to conform or to "harry them out of the land." Ably assisted by his bishops and by Elizabeth's old Court of High Commission, he dispossessed Puritan ministers by hundreds and forced multitudes of dissenters into exile or imprisonment. Under his leadership the national Church became increasingly worldly-minded and ceremonious. James' *Book of Sports* (1618) especially scandalized sober Puritan souls by recommending indulgence in archery, dancing, and other sports on Sunday afternoons. At Court, licentiousness and extravagance increased. In the judiciary such flagrant cases of corruption as that of Bacon were winked at or excused. A

stupid policy of arrogance and immorality, far from suppressing opposition, only deepened the seriousness and determination of Puritans and Republicans alike. Thus by 1625 the unity of English national life, which Elizabeth had partially inspired and tactfully preserved, was virtually destroyed.

Older elements of distrust were revived by the marriage of James' successor with a Catholic princess, Henrietta Maria of France. Soon forced to come to Parliament for funds, Charles was met with firm demands for redress of grievances and was brought in 1628 to sign the Petition of Right. Inconsistently, however, he abolished Parliaments altogether in 1629 and ruled alone as an absolute monarch for eleven years. His effective instruments were the army under Strafford, the bishops under Laud, and the ever-busy courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. It was the "Period of Thorough" —of thorough absolutism in church and state. Open criticism, such as that of William Prynne's *Histriomastix* (1633), brought swift and certain punishment by fines, the pillory, imprisonment, and even mutilation.

Such tyranny could have but one result. Scotch Calvinists threw off Episcopacy in 1639. The so-called bishops' wars that ensued found Charles unable longer to support an army or to enforce his will. The Parliament that he reluctantly assembled in 1640 sat for thirteen years and completely revolutionized political and ecclesiastical affairs. Laud and Strafford were tried and executed. In September, 1641, the Church was thoroughly purged of Laudian innovations. The theaters were closed in 1642. Sunday sports were soon outlawed by statute. In the field, Cromwell's Ironsides completely crushed the feeble armies of the King; and Charles himself, incapable of trust or treaty, was brought to the block on January 30, 1649.

Thus Puritanism triumphed gloriously, but the headlong violence of its career augured swift decline and early dissolution. An upstart church soon proved that "new *Presbyter*" was "but old *Priest* writ large." The republic inaugurated in 1649 attained brief prestige but degenerated into a protectorate in 1653. Upon Cromwell's death in 1658, there ensued a period of anarchy and confusion, the escape from which in the spring of 1660 by returning to monarchy occasioned wild and almost universal demonstrations of joy.

In its social aspects the Puritan age was correspondingly unsettled and heterogeneous. Republican and Royalist, Puritan and Anglican, Roundhead and Cavalier regarded one another with increasing disapproval and contempt. With the interruption of industry by civil war, unrest and poverty became widespread. Schools declined; superstition flourished: astrology was still taught in the universities, and witches were effectually detected and disposed of at the stake. Almost unhindered, fire and pestilence ravaged palaces and tenements alike.

And yet, despite much ignorance, intolerance, licentiousness, and strife, social life in the Puritan age had also an inspiring and reassuring side. Men dared to challenge tyranny and vice and to stand or fall by their beliefs. Experiments in science, industry, education, and governmental affairs were made which have been of great significance to later times. Bacon's inductive method was beginning to leaven inquiring minds. Though schools and colleges were poor, great scholars were produced, great discoveries were made, and great things were achieved in literature and art. Such men as Harvey, Selden, Milton, Hobbes, Van Dyke, Boyle, and Christopher Wren are scarcely evidence of an intellectually or artistically barren age. Then too, underneath

the agitated surface of society, the deeper currents of normal human life ran much the same as they had ever done. As always, lovers "wept and wooed and plighted troth." Rigorous inhibitions notwithstanding, there still were "May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes." Men still sold goods, went fishing, travelled abroad, indulged in folly, repented tardily, made wills, and died. And to be able to discover these essential and unchanging elements of human life, despite the crabbed exterior of the times, is to receive no slight reward for reading understandingly the literature of the Puritan—or of any other bygone—age.

LITERARY ANTECEDENTS AND INFLUENCES

In the prose and verse, as in the political and social life of seventeenth-century England, no definite line of demarcation between the Elizabethan and the Puritan eras can be drawn. Towering Elizabethan writers such as Bacon, Shakespeare, Jonson, and Donne continue far beyond the turn of the century to bear characteristic fruit; and Puritan tendencies, on the other hand, are already manifest in Spenser. The early humanists' thirst for ancient literature and learning is still conspicuous in such universal scholars as Burton, Selden, Milton, and Browne. The pagan preference of the Elizabethan age for this brave new world and for worldly joys is especially prominent in the lyrical poetry of the Cavaliers. As near as one need come to chronological demarcation is to say that the Jacobean decades are a kind of borderland between the typically Elizabethan and the predominantly Puritan, in passing through which English literature loses much of its exuberance, originality, and largeness of view and becomes more somber, strident, biassed, and intense. The impulses of Renaissance and

Reformation continue to be influential, but increasingly in opposition rather than in harmonious conjunction. Echoes of the earlier, graceful, carefree song can still be heard, but for the most part Elizabethan joyousness degenerates into the lyric ribaldry of the Cavaliers. On the other hand, the Puritan scorn of earthly delights and confident belief in the direct and unhindered communion of the individual with the spiritual world become the fountain-head of religious poetry and prose. Upon the whole, imaginative vigor and æsthetic sensibility decline as seriousness, contentiousness, and intellectual subtlety increase.

Of individual influences from Elizabethan times, such as that of Spenser, which will be presented later in connection with the pastoralists, by far the most conspicuous and persistent are the personal and literary traditions of Ben Jonson and John Donne. Both are adequately represented in the preceding volume of this Series, but some attention must be given here to their relations to the literature of the Puritan age.

Only a little younger than his great dramatic rival, Jonson opposed to Shakespeare's romanticism a genuine classicism that not only survived Elizabethan and Puritan times but dominated English literature for a century beyond. Shakespeare was master of "small Latin and less Greek"; Jonson was thoroughly familiar with both, and constantly made use of ancient literary models and mythology. To Shakespeare's "easy numbers" he contrasted a "slow-endeavoring art" which found its inspiration in the exquisite craftsmanship of such classical writers as Horace, Martial, Ovid, and Catullus. His artistic creed that

> He who casts to write a living line
> Must sweat, and draw the second heat .

found worshipful acceptance not only with the lyric "sons of Ben" who met at "The Dog, The Triple Tun" but also with the soberer Transitional poets and to no slight degree with the greater Puritan poet who chose

To scorn delights and live laborious days.

The classic grace, simplicity, restraint, and finish of Jonson's lyrical verse, qualities which made increasingly for order in a fantastic age, are well exhibited in these exquisite opening lines of the *Hymn to Diana:*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Of less importance artistically but of no less influence upon the literature of the age were his epigrams, translations, panegyrics, satires, blunt critical deliverances, and pioneer experiments in the Pindarique ode.

More fascinating and pervasive in its influence upon Puritan and Cavalier verse than even Jonson's classicism, however, was the fantastic poetry of John Donne. To that fiery and original Elizabethan seems to have fallen a double portion of the intellectual romanticism which constituted an important aspect of the Renaissance. Donne's kingdom is his mind: he will find adventure and reality by threading the labyrinthine maze of his own thoughts. Away with imitations of the ancients, with Petrarchan sentiment, with outworn themes and forms! Instead of sonnetting his mistress's perfections, he will flout her constancy and charms and let her go.

The style of Donne, original in part and in part derived from his contemporaries in England, Italy, and Spain, which by reason of its intellectual subtlety Samuel Johnson, amplifying Dryden, not very accurately styled "metaphysical," manifested itself in intricate and unexpected turns of thought and in an abundance of extravagant figures of speech. Elsewhere in Elizabethan poetry conceits ordinarily appear with a saving tinge of appropriateness and beauty. In the poetry of Donne they are usually subtle and ingenious rather than artistically pleasing and appropriate; yet, too, despite their starkness æsthetically, Donne's conceits are frequently accompanied by sincere emotion. Thus, parting from his wife to go abroad, this strange poet sings:

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are so:
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

To an age intent upon innovation and independence, this original and fantastic style proved irresistible. Religious lyrists excelled even the Cavaliers in the abundance and atrociousness of their conceits. Every one, even Milton for a time, felt the influence of the metaphysical style. All quickly caught the trick of the conceit, though none could imitate successfully Donne's imaginative vigor and emotional fire.

WRITERS, TYPES, AND SCHOOLS

Spenserian Pastoralists

A convenient transition from the Elizabethan heights of the Renaissance to its declining slopes is afforded by a group of early seventeenth-century poets who drew their inspiration largely from the pastoral and allegorical poetry of Spenser. William Drummond's *Tears on the Death of Mæliades* (1613) is a Spenserian pastoral elegy. Giles Fletcher, in *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven* (1610), and his brother Phineas, in *The Purple Island* (1633), imitate with much prolixity but with occasional beauty and power the moral allegory of *The Faerie Queene*. The two most versatile members of this slender group, however, and the two most representative at once of things Elizabethan and Puritan, are the collaborating pastoralists, George Wither and William Browne.

Pastoral poetry originated in the simple idyls of the Sicilian poets, Theocritus and Bion (third century B. C.), and was further elaborated in the *Eclogues* of Virgil. It first came to England from the Italian Renaissance through the medium of Alexander Barclay's *Eglogues* (1514), which were translations and crude imitations of the moral satire of Mantuanus rather than Sicilian idyls. Again the introduction was attempted in Barnaby Googe's *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes* (1563). In *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1579) the pastoral made its first appearance in English in artistic power. Here were exhibited in amazing variety and perfection the pastoral conventions of some eighteen hundred years: the rural, if not idyllic, scenes and characters, songs and elegies, of Theocritus and Bion; the wider range of the

Virgilian eclogue; the Mantuan satire upon contemporary life; and the allegorizing tendency of Petrarch and Marot. To these Spenser added something of his own. The calendar device gave better organization. The scenes and characters were somewhat Anglicized and made more realistic. Above all, in Spenser's hands the pastoral became suffused with serious, even Puritan, morality.

Following Spenser closely, especially in these later and more English aspects of pastoral verse, Browne, in *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613) and *The Shepherd's Pipe* (1614), and Wither, in *The Shepherd's Hunting* (1614) and *Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete* (1622), quite as sincerely and almost as melodiously as Colin Clout deplore the loss of shepherd friends, idealize their loves, exalt the muse, describe the charms of English woods and streams, express their personal hopes and fears, and denounce the increasing moral laxity of the times. The *Pastorals* especially shows Browne's felicity in the realistic description of rural sights and sounds. Wither glows with the intenser moral zeal. Both go on to identify themselves with later literary tendencies and forms —Browne in masque and epitaph and Wither in pamphlets, remembrancers, and pious hymns; but both do credit to their master in the sweetness and simplicity of their early pastoral song.

Earlier Essayists

In prose the transition from Elizabethan to Puritan times is marked by the disappearance of romance and the flourishing of essayist and pamphleteer. To an age becoming relatively serious and introspective, the *Essays* (1597), or "aphoristic conceits," of Bacon and the *Essais* (1580), or familiar discourses, of Montaigne, translated

into English by Florio in 1603, suggested a congenial medium of expression. In the pamphlet the sterner controversialists found a ready and effective weapon of attack.

The English essay of the seventeenth century, however, though greatly influenced by these French and English models, did not derive exclusively from the essays of Bacon or Montaigne. The genre flourished under various names in ancient and in medieval times. The shrewd political discourses of Machiavelli and Guicciardini; the personal meditations of Bonaventura, Petrarch, and St. Augustine; the polished, brief discussions and observations of Cicero and Seneca, of Epictetus, Aristotle, and Plato,—all contributed directly to the modern essay in its great variety of forms.

Of ancient essayists one of the most artistic was Theophrastus (third century B. C.), whose *Ethical Characters* (*ἠθικοὶ χαρακτῆρες*), clever thumb-nail sketches of types of character, was translated into Latin by Casaubon in 1592 and became the ancestor of a numerous progeny of seventeenth-century "characters." In England Joseph Hall, prolific essayist and pamphleteer and ultimately bishop of Norwich, led the way with *The Characters of Virtues and Vices* (1608). The "character" of Theophrastus was quite impersonal, and consisted merely of a brief but pungent definition and illustration of a particular human vice. Hall preserved approximately this objective and artistic conception of the type but undertook to deal with virtue as well as vice, a practice generally followed by his successors. Despite their rather heavy ballast of morality, Hall's "characters" are not without shrewd observations upon human nature and at least a trace of Theophrastian satire. Thomas Overbury's *Characters* (1614) is a collection similar to Hall's but more artistic and witty even

if decidedly artificial and euphuistic. The most popular of seventeenth-century character-writers, however, was John Earle, genial Anglican clergyman and subsequently bishop of Winchester and Salisbury, whose *Microcosmographie* (1628), or "description of the little world of man," appeared anonymously but ran through three editions within the year. Earle's slender sketches are well-constructed and brilliantly expressed. In addition to their charm of sparkling wit and genuine humor, they exhibit the author's keen analysis of character and really interesting observations upon contemporary manners and affairs.

Another species of moral essay that exactly suited the temper of the Puritan age is the strictly personal meditation, distinct or in combination with the injunction and resolve. Here again Joseph Hall is the English pioneer, his *Meditations and Vowes* (1606) antedating his *Characters* by two years. His immediate source seems to have been the thirteenth-century *Meditationes Vitæ Christi* of Bonaventura, though the underlying philosophy of the type is here and elsewhere the stoicism of Epictetus and Seneca sublimed with Christian orthodoxy. Donne followed with *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions* (1624); Traherne and others with "centuries" of meditations; and Fuller with *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645). The most readable collection that survives is Owen Felltham's *Resolves* (1620), the Second Century of which (1628) broadens out into regular essays upon a great variety of subjects. The book as a whole combines the meditation, the resolve, the injunction, and observations upon miscellaneous affairs.

At the opposite pole in mere dimensions from these brief dissections of human nature and personal experience, and yet essentially the same in kind, is the seventeenth-century essay that extends itself to a volume of

considerable size. Of such discourses Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) is easily first in size, originality, weight of classical learning, and, as some contend, romantic charm. Not unlike its slender predecessors, it professes to be, and is to some extent, both orderly and analytic. In elaborate and methodical fashion it defines and analyzes the prevailing humor of melancholy, sets forth its causes, and prescribes for those afflicted efficacious cures. The *Anatomy*, however, is more romantic and personal than scientific. Its pages are not more truly laden with the author's wealth of classical learning than with his wisdom, personal experience, whimsical humor, and romantic sensibility. If dipped into discreetly, the book becomes a panacea for the humor which it so gravely and learnedly professes to expound.

Caroline Lyrical Poets

cavalier lyrists

During the stirring times of Charles I and Cromwell the epic muse labored in vain, dramatic poetry decayed and died, but the lyric note was never stilled. For lyric poetry, more readily than epic or dramatic verse, adapts itself to the exigencies of a turbulent age. Thus the sonnet, as Wordsworth has observed, soon transformed itself into a trumpet. Songs of revelry, of mystic rapture, of love and loyalty and strife, odes, elegies, epitaphs, hymns, emblems, and epigrams were abundantly produced. But in form and spirit this lyric verse differs greatly from the lyrical poetry of the preceding age. In line and stanza it is more irregular; in content, more fantastic and involved. Elizabethan lyric gaiety, simplicity, and melody seldom reappear in combination in Caroline verse. Characteristically, the lyric

of the Puritan age is the song of partisan and widely separated bands.

Of these discordant groups the Cavaliers most nearly caught and preserved the graceful, carefree manner of Elizabethan song. Their way of life was loose and gay. They sang of wine and revelry and all sensuous delights. Like Donne they praised inconstancy and boasted their indifference to love. And never-ceasingly they voiced aloud

> The sweetness, mercy, majesty
> And glories

of their King. In content usually sensual or frivolous or insincere, their songs are frequently graceful and melodious, and often exhibit a classical finish not unworthy of Saint Ben himself.

Of Caroline singers Thomas Carew is one of the earliest and best examples. A profligate but brilliant courtier, a successful writer of songs and masques, in whose *Cœlum Britannicum* (1634) the King and Queen did not disdain to have a part, Carew was the most versatile, prolific, and licentious poet at the court of Charles I. Though he did not live to participate in the civil war, in his characteristic themes, his lyric melody and grace, his Jonsonian finish and metaphysical conceits he is thoroughly representative of the lyric Cavaliers.

Sir John Suckling and Richard Lovelace were handsome, dashing officers who freely gave their fortunes and their lives to the Stuart cause, but neither was, like Carew, a professional poet. Yet each achieved a few exquisite lyrics that will probably outlast Carew's. Sir John's cynical attitude toward love and his occasional lapses into indecency are characteristic of his school, but his ease and grace in metrical expression are Elizabethan rather than Cavalier. In the two or three im-

perishable songs of Lovelace, background and theme are similar to those of Suckling and Carew, but a deeper note is struck, a superior beauty of expression is attained.

Robert Herrick might well have ranked as foremost of the Cavalier choir had he not withdrawn, in 1629, from the companionship of the Triple Tun to become a country parson and an exquisite poet of humble rural life. Undisturbed for eighteen years in his Devonshire retreat, he consoled himself for the lack of Jonson's lyric feasts by singing charmingly of rural things about which to mere Court poet or Cavalier it could never have occurred to write. His remarkable range of topics is well suggested in the *Argument* to his book. A disciple of Jonson, and still more ardently of Martial, Ovid, Theocritus, Anacreon, and Catullus, he polished to the last degree the thirteen hundred jewels that make up the *Hesperides* (1648). From his ancient masters he acquired the coolness, smoothness, and finality of expression that give permanence and distinction to his lyric style. No other purely lyrical figure of the century approaches Herrick in sheer artistry, in variety and originality, in the vital and enduring quality of his finest lyric verse. A pagan Greek in the appreciation of sensuous delights, an indifferently pious Anglican in his daily routine and metrical devotions, Herrick forms an interesting link between the secular and the sacred lyric poets of the Puritan age.

RELIGIOUS LYRISTS

Of those Caroline poets who turned aside from earthly pleasures and rewards to sing of piety and duty, the most immediately influential was George Herbert, who embodied in his brief but consecrated life and in his

sacred verse the Anglican beauty of holiness and the Puritan ecstasy of personal communion with the Divine. His poetry reflects the sharp but triumphant struggle of his spiritual nature with his worldly ambitions and desires. The sincerity with which he writes is like the fervency of Donne, whose influence is even more apparent in the ingenuity and tastelessness of Herbert's metaphysical conceits. His curious volume of religious verse, *The Temple* (1633), as well as the tradition of his saintly ministry at Bemerton, gave impetus and direction to his immediate successors in religious verse.

Richard Crashaw, like Herbert an Anglican and a Cambridge master of arts but a younger man by twenty years, was inspired by Herbert to record his own religious ecstasies in lyric verse. His *Steps to the Temple* (1646), published after Crashaw had turned Catholic and gone abroad, differs from *The Temple* in its superior sensuousness and beauty as well as in its greater unevenness and larger indulgence in the mannerisms of Donne. In pure lyric rapture, however, Crashaw's best passages, such as the closing lines of *The Flaming Heart,* are unexcelled in sacred verse.

Less exclusively religious in his themes than his master, Herbert, Henry Vaughan, the Welsh physician, at his height surpasses both Herbert and Crashaw in sheer felicity of expression and mystic insight into the spiritual world. The essence of his loftiest poetic feeling is a kind of transcendental rapture induced by contemplation of "some gilded cloud or flower" or other object of the natural or spiritual world. The mood is rapt but calm, its expression often beautifully simple and restrained. But not infrequently his lines become abrupt and hazy, after the manner of the metaphysical school. The three great lyrics which appeared in *Silex Scin-*

tillans (1650, 1652), however, are not inferior to the mystic poetry of Blake and Wordsworth, both of whom were obviously indebted to Henry Vaughan. Thomas Traherne, like Vaughan an Oxford graduate of Welsh descent who was steeped in Herbert and in the beauty of nature, poured out his mystic, tender, glowing soul in rapturous verse and prose. More strikingly than Vaughan he anticipates both Blake and Wordsworth—the former in seeing phantoms, and both in revealing with entire sincerity the mystic wonder and beauty of childhood and of the natural world.

Later Essayists

Of the twenty thousand pamphlets that appeared in England between 1640 and 1660, very few could possibly be considered literature. The essay, however, especially the book-length essay, in the hands of Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas Fuller, Jeremy Taylor, Izaak Walton, and Thomas Hobbes attained such excellence as to make amends for this deluge of ephemeral controversy and to render even these decades a period of distinguished literary prose.

The first four of these essayists were conservative Anglicans and Royalists, who were not unmindful of the disordered times but who were much less interested in controversy than in the universal and abiding elements of life and nature. Thus while their fellows raged and fought, they held the fairly even tenor of their chosen ways—Browne attaining eminence as a physician, antiquary, and author; Fuller and Taylor preaching tolerance and writing notable essays, sermons, and biographies; and Walton selling goods, haunting fields and streams, and writing charmingly of nature and the lives of his familiar friends. One finds therefore tranquil-

lity and wisdom in the two or three great books that each of them took time to write.

In *Religio Medici* (1642) Browne records his stoical but pious resignation to the somber facts of death and earthly oblivion. In the *Pseudodoxica Epidemica,* or *Vulgar Errors* (1646), he pleasantly explodes innumerable popular superstitions and exhibits not a few of his own. Later he writes entertainingly of urns and relics and of such highly speculative matters as what song the sirens sang and how many pulse-beats made up the life-span of Methusaleh. *The Garden of Cyrus* (1658) is largely occupied with the mystic significance of the number five. *Urn Burial* (1658) illustrates well the periodic, Latinized, but musical and imaginative qualities of his style.

Jeremy Taylor writes with more directness and fervency and upon more urgent matters in *Holy Living* (1650) and *Holy Dying* (1651), but hardly less poetically or musically, than Browne. Quaint humor pervades the essays and biographies of Fuller and Walton. Fuller's *The Holy State* (1642), *The Profane State* (1642), and *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1645), continue splendidly the earlier lines of "character-books" and "meditations." The *Worthies of England* (1662) is an imposing monument to his antiquarian zeal. *The Compleat Angler* (1653) is the great prose pastoral of the century, as sweet and readable to-day as it was in the days of Cromwell and Charles I. Both Walton and Fuller write with a simplicity and a clearness of expression which point forward to the style of modern prose.

From these four great sentimentalists and conservatives, Thomas Hobbes stands somewhat apart in being an agnostic, materialistic, and purely rationalistic essayist, a riddler of ecclesiastical (Roman, Anglican, or Puritan) pretensions to authority, and an assertor of the

necessity of absolute monarchy in a world where men are naturally selfish and belligerent. The two fundamental facts of matter and motion are the foundation upon which he builds such masterpieces of materialistic and necessitarian philosophy as his *Treatise on Human Nature* (1650), *Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth* (1651), and *Letters upon Liberty and Necessity* (1654). Friend of Bacon, Galileo, and Descartes, he shared in their enthusiastic endeavors to formulate a rational interpretation of the world of nature and of man. His bold philosophy, which was, of course, anathema to churchmen, Republicans, mystics, and idealists in general, in its emphasis upon experiment, reason, and conformity, underlies much of Restoration and neoclassical thought. His theory of the origin of all ideas in sensation, for example, reappears almost exactly in the philosophy of Locke. But the inclusion of Hobbes in a group of master essayists is to be justified not so much by his philosophy as by the remarkable originality, vigor, coolness, and mathematical precision of his style.

Transitional Poets

As prose attained the pinnacle of rhythmic, intricate, imaginative style in Taylor and Browne and began to simplify and modernize itself in Fuller, Walton, and Hobbes, so the poetry of the later Puritan period began to turn from romantic freedom and irregularity toward classical uniformity and restraint. The metaphysical conceit, despite attacks by Davenant and Dryden, continued throughout the century to be used as an evidence of wit; but long before the Restoration the Caroline extravagances in stanza, meter, and rime began to yield to simpler and more regular poetic forms. In particular, the heroic couplet was gradually revived. Its ten-syl-

labled, iambic lines riming in pairs pleased those whom too much freedom tired. Furthermore, the couplet furnished a convenient metrical unit for the expression of a complete comparison, antithesis, aphorism, or summarizing thought, and could be given a high degree of smoothness and precision.

Edmund Waller's youthful poem, *Upon His Majesty's Escape* (1629), and Sandys' *Paraphrases of the Psalms of David* (1636) had both employed the couplet form. But with the publication of Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill* (1642) and Waller's *The Battle of the Summer Islands* (1645), the adaptability of the closed couplet to the changing taste of the age began to be more generally apparent. It was Waller, said Dryden quite extravagantly, who "first showed us to conclude the sense, most commonly in distichs, which, in the verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." Waller also achieved a few successful lyrics in irregular forms. To Denham belongs the further credit of having written an orderly and loving description of an English landscape as it appeared from the point of view of Cooper's Hill. But both have received the censure that inevitably falls upon the trivial and the interminable.

Poetical Blossoms (1633), published by Cowley at the age of fifteen, ran through three editions within four years. His love poems, *The Mistress* (1647), enjoyed great popularity. His ponderous and uncompleted epic, the *Davideis* (1656), was praised by Dryden. His comedy, *The Guardian* (1641), written and performed for the entertainment of the King, was revived with great success after the Restoration as *The Cutter of Coleman Street*. But the poetical productions in which he took most pride were the so-called "Pindarique" odes, in which he affected a bluntness and irregularity in meter,

stanza, and style which he erroneously supposed to have been the manner of Pindar. For the most part sounding brass, these odes declined in popularity as rapidly as they had risen. A few simpler and sincerer panegyrics, elegies, and songs, and several really excellent familiar essays are about all of Cowley that is readable to-day.

Sir William Davenant, in his huge epic fragment *Gondibert* (1652), revived from Davies' *Nosce Teipsum* (1599) and handed on to Dryden and Gray the quatrain stanza, a form intermediate between early Caroline irregularity and the couplet that was soon to prevail. Davenant also in a way bridged the gap in dramatic tradition by producing in the days of Cromwell the first English opera, *The Siege of Rhodes* (1656). One or two of his best lyrics suggest remotely the grace and beauty of Elizabethan song. But the chief significance of Davenant, Cowley, Denham, and Waller lies not so much in their intrinsic literary merit as in the fact that in their several forms and manners they led on from Puritan to Restoration days.

Letter-Writers

Of the various causes which produced an extraordinary growth of letter-writing in the Puritan age, perhaps the most important was the improvement effected in the postal service between 1635 and 1653. With delivery of messages made relatively swift and sure, all who could either write or dictate letters seem to have begun to avail themselves of the inexpensive privileges of the post.

The bulk of this voluminous correspondence has, of course, no literary significance. But excluding letters of state, notes of business, and the like, we still have

left a considerable body of Puritan familiar letters which are hardly less excellent and interesting than the more formal literary prose of the age. Delightful volumes of selections might be compiled from the personal letters of such important personages as Bacon, Donne, the Herberts, Milton, Cromwell, Charles I, Sir Thomas Browne, the Verneys, the Penruddocks, Dorothy Osborne, and James Howell. Of these the two last named are probably, as letter-writers, the most interesting representatives of the age.

A cultured and observant traveller, a Court ambassador extraordinary, a loyal friend, and a writer of no mean ability, James Howell records in *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* (1645, 1655) his experiences and reflections in graceful and smooth-flowing style. Dated, and probably sketched or written, over a period of more than twenty years, they were edited and published by Howell during his imprisonment in the Fleet from 1643 to 1648. As familiar letters actually published by their author, they are second only in point of time in English literature, though much superior in literary merit, to the *Epistles* (1611) written and published by Joseph Hall—here again the English pioneer. Howell's letters have the further distinction of being often virtually familiar essays in epistolary form.

The letters of Dorothy Osborne to her Puritan lover, Sir William Temple, on the contrary, were obviously impromptu and *bona-fide* messages intended for Sir William's eyes alone. In vivid, intimate detail they unfold the difficult but finally triumphant progress of an amazing Royalist-Republican romance. The refinement, shrewdness, humor, courage, tenderness, and devotion of a beautiful and high-born Royalist maiden, who for her lover could decline even Henry Cromwell's proposals but not his gift of two magnificent Irish hounds, are stamped

upon every page of these, the finest love-letters of the seventeenth century. In addition to revealing a charming personality and a beautiful romance, they also reflect more accurately than history the social, particularly the domestic, life and atmosphere of the time. Finally, like the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* (Letter of July 25, 1625), they furnish an interesting commentary (Letter 33) upon Puritan epistolary art.

The Age in Epitome

JOHN MILTON

Though Milton ever wore the literary fashions of his time with a difference that amounted to originality, he was nevertheless, upon the whole, the most profoundly and variously representative writer of the Puritan age—a period which must be extended, so far as Milton is concerned, to 1674. To upholding and illustrating its fundamental ideals of godliness and freedom he consecrated his life and his literary powers. In verse and prose he essayed almost all of its varied literary forms: verse paraphrases of Scripture, Latin epistles, epitaphs, epigrams, odes, sonnets, songs, pastoral elegies and allegories, masques, epics, and classical tragedy; and in prose, addresses, essays, diatribes, defenses, autobiography, history, and treatises on government, the church, divorce, theology, and grammar. Furthermore, in some half dozen of these literary forms, he attained—and still maintains—pre-eminence.

He was in immediate touch, though not always in accord, with the various literary influences and schools of the age and with many of its individual writers. Like the Jacobean pastoralists, he claimed poetical descent from "sage and serious Spenser." That he also did

not hesitate to glean from these humble followers of Spenser one becomes convinced on comparing *Lycidas* with the pastoral elegies of William Browne, *On Shakespeare* with Browne's more famous epitaph, *On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke,* or *Comus* with Browne's *Inner Temple Mask* and Wither's pastoral verse. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* show unmistakable traces of Burton's *Abstract of Melancholy.* With the Cavaliers Milton shared in the remnant of Elizabethan lyric melody and grace; and like them, he was not unaware of "mirth and youth and warm desire." More characteristically, however, he sang with Herbert of piety and duty and soared with Vaughan into the mystic ring of eternal light and life. From the pestilence of metaphysical conceits he did not wholly escape, though he early turned from these ingenious follies to embrace Ben Jonson's classical ideals. He was therefore much more nearly in accord with the transitional reactionaries than with the declining metaphysical school. Davenant must have interested the blind musician and poet strangely with his opera, *The Siege of Rhodes.* Apparently Cowley's sacred epic, the *Davideis,* did not escape his serious attention. With the Puritan poet, Marvell, his assistant, he was ever in complete religious, political, personal, and poetic accord. With Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne he shared in bringing to its perfection the involved but eloquent and poetic style of pre-Restoration prose, and for two decades he wielded the blunt but effective weapons of the Puritan pamphleteers.

Convinced in youth that poetry and not the pulpit should engage his highest powers, Milton entered upon and steadfastly pursued a comprehensive course of preparation. Unlike the genius of "more timely happy" poets, such as Randolph, who composed "A History of Our Savior's Incarnation, in English Verse" at nine, and

Cowley, who published a volume of poems at fifteen, Milton's poetical ability developed slowly. His early verse must be pronounced unsure in taste, uneven, and somewhat fantastic; though from the first it exhibits the poet's moral elevation and occasional loftiness of thought and style. Thus the *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity,* despite its blemishes, surpasses in spiritual richness and sheer musical and imaginative splendor any sacred poem that had appeared in England since the hymns of Spenser. The flawless artistry of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* gives proof that Milton has at last attained to perfect mastery of lyric verse. In *Comus* appears that peculiar "Doric delicacy"—a happy blending of gravity and grace—to which Sir Henry Wotton had "seen yet nothing parallel in our language," as well as Milton's tendency to allegorize untoward conditions of the age. In *Lycidas,* thinks Pattison, he attains "the high water mark of English verse."

But notwithstanding his seven years at Cambridge, five years of private study at Horton, an extended residence abroad, and notable achievements in the shorter forms of verse, for the "song to generations," which he hoped to leave "so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die," Milton rightly felt, as late as 1641, that he was still inadequately prepared. There must be further years "of industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs," and above all, "devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge." This broadening and deepening of his knowledge and experience the exigencies of the times abundantly supplied. Through the busy, turbulent years during which with Milton not poetry but public service was supreme, occasional sonnets, unsurpassed for variety of theme, sincerity, and vigor, though not always for

dignity and beauty, served to remind him of that talent which were death to hide. At last,

In darkness and with dangers compassed round,

but with wisdom which no mere academic discipline could have supplied, he wrought out in *Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained,* and *Samson Agonistes* all that he had generously aspired in youth, and later covenanted, to perform. Thus in obedience, industry, and faith Milton exemplified in his private life and literary career the vital principles of the Puritan age.

But if Milton truly represents, he as certainly transcends, his times. In him the religious fervor of the Reformation and the intellectual splendor of the Renaissance find again, as in the Elizabethan age, conspicuous and harmonious embodiment. In his major poems these two great impulses operate in unison to approve and to reconcile the temporal and the eternal, the human and the divine. Thus without irreverence or any sense of incongruity, Milton constantly associates the material and the spiritual, the earthly and the heavenly, and suffuses pagan myth with profoundest spiritual truth.

In reuniting and harmonizing these great moral and artistic impulses, which in his age were generally discordant, Milton must indeed have found in Spenser "a better teacher than Aquinas." But the ultimate origins are more remote than Spenser or Aquinas. The stately tree of Milton's sacred verse, although it drew something of sustenance and shape and color from the atmosphere and currents of contemporary life, struck its roots down through Elizabethan and medieval times to the ancient pools of Hellenic beauty, freedom, and joy, and beyond to the ever-living wells of Hebraic-Saxon reverence and faith. In these abiding elements the poet of the Puritan age is also the poet of a race and for all time.

THE RESTORATION

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The disintegration of the Commonwealth into a state of anarchy and confusion upon the death of the Protector in 1658, and the abdication of his son in 1659, led to covert invitations to the exiled Prince to occupy the throne made vacant in 1649. Pepys recounts minutely the joyful errand of Sir Edward Montagu which ended with the landing of the Royal party at Dover on May 25, 1660. After Charles' preliminary flourish of amnesty and toleration, Stuart absolutism in church and state resumed its customary sway. Lords and bishops were restored to power. Episcopacy became supreme, and non-conformist sects found themselves again harassed, dispersed, and thrown into jail. Cromwell's remains were gibbeted, and all Regicides that could be found were executed or imprisoned. Milton's anti-Royalist books were burned, and Milton himself escaped a direr penalty than imprisonment and fine only through the influence of such powerful friends as Davenant and Marvell.

In vindictiveness and intolerance Church and Parliament exceeded Charles himself, who cared little for public policy or strenuous controversy but greatly for a life of luxurious indolence and sensual delight. In attaining these private ends, he governed largely by intrigue and brazenly appropriated public funds. The plague of 1665 and the London fire of 1666, which to Puritans must have appeared well-merited visitations of Divine displeasure, did not deter the King from traitorously accepting subsidies from France and thus undoing the Triple Alliance of 1668.

Rumors of invasions were only temporarily quieted

by the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch fleet in June, 1665. The old alarm of reviving Papacy was sounded constantly, and with good cause. Although the so-called Popish Plot (1678–1680) to burn London, assassinate the King, and restore Catholicism existed only in the feverish minds of Titus Oates and other anti-Roman fanatics, Charles cautiously and James more openly inclined toward such a restoration. Charles died in the Roman faith in 1685; and James, avowedly a Catholic, at once restored the mass in Westminster Abbey and set about promoting Catholicism in every possible way. Monmouth's rebellion (1685) in the interests of Protestantism was ruthlessly suppressed. Summary vengeance meted out by Judge Jeffrey's "Bloody Assizes" met with the King's most hearty approbation.

But in zealously endeavoring to re-establish the Roman Church, James was opposing the overwhelming currents of the time. So long as his daughters Mary and Anne were safely Protestant, his strange hallucinations might be allowed to run their course; but when a son, James Edward, was born in June, 1688, the danger of a Catholic succession could no longer be ignored. Mary and her husband, William of Orange, were invited to land in force and to occupy the English throne. "Now God help me, for my own children forsake me!" cried James, after feeble efforts at resistance, and fled to France. The momentous change from the Catholic to a Protestant succession and from an absolute to a Parliamentary government was effected without tumult or delay. To make sure that the liberties guaranteed at Runnymede in 1215 and by the Petition of Right in 1628 should not again be violated, the Bill of Rights was passed in 1689. Thus the essential principles of the Good Old Cause had finally prevailed, and the modern era of English freedom had begun.

At the Restoration English social life reverted instantly to its pre-revolutionary status, with an even more decidedly anti-Puritan appearance and behavior. Attire became more brilliant and expensive. Taverns overflowed with cavaliers and resounded with healths and mighty oaths. Theaters, with their new-fangled scenery and female actors, again were thronged. Cocks, bears, Italian acrobats, and pugilists afforded still more popular amusement. By night and day, sober Londoners, especially Puritans, were endangered by the "sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine." From the Court itself corruption and licentiousness spread far and wide.

By no means all, however, nor even the majority of Englishmen were thus employed. There still were those, both Puritans and Anglicans, who piety preferred and "truth to God." There still were honorable men in public life, such as Marvell, Evelyn, Temple, and Pepys. Large numbers of sober citizens, particularly Puritans, busied themselves to their profit in reviving industry and trade. Intellectually the age was vigorous and progressive. The Royal Society, chartered in 1662 for the encouragement of mathematical and physical research, was made illustrious by the achievements of such scientists as Newton and Boyle. Baconian rationalism triumphed brilliantly in the empirical philosophy of Locke. In literature, particularly in prose, such clarity and simplicity were attained as almost completely antiquated pre-Restoration style. The unparalleled excesses of this almost modern age English common sense was certain to correct. Its enormous strides in science, in philosophy, in prose expression, in political freedom and religious toleration constitute a great and permanent contribution to the progress of the world.

LITERARY ANTECEDENTS AND INFLUENCES

To account for English literature of the Restoration era as an importation from France would be to stop considerably short of half the truth. As suggested in an earlier connection, for several decades before the return of Charles various native influences had been preparing for and gradually effecting a transition from a romantic to a classical, or rather neo-classical, age. The imaginative and emotional exuberance of the Renaissance had largely spent itself in controversy and conceits, and the return to regularity and clearness of expression had begun. The heroic couplet had been revived, and a tendency toward simpler, clearer prose had become apparent in the writings of Fuller, Walton, and Hobbes. The successive overturnings of monarchy and republic had completed the destruction of Elizabethan nationalism and had left behind disruption and disillusion—a soil which was to furnish inexhaustible materials for satire and burlesque. The rise of interest in experimental science, only a little interrupted by the civil war (the Royal Society was first projected in 1645), had operated continuously against Platonic mysticism, medievalism, and superstition and thus helped to prepare the way for the ascendency of scepticism and reason. Ten years before the Restoration, in a letter to Davenant on *Gondibert,* Hobbes had laid the philosophical foundations of neo-classical criticism and poetic art. In this remarkable communication, the first specimen of psychological criticism in English, he had asserted that the proper subject-matter of poetry is "the manners of men" and that verisimilitude (realism), clearness, and decorum are the fundamental requisites of poetic style. Defining "judgment" (reason) and "wit" (imagination or fancy) as the capacities respectively to perceive differences and

similarities, he had affirmed that "judgment begets the strength and structure, and fancy begets the ornaments, of a poem." It followed that reason, rather than imagination or emotion, was to be considered of supreme importance in poetic art. All this, of course, became canon law in the æsthetics of the neo-classical age. With such influences at work and such tendencies well under way, a literature of disillusion, of criticism, satire, and burlesque, of reason, and prevailingly of prose was at hand, whoever might or might not be restored.

But if Restoration literature was not entirely an exotic or even a new beginning, the return of Charles and his retinue from their long residence in France greatly accelerated prevailing literary tendencies by introducing French models and ideas of literary art. Under the encouragement of the profligate but brilliant court of Louis XIV France had once more become the literary capital of the world, as England had been under Elizabeth, and Italy a century before. With racial and cultural affinities with the ancient classical world and with their consequent superior clarity of mind and sense of form, French dramatists and poets had welcomed the rules of Aristotle and Horace, the comedies of Plautus and Terence, and the tragedies of Seneca and of ancient Greece, and were building upon this foundation an imposing edifice of neo-classical art. At the Restoration Corneille's heroic dramas had been upon the stage some twenty years. The fame of Molière in realistic comedy and of Racine in classical tragedy was just beginning to resound. French plays, therefore, with their emphasis upon structure, rime, and heroic rant, became, though not immediately or exclusively, models for the Restoration stage. Jonson's comedy of humors and Shakespeare's and Fletcher's richer but less regular romantic dramas were not entirely forgotten. Even Dryden attributed the suggestion for

his heroic plays to Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* and returned at last to Shakespeare and blank verse. Boileau's *L'Art Poetique* (1674), a French version of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, in which good sense and regularity, particularly the heroic couplet, were prescribed for verse, harmonized with the critical utterances of Hobbes and became the poetic constitution of the neo-classical age. Innumerable mock-heroic poems, including subsequently *The Rape of the Lock*, were modelled upon Boileau's *Lutrin* (1674). It is to be observed, however, that the sway of Boileau did not attain its height until the time of Pope. Dryden and other Restoration lyrists continued to the end of the century to write better than mediocre lyrics in various irregular forms.

In prose the drift was toward simplicity and realism and away from French romance. After the tension of civil war had relaxed, English ladies of refinement and leisure had settled down to enjoy the series of French historical romances inaugurated by John Barclay's *Argenis* (1621) and continued in such ponderous stories as Madeleine de Scudéri's *Le Grand Cyrus* and Tomberville's *Polexandre* (1629–1637). Thus Dorothy Osborne writes to Temple (1653) of La Calprenède's *La Cleopâtra* (1646–1647): "Have you read *Cleopâtra*? I have six tomes on't here that I can lend you if you have not." At the Restoration these extravagant tales were imitated in a few such English romances as Mckenzie's *Aretino* (1661) and Roger Boyle's *Parthenissa* (1664–1667). They were chiefly useful, however, in furnishing plot materials for heroic plays. Under the fire of satirists and burlesquers, these crude historical romances were soon transformed into virtual novels by being made more realistic and by being reduced from thousands to a few hundred pages in length. Perhaps the best example of this realistic species of Restoration

romance is Mrs. Aphra Behn's *Oroonoko* (1688). And finally, it was the good fortune of Charles himself, half French by blood and more than half by sympathies and tastes, to set the seal of royal approval upon the most important literary tendency of the times by affirming that, in his opinion, prose should be "clear, plain, and short."

WRITERS, TYPES, AND SCHOOLS

Diarists

It is customary to group together diarists, biographers, and autobiographers as writers chiefly concerned with narrating the stories of their own or of other people's lives. In several respects, however, the diarist is unlike other writers of memoirs. His art, as contrasted with that of formal biography or autobiography, is personal, private, informal, and ordinarily impromptu. He has no thought of publishing, and is not concerned with the effect his jottings may produce upon other minds and hearts than his own. Furthermore, his subject-matter is often objective and miscellaneous,—current happenings, interesting objects or places, data of any and every sort,—not biographical or autobiographical at all.

Such an intimate and serviceable form of composition, one is not surprised to find, was much practised throughout a century characterized by bitter strife and frequent change. Passing through a momentous revolutionary era, many thoughtful observers and participants felt impelled to set down in this impromptu fashion the annals of their lives against the dramatic background of the times. At the Restoration, with its new incentives and interests and its promise of comparative

peace, there was every reason to begin or to continue such accounts.

Of diarists who link together these two periods, the most important from both the literary and the historical points of view is the upright, cultured, tolerant Royalist gentleman, John Evelyn, who seems to have acquired very early from his father the habit in which he was faithfully to persevere to the end of his long life. One need not assume that Evelyn began his jotting at the age of three, though his entries cover the long stretch of years from 1623 to 1706. The *Diary* is replete with information upon personal and public affairs, and everywhere reveals the author's intelligent observation, high-mindedness, and common sense. It is written in a simple, clear, but not inelegant style. Evelyn's account of the London fire is not unworthy of comparison with that of his great rival diarist. His tribute to his daughter Mary is proof of the existence of tenderness and piety in a cynical and irreligious age.

Of strictly Restoration diarists—indeed, of all diarists of the world—the most illustrious is the diligent and vivacious Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys. Though Pepys' *Diary* is more voluminous than Evelyn's, it runs over a much shorter time. For the period covered, 1660 to 1669, however, it furnishes a vivid, throbbing, intimate picture of London social life. Written in cipher and never intended for the public eye, it faithfully reveals, without exaggeration or reserve, the author's sins and virtues, accomplishments and tastes, amusements, diet, dress, official and domestic duties, hopes and fears, and steady rise to prominence and power. Invaluable as history and incomparable in its own peculiar province of art, it is one of the simplest, frankest, and most interesting books in the world.

Satirists

Another and much larger class of writers who also turned keen eyes upon the times, but without the diarists' sincere purpose to portray, were those wits who employed their pens in ridiculing contemporary persons, parties, and affairs. The once towering but now downfallen pretensions of Puritans and Republicans offered Royalists irresistible opportunities for satire, and the excesses of the Court soon furnished the opposition abundant matter for retaliation in kind. Bickerings of Protestants and Papists, of Whigs and Tories, and of rival literary coteries also lent themselves invitingly to treatment in this form. Coffee-houses, taverns, and Court combined to stimulate and to applaud satiric wit. Furthermore, new instruments of expression, in verse and prose, were ready-fashioned for the satirists' hands. Under such conditions satire naturally became the most original and effective literary form of the age.

Though first and boldest of Restoration satirists, Royalist wits did not remain in undisturbed possession of this field. Waller's flatteries of Charles and James (*Instructions to a Painter*, 1665) were ridiculed in Sir John Denham's *Directions to a Painter* (1667). Under cover of allegory and anonymity, Puritan Marvell continued to expose the weaknesses of the Court until his death in 1678. No satire of the age, however, equalled in immediate and continuous popularity Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*, launched in 1662 primarily at Puritan contentiousness, hypocrisy, and intolerance, and secondarily at the extravagant pretensions of science in the new régime.

Sir Hudibras, the hero of this anti-Puritan *Don Quixote*, is a fat and cowardly but argumentative Pres-

byterian knight; Ralpho, his equally loquacious and hard-headed Independent squire. The adventures of this ludicrous pair, who set forth to suppress bear-baiting and the like and to consult Sir Sidrophel, the astrologer, as to the knotty points of their campaign, only to have the hero fall in love and to get themselves sound beatings and the stocks, are told in vigorous octosyllabic couplets which flash and penetrate with satiric wit and again astound and amuse by the novelty and intentional uncouthness of their rimes. The plot itself is trivial and loose; but the range of thought and knowledge which *Hudibras* exhibits, its vigor and originality of expression, its timeliness, and its unflagging wit entitle this production to be considered, upon the whole, the most important satire of the age.

Of classical satire, that endeavors not so much to impale an individual or to ridicule a particular happening or cause as to reveal in enduring literary form the weaknesses of humanity in general, there was all too little in this era of petty strife and intrigue. The best, almost the only, Restoration satirist of this higher type was the learned and independent schoolmaster and chaplain, John Oldham, who modelled his satires upon those of Horace, Juvenal, and Boileau. The Papist Plot of 1678 afforded merely a starting-point for his famous *Satires upon the Jesuits* (1681). The *Satire against Virtue* shows his early tendency to rise above individual satire to more abstract and general considerations. His rugged personality and his experiences with snobbery in high society are best exhibited in the *Satire Addressed to a Friend About to Leave the University and Come Abroad in the World.* Dryden's generous tribute to Oldham's genius, *To the Memory of Mr. Oldham* (1684), constitutes an authoritative commentary upon the satire of the age:

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mold as mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend performed and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betrayed.

Biographers and Autobiographers

Though diaries were plentiful throughout the century, relatively few attempts at formal biography and autobiography were made before the Restoration. The tumults of civil war and of political upheaval were not conducive to the production of elaborate and exacting memoirs. After 1660, however, in an era of comparative tranquillity and of rationalistic prose, these forms of personal and reflective composition appeared more frequently. Historical memoirs, containing incidentally much splendid biographical and autobiographical material, were compiled by older men like Clarendon, Ludlow, and Bishop Burnet, whose lives had been a part of the stirring past. Others, motivated by affection or sense of duty, wrote memorials of relatives and friends.

Thus Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, honored her distinguished husband with *The Life of the Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant Prince, William Cavendish, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle* (1667), having previously tried her hand at autobiography. *The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon,* an autobiography, was completed by 1671; Sir William Temple's *Memoirs* was begun in 1683. The charming *Lives* by Izaak Walton appeared intermittently from 1640 to 1678, and thus belongs impartially to both régimes.

In the following pages Restoration biography and autobiography are represented by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's autobiographical fragment and *Life of Colonel Hutchinson* and by *The History of Thomas Ellwood, Written by Himself*. Mrs. Hutchinson's account of her girlhood and early education furnishes interesting proof that there were culture and vivacity as well as piety in Puritan homes. Her *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson* is valuable as history and biography, and presents the finest portrait of the cultured, pious, gallant Puritan gentleman ever drawn. The memorial is written with warmth of feeling and yet with dignity and restraint. Thomas Ellwood's quaintly simple but interesting story of a Quaker convert's experiences in Restoration times—of his persecutions at home and abroad and of his pleasant associations with Penington and Fox and Milton—unfortunately breaks off with 1683. The book is delightfully sweet-spirited, sincere, and true to life. Both Ellwood and Mrs. Hutchinson write from their hearts but also exemplify—Ellwood the more perfectly—the intellectual virtues of Restoration prose.

Lyrists

In an era that subordinated imagination and emotion to common sense, one can hardly expect to find either

excellent or abundant lyric verse. With the exception of Waller's closing lines and of Dryden's odes and songs, almost all of Restoration lyrical poetry of any worth is included in the slender sheaf of songs composed by Sackville, Sedley, Cotton, Wilmot, and Mrs. Aphra Behn.

With more effectiveness than might be looked for in an age of reason, satire, and prose, these song-writers renew about the Court of Charles II the lyric strains of the earlier Cavaliers. Their themes, almost invariably, are love and wine. The moral level of their verse, as of their lives, is generally low. Conventional and artificial in style, their songs abound with Celias, Corydons, Cupids, amorous fires, and bleeding hearts. Although inferior to their predecessors in depth of feeling, range of thought, and imaginative power, these Restoration lyrists are nevertheless a lingering remnant of the Elizabethan-Caroline choir. And as if in proof of their illustrious descent, they rise occasionally above mediocrity and sing with unexpected artistry and ease.

Of this lyric band Charles Cotton, friend and pupil of Izaak Walton, alone is moved to celebrate the joys of the out-of-doors. An accomplished scholar and translator, he is one of the few English poets to write the rondeau and the virelay. Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, also varies pleasingly the usual theme by suffusing gallantry with patriotism in the easy-flowing *Song Written at Sea,* a favorable specimen of seventeenth-century *vers-de-société.* Sir Charles Sedley, though "not so correct as Lord Dorset," as Bishop Burnet remarks, "nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester," excels at least in beautiful beginnings. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, most brilliant of these belated Cavaliers, is to be credited with the wittiest and most audacious epitaph of the age (p. 439) and with numerous

exquisite lyric bits in a variety of pleasing metrical forms. The following lines by Mrs. Behn, who has been excluded elsewhere in this volume on the ground that she belongs primarily with novelists and playwrights, illustrate well the graces and the deficiencies of Restoration song:

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he showed:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled;
But 't was from mine he took desires
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity,
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

Prose Allegorist

Intent upon reforming a very real and rather graceless world, the Puritan age had generally discarded fiction for more serviceable forms of prose. English imitations of French historical romance (see p. xlix) that appeared shortly after the Restoration were soon ridiculed to death. The briefer and more realistic tales of Mrs. Behn, with the exception of *Oroonoko* (1688), were also quickly and deservedly forgotten. Strangely

enough, the only piece of narrative prose fiction of the Restoration period that still ranks high as literature is Bunyan's religious allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678).

Like *Paradise Lost,* this prose romance sprang directly from the heart of genuine though belated Puritanism. Born and reared in Puritan Bedfordshire, Bunyan was early challenged by stern moral and religious ideals. Youthful rebellion against the rigid Puritan code by ballad-reading, dancing, swearing, playing tip-cat, and ringing the parish bells only produced remorse and disturbed the imaginative boy with terrifying visions of lost souls. At the age of twenty Bunyan came under the potent influence of a godly wife, whose sole possessions seem to have been two pious books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Piety.* In these he "found some things that were somewhat pleasing"; yet the Sabbath-breaking games continued. "One day," says Bunyan, "a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'" Like Christian, Bunyan chose to flee from the wrath to come. At twenty-seven he was converted and received into the Baptist Church. How desperate and how terribly real the struggle with Apollyon had been is plainly revealed in *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666) and more artistically portrayed in the later allegorical romance.

Although the fountain-head of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is the author's spiritual adventures prior to 1655, the Restoration era also contributed to the book in many ways. Bunyan's long imprisonment for unlicensed preaching afforded him an opportunity for the discovery and the development of his rare literary powers. His first-hand knowledge of prison life and of court

procedure supplied his narratives with many realistic characters, incidents, and descriptive details. Thus Lord Hategood, of Vanity Fair, is modelled upon the character of Sir John Keeling, the most relentless of Bunyan's prosecutors; and the experiences of Christian and Faithful in the dungeon of Giant Despair are based upon those of Bunyan in Bedford jail. Finally, the simplicity and clearness of *The Pilgrim's Progress* were not wholly unconnected with the trend of Restoration prose.

But if Puritan experience and philosophy afforded him the substance of his book and Restoration influences enhanced somewhat its excellences of structure and style, it was Bunyan's native literary genius and good sense that enabled him to avoid the pitfalls of sectarian dogma, of excessive length, and of the sordidness and unreality of Restoration romance, to combine the best of new and old, and to transmute the humble story of his life into an imperishable work of art. The allegorical device of a pilgrimage was nothing new; yet Bunyan seems to have drawn exclusively upon his own experience and observation and the one Book that he thoroughly knew. His happy blending of Scriptural phraseology with the homely speech of common men and his combining spiritual fervency with humor, pathos, beauty, and artistic repose are among the triumphs of Bunyan's style. "The book," says his biographer, Edmund Venables, "stands unrivalled as a model of our English speech, plain but never vulgar, full of metaphor but never obscure, always intelligible, always forcible, going straight to the point in the fewest and simplest words." Its splendid dialogues and descriptions, its simple but admirable plot, and its amazing characters, which are both allegorical and individual, have led Saintsbury to contend that *The Pilgrim's Progress* is

"certainly a link, and perhaps the very original link, starting the chain of the greater English novel." However that may be, it is still the supreme prose allegory of English literature.

Essayists

Almost all of the earlier seventeenth-century forms of the English essay continued beyond the Restoration, and at least one new variety appeared. Butler's *Characters* carried on the Theophrastian line of Fuller and Earle. Despite the immorality of the age—perhaps because of it—there were numerous volumes of moral essays, such as Francis Boyle's *Moral Essays and Discourses* (1690) and Jeremy Collier's *Essays upon Several Moral Subjects* (1698). The intimate and informal manner of Montaigne was pleasantly renewed in the familiar essays of Cowley. Bacon's aphoristic style was suggested in Lord Halifax's *Maxims of State* (1693), though the immediate model seems to have been the *Maximes* (1665) of La Rochefoucauld. Hobbes' philosophical essays were followed and surpassed by those of Locke, while the critical essay was revived and brilliantly exemplified by Dryden. And finally, a novel species—the periodical essay—came into being with the earliest English magazines, *The Athenian Gazette* (1690) and *The Gentleman's Journal* (1692).

Of the more important Restoration essayists, two have been included in other sections of this book (see pp. 217, 517). Here Temple and Locke, not otherwise connected with English literature, have been chosen to represent the Restoration essay because of their unlikeness and their respective excellences in matter and style. Sir William Temple, gifted diplomatist, husband of Dorothy Osborne, lover of books and of quiet rural life,

like Cowley much preferred his gardens to the Court. Not deeply learned, he wrote about ancient and modern literature with much less cogency than charm. He is at his best in the familiar manner of Cowley and Montaigne. Upon such personal interests as gardening, Moor Park, and health and long life he wrote informal essays that are still delightful in matter and in style. "In a sense," thinks Cazamian, "Temple is the first of the English classicists; and his clear-cut style, unencumbered, simple, smooth, but still compact, symmetrical and yet free from monotony, has almost always the rhythm and finish of the best modern prose." The closing sentence of the essay on poetry (p. 473) goes far toward justifying Samuel Johnson's assertion that Temple was "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose." For Locke, no such fastidious artistry can be affirmed. It is distinction enough that he was able to apply philosophy to the practical affairs of life and to set forth philosophical conceptions in clear, concrete, non-technical language that the average man could understand. Less original and more conservative than Hobbes, his predecessor in the book-length philosophical essay, Locke has been aptly styled by Garnett "the most conspicuous representative of masculine, unimaginative, English common sense."

Beginning as an English literary genre with Bacon, the essay has remained continuously popular to the present day. Far from dwindling with the romantic decline, during the Restoration period it became more intellectual in content as well as more direct and modern in expression, and passed on to greater triumphs at the hands of Addison and Steele.

The Age in Epitome

JOHN DRYDEN

No English author is more truly representative of an age than Dryden. His literary career just spanned the Restoration era, and was very largely determined by changing currents of the times. A Puritan by birth and rearing, he became successively an Anglican and a Catholic, Cromwellian panegyrist and Tory laureate under Charles and James. With anti-Puritan enthusiasts he went over-far in parading immorality upon the stage; but, sound at heart, he at last repudiated and apologized for this excess. Primarily a man of intellect and of critical acumen, a member of the Royal Society from 1662, he was heartily in accord with the tendencies of a critical and rationalistic age. As its literary spokesman for nearly four decades, he was in benevolent or hostile touch with its various writers, types, and schools, and wrote brilliantly in almost all of its prevailing literary forms—pre-eminently in translation, critical essay, political and personal satire, lyric poetry, and heroic play.

Essentially though not exclusively a classicist by temperament and training, Dryden naturally fell in with classical reactionaries at the outset of his London career. In his first important production, *Heroic Stanzas* (1659), as well as in the later *Annus Mirabilis* (1667), he employed the dignified and measured quatrains of Davenant's *Gondibert*. *Astræa Redux* (1660) shows his early fondness for the clear and regular heroic couplet which Waller and Denham had revived. The heroic play, a dramatic rendering, in heroic verse, of French historical romance, he virtually originated and made peculiarly his own. *The Conquest of Granada*

(1670) is his best achievement in this highly artificial form. His best comedy is *The Spanish Friar* (1681). His one great tragedy, *All for Love* (1678), is an original drama based upon Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra,* but written to please himself and, significantly, in blank verse.

Despite his leadership of the Restoration stage, Dryden felt most at home in other than dramatic forms. Tiring of plays, he turned to satire in 1681, only to find that mode as well adapted to his powers as it was congenial to the times. For his masterpiece of political satire, *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681), the machinations of Shaftsbury furnished the very favorable occasion; the Bible, an apt and perfectly familiar parallel. Of the resulting satire Samuel Johnson a century later still could say: "*Absalom and Achitophel* is a work so well known that particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible: acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigor of sentiment, happy turns of language and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition." In Dryden's opinion, the character of Zimri (Buckingham) was "worth the whole poem." Other notable satires followed, including *The Medal* (1682), *MacFlecknoe* (1682), a masterpiece of personal invective, and the melodious but artificial allegorical satire, *The Hind and the Panther* (1687), on the sorrows of the persecuted Mother Church.

In the critical and informal essay Dryden wrote with equal exuberance and facility. His dramatic prefaces and other critical essays will doubtless live much longer than his plays. Though his appraisals, particularly of

his immediate predecessors, were not infallible, more unerringly than any other critic of his times he discerned and revealed the artistic worth of such great predecessors and contemporaries as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Milton. His remarkable ability to write clear, strong, easy, graceful prose, as well as his fine poise and judgment as a critic, is splendidly apparent in the brilliant *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668). The Preface to *Fables* (1699)—to pass over thirty years of his occasional prose—is even more pleasing than the *Essay* in the personal and informal qualities of its style. As essayist, though not as critic, Dryden obviously was much indebted to the personal essays of Cowley and Montaigne.

His varied literary powers did not perceptibly decline. *Alexander's Feast,* his most ambitious ode, was composed in a single night in 1697. In the same year he completed his magnificent translation of Virgil. *The Secular Masque,* with its carefree *Hunting Song,* was written shortly before his death. That his critical acumen and his remarkable facility in clear and perfectly modulated prose were unimpaired as late as 1699 he himself attests in his final piece: "What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject, to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose."

No one could justly claim for Dryden a place among the greatest English dramatists or poets. In both poetry and drama he lacked originality and fire. "The same parts and applications which have made me a poet might have raised me to any honors of the gown" is his own acknowledgment of the pedestrian character of his poetic powers. Yet, quantity and quality considered, he easily surpassed all other lyrical and dramatic poets

of the age. In his vigorous and well-constructed satires he represented more perfectly than rambling Butler or immature but high-endeavoring Oldham the combined satiric and artistic genius of the times. As translator and critical essayist Dryden was unquestionably supreme. And more effectively than any other writer of the age he exemplified the "other harmony" of prose. There is indeed much truth in Congreve's friendly tribute: "No man hath written in our language so much, and so various matter, and in so various manner, so well."

THE CENTURY

The varied literature of Puritan and Restoration England is for the most part intimately connected with the political, ecclesiastical, and social backgrounds of the times. Even those outstanding literary figures whose writings here and there transcend a particular age cannot be adequately understood apart from the determining atmosphere of contemporary English life. It has seemed necessary, therefore, to review historical as well as literary antecedents and influences before surveying the prose and verse of either period with which this volume has to do.

During the seventeenth century English national life receded far from its Elizabethan heights of exuberance, unanimity, and moral and æsthetic sensibility, but nevertheless made great and permanent advance:—politically, from absolutism to Parliamentary control; ecclesiastically, from subservience to freedom; and intellectually, from lingering medievalism to modern scientific thought. In literature there were corresponding losses and gains but, upon the whole, a gradual decline. The two predominant influences of the Elizabethan age, the Renais-

sance and the Reformation, drew steadily apart, became antagonistic, and virtually spent their force. Romanticism gave way to reviving classicism; imagination and emotion retired before the critical and rationalistic advance. Thus lyrical and dramatic poetry dwindled, prose romance decayed, controversial pamphlets, letters, memoirs, critical essays, and verse satire flourished, and prose achieved the clarity and simplicity that it has since retained.

Yet there was continuity as well as change. The growth of intellectualism was continuous from Bacon to Newton and Locke; of classicism, from Jonson to Dryden and beyond. On the other hand, romanticism survived the century and is still perceptible in Dryden's later songs and plays. The decline of poetry and drama and the modernization of prose belonged exclusively to no particular age. In fact, Puritan and Restoration periods are distinct compartments only for convenience: such changes as became conspicuous at the Restoration, though accelerated from abroad, were, after all, of native origin and of gradual growth. One great struggle for freedom ran through the century, in successive phases of victory, defeat, and final triumph in 1688. Lastly, the English temperament, the ancient English social orders, and the ways of life of the common English folk remained essentially unchanged.

The century of Shakespeare and Milton, of Jonson and Dryden, of Herrick and Walton and Bunyan and Pepys; of Harvey and Newton; of Bacon and Locke; of Van Dyke and Wren; of Cromwell and William of Orange! Is there any other hundred years of English literature and life as varied and intense, or as interesting and significant to modern times?

EVERT MORDECAI CLARK

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE PURITAN AGE

SPENSERIAN PASTORALISTS

WILLIAM BROWNE

GEORGE WITHER

WILLIAM BROWNE (1591?-1648)

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS

["Divinest Spenser"]

All their pipes were still,
And Colin Clout [1] began to tune his quill
With such deep art that every one was given
To think Apollo, newly slid from Heaven,
Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,
Or with the western swains for glory strove.
He sung the heroic knights of Fairy-land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian [2] played but half so well,
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among
And rapt [3] this swan from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates
In Heaven's fair quire; [4] where now he sings the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days.
Divinest Spenser, heaven-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my brain infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deservest no more.

1616

[1] Spenser
[2] Orpheus
[3] carried away
[4] choir

[Marina's Restoration by the River-God]

Thus spake the god. But whenas in the water
The corpse came sinking down, he spied the matter,
And catching softly in his arms the maid,
He brought her up, and having gently laid
Her on his bank, did presently command
Those waters in her to come forth. At hand
They straight came gushing out, and did contest
Which chiefly should obey their god's behest.
This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
And from his silver hair let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of such excellence
That called back life, which grieved to part from thence,
Being for troth assured that, than this one,
She ne'er possessed a fairer mansion.
Then did the god her body forwards steep,[1]
And cast her for a while into a sleep;
Sitting still by her did his full view take
Of Nature's masterpiece. Here for her sake
My pipe in silence as of right shall mourn,
Till from the watering we again return.

1613

[Fishing and Hunting]

Now as an angler, melancholy standing
Upon a green bank yielding room for landing,
A wriggling yellow worm thrust on his hook,
Now in the midst he throws, then in a nook;
Here pulls his line, there throws it in again,
Mending his cork and bait, but all in vain;
He long stands viewing of the curlèd stream;
At last a hungry pike, or well-grown bream,

[1] incline

Snatch at the worm, and hasting fast away,
He, knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,
Pulls up his rod, but soft, as having skill;
Wherewith the hook fast holds the fish's gill.
Then all his line he freely yieldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and down doth swim
The ensnared fish, here on the top doth scud,
There underneath the banks, then in the mud;
And with his frantic fits so scares the shoal
That each one takes his hide [1] or starting-hole.
By this the pike, clean wearied, underneath
A willow lies and pants—if fishes breathe;
Wherewith the angler gently pulls him to him,
And, lest his haste might happen to undo him,
Lays down his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the fish to land,
Walks to another pool; at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner. . . .

Then as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert-food,[2]
Sits pertly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till with their crooks and bags a sort [3] of boys,
To share with him, come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbor oak,
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the quagmires and red water plashes,[4]
The boys run dabbling through thick and thin;
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin;
This, torn and tattered, hath with much ado
Got by the briers, and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his band; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last;

[1] hiding-place [2] hazel-nuts [3] company [4] puddles

With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hollow,[1]
The little fool with no small sport they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray[2] to spray,
Gets to the wood and hides him in his dray[3]:
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up,
And so from bough to bough he won the top,
Though hindrances from ever coming there
Were often thrust upon him by Despair.

1613

[A Lament]

Glide soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring;
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love;
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell
Whilst Willy[4] bids his friend and joy farewell.

But of great Thetis' train
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain[5]
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks,
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murdering winds,
To move a wave:
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave,

[1] halloo [2] branch [3] nest [4] Browne [5] smooth

Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin tossed by fish and surges fell,[1]
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion-like,
Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sown,[2]
A thousand dolphins would have come
And jointly strive to bring him home.
But he on ship-board died, by sickness fell,[1]
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
For pity make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where every calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,[3]
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

1616

[1] cruel
[2] sound
[3] cóunt

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE

[Welcome to Spring]

WILLIE

Roget,[1] droop not, see, the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greet this morn with melody.
Hark, how yonder throstle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vaunts it;
See how every stream is drest
By her margin with the best
Of Flora's gifts; she seems glad
For such brooks such flowers she had.
All the trees are quaintly tired [2]
With green buds, of all desired;
And the hawthorn every day
Spreads some little show of May.[3]
See the primrose sweetly set
By the much-loved violet
All the banks do sweetly cover,
As [4] they would invite a lover
With his lass to see their dressing
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide,
When all cares are laid aside,
Roget sits as if his blood
Had not felt the quickening good
Of the sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to pass the day
As he wont.[5] Fie, Roget, fly,

[1] Wither [2] attired [3] hawthorn blossom [4] as if [5] is accustomed

Raise thy head, and merrily
Tune us somewhat to thy reed.
See, our flocks do freely feed,
Here we may together sit,
And for music very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an echo shrill and good;
Twice full perfectly it will
Answer to thine oaten quill.
Roget, droop not then, but sing
Some kind welcome to the spring.

1614

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE

The Charm

Son of Erebus and Night,
Hie away; and aim thy flight
Where consort [1] none other fowl
Than the bat and sullen owl;
Where upon thy limber [2] grass,
Poppy and mandragoras,
With like simples [3] not a few,
Hang for ever drops of dew.
Where flows Lethe without coil,[4]
Softly, like a stream of oil;
Hie thee thither, gentle sleep:
With this Greek no longer keep.
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
Thrice with moly from my hand
Do I touch Ulysses' eyes,
And with the jaspis.[5] Then arise,
Sagest Greek.

1615

[1] dwell together [2] bending [3] medicinal herbs [4] murmur
[5] jasper

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse,[1]
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles[2] let no man raise
To her name; for after days
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

c. 1621 . 1658

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING

[True Freedom]

I, that erstwhile the world's sweet air did draw,
Graced by the fairest[3] ever mortal saw,
Now closely pent[4] with walls of ruthless stone,
Consume my days and nights, and all alone.

When I was wont to sing of shepherds' loves,
My walks were fields, and downs, and hills, and groves;
But now, alas, so strict is my hard doom,
Fields, downs, hills, groves, and all's but one poor room.

[1] bier or shroud
[2] monuments
[3] Princess Elizabeth
[4] imprisoned

Each morn, as soon as daylight did appear,
With nature's music, birds would charm mine ear;
Which now, instead of their melodious strains,
Hear rattling shackles, gyves, and bolts, and chains.

But though that all the world's delight forsake me,
I have a Muse, and she shall music make me;
Whose airy notes, in spite of closest cages,
Shall give content to me, and after ages.

Nor do I pass for all this outward ill:
My heart's the same, and undejected still;
And, which is more than some in freedom win,
I have true rest, and peace, and joy within.

And then my mind, that spite of prison's free,
Whene'er she pleases anywhere can be:
She's in an hour in France, Rome, Turkey, Spain,
In earth, in hell, in heaven, and here again.

1614

[Sweet Poesy]

PHILARETE [1]

Seest thou not in clearest days
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays,
And that vapors which do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem not to us with black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it unblemished fair?
So, my Willy,[2] shall it be

[1] Wither, "lover of virtue"
[2] Browne

With detraction's breath on thee:
It shall never rise so high
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapors from each rotten vale,
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains,
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
But so much her power may do
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more,
Till she to the highest hath past;
Then she rests with fame at last.
Let naught therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb,
There begin again, and fly
Till I reached eternity.
But, alas, my Muse is slow;
For thy place she flags [1] too low;
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipped of late,
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a-mewing.[2]
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crossed,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble

[1] droops

[2] in prison

Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep her too
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banished from my flocks
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the springtide yields,
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel,[1]
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief;
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre[2] envy's evil will,
Whence she should be driven too,
Were't in mortal's power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height

[1] nightingale [2] in spite of

Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rusteling;
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan [1] goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect:
From all these and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweetest content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn

[1] the sun.

That to naught but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

1614

FAIR VIRTUE, THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE

Sonnet

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature? [1]
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deserving known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

[1] form

'Cause her fortune [1] seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo.
And unless that mind I see
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

1615, 1622

HALLELUJAH

When We Are upon the Seas

On those great waters now I am,
Of which I have been told
That whosoever thither came
Should wonders there behold.
In this unsteady place of fear,
Be present, Lord, with me;
For in these depths of water here
I depths of danger see.

A stirring courser now I sit;
A headstrong steed I ride,

[1] birth, rank

That champs and foams upon the bit
  Which curbs his lofty pride.
The softest whistling of the winds
  Doth make him gallop fast;
And as their breath increased he finds,
  The more he maketh haste.

Take Thou, oh Lord, the reins in hand;
  Assume our Master's room;
Vouchsafe Thou at our helm to stand
  And pilot to become.
Trim Thou the sails, and let good speed
  Accompany our haste;
Sound Thou the channels at our need,
  And anchor for us cast.

A fit and favorable wind
  To further us provide,
And let it wait on us behind,
  Or lackey by our side.
From sudden gusts, from storms, from sands,
  And from the raging wave,
From shallows, rocks, and pirates' hands,
  Men, goods, and vessel save.

Preserve us from the wants, the fear,
  And sickness of the seas;
But chiefly from our sins, which are
  A danger worse than these.
Lord! let us also safe arrive
  Where we desire to be;
And for Thy mercies let us give
  Due thanks and praise to Thee.

1641

For Summer Time

Now the glories of the year
May be viewèd at the best,
And the earth doth now appear
In her fairest garments dressed:
  Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
  Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mixed with pleasures profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was:
Herds on every mountain go;
In the meadows flowery grass
Makes both milk and honey flow:
  Now each orchard banquets giveth,
  Every hedge with fruit relieveth;
And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruits or berries be.

Walks and ways which winter marred,
By the winds are swept and dried;
Moorish [1] grounds are now so hard
That on them we safe may ride.
  Warmth enough the sun doth lend us,
  From his heat the shades defend us;
And thereby we share in these
Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

Other blessings, many more,
At this time enjoyed may be;
And in this my song, therefore,
Praise I give, O Lord, to Thee.

[1] swampy

Grant that this my free oblation
May have gracious acceptation,
And that I may well employ
Everything which I enjoy.

1641

For Old Persons

9

As THIS my carnal robe grows old,
Soiled, rent, and worn by length of years,
Let me on that by faith lay hold
Which man in life immortal wears.
So sanctify my days behind,
So let my manners be refined,
That when my soul and flesh must part,
There lurk no terrors in my heart.

10

So shall my rest be safe and sweet
When I am lodgèd in my grave;
And when my soul and body meet,
A joyful meeting they shall have;
Their essence then shall be divine,
This muddy flesh shall starlike shine,
And God shall that fresh youth restore
Which will abide for evermore.

1641

EARLIER ESSAYISTS

OWEN FELLTHAM

JOHN EARLE

ROBERT BURTON

OWEN FELLTHAM (1602-1668)

RESOLVES

[Of Integrity and Uprightness]

Two things a man ought to respect while he lives here: his inward integrity and his outward uprightness; his piety toward God and his reputation among men. The one is by performance of religious duties, the other by obedience to the laws public. The one makes his life famous; the other, his death happy. So both together bring credit to the name and felicity to the soul. I will so be alone as I may be with God; so with company as I may please the godly, that report from good men may speak me virtuous. Thus whensoever my breath shall be made but air, they shall believe, and I know, myself to be blessed. The death of a good man is like the putting out of a wax perfumed candle: he recompenses the loss of light with the sweet odor he leaves behind him.

1620

[Of Losses]

Many have much lamented the loss of trifles when they might have gained by such damages had they not, with them, lost themselves; I mean their quiet minds, and patience. Unwise so to debar themselves of rest, when their vexation cannot yield them profit. If tears could either recover a loss or recall time, then to weep were but to purpose; but things past, though with pru-

dence they may be corrected, yet with greatest grief they cannot be recalled. Make them better we may, but for to make them not to be at all requires more than a human strength or a finite power. Actions once done admit a correction, not a nullity.[1] Although I will endeavor to amend what is gone by amiss, yet will I labor never to grieve for anything past but sins; and for that always. A small loss shall never trouble me; neither shall the greatest hindrance make my heart not mine own. He spake well that said, "He which hath himself, hath lost nothing."

1620

[Of Age and Ignorance]

'Tis a capital misery for a man to be at once both old and ignorant. If he were only old and had some knowledge, he might abate the tediousness of decrepit age by the divine raptures of contemplation. If he were young, though he knew nothing, yet his years would serve him to labor and learn; whereby in the winter of his time he might beguile the weariness of his pillow and chair. But now his body being withered by the stealing length of his days, and his limbs wholly disabled for either motion or exercise,—these, together with a mind unfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired science, cannot but delineate the portraiture of a man wretched. A gray head with a wise mind is a treasury of grave precepts, experience, and judgment; but foolish old age is a barren vine in autumn, or an university to study folly in. Every action is a pattern of infirmity; while his body sits still, he knows not how to find his mind action; and tell me if there be any life more irksome than idleness. I have numbered yet but

[1] annulling

a few days; and those, I know, I have neglected; I am not sure they shall be more, nor can I promise my head it shall have a snowy hair. What then? Knowledge is not hurtful but helps a good mind; anything that is laudable I desire to learn. If I die tomorrow, my life today shall be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge; and if my day prove a summer [1] one, it shall not be amiss to have provided something that in the evening of my age may make my mind my companion. Notable was the answer that Antisthenes gave when he was asked what fruit he had reaped of all his studies. By them, saith he, I have learned both to live and to talk with myself.

1620

[Of Puritans]

I find many that are called Puritans, yet few or none that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this, that 'tis for the most part held a name of infamy, and is so new that it hath scarcely yet obtained a definition; nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name whose tenents [2] we may find digested into a volume, whereby we do much err in the application. It imports [3] a kind of excellency above another which man, being conscious of his own frail bendings, is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans, but indeed not any that are. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revel it in a shoreless excess. Another, him that separates from our divine assemblies. Another, him that in some tenents [2] only is peculiar. Another, him that will not swear. Absolutely to define him is a work, I think, of difficulty; some I know that rejoice in the

[1] of longer duration than youth [2] tenets [3] implies

name; but sure they be such as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a Church-rebel, or one that would exclude order, that his brain might rule. To decline offences, to be careful and conscionable in our several actions, is a purity that every man ought to labor for, which we may well do without a sullen segregation from all society. If there be any privileges, they are surely granted to the children of the King, which are those that are the children of heaven. If mirth and recreations be lawful, sure such a one may lawfully use it. If wine were given to cheer the heart, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely the merry soul is freer from intended mischief than the thoughtful [1] man. A bounded [2] mirth is a patent,[3] adding time and happiness to the crazed life of man. Yet if Laertius reports him rightly, Plato deserves a censure for allowing drunkenness at festivals; because, says he, as then, the gods themselves reach wines to present men. God delights in nothing more than in a cheerful heart, careful to perform Him service. What parent is it that rejoiceth not to see his child pleasant, in the limits of a filial duty? I know we read of Christ's weeping, not of His laughter: yet we see He graceth a feast with His first miracle, and that a feast of joy; and can we think that such a meeting could pass without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholic man! Change anger into mirth, and the precept [4] will hold good still: be merry, but sin not. As there be many that in their life assume too great a liberty, so I believe there are some that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. Ignorance is an ill steward to provide for either soul or body. A man that submits to reverent order, that sometimes unbends himself in a

[1] pensive [2] temperate [3] protection [4] Eph. 4.26

moderate relaxation, and in all, labors to approve himself in the sereneness of a healthful conscience, such a Puritan I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave authority of the Church, and out of a needless nicety be a thief to himself of those benefits which God hath allowed him or out of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure and scorn others as reprobates, or out of obstinacy fill the world with brawls about undeterminable tenents, I shall think him one of those whose opinion hath fevered his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon than in a thousand Dutch parlors of such opinionists. "Behold then; what I have seen good!—That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labor wherein he travaileth under the sun, the whole number of the days of his life which God giveth him. For this is his portion. Nay, there is no profit to man but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labor." [1] For he that saw other things but vanity saw this also, that it was the hand of God. Methinks the reading of *Ecclesiastes* should make a Puritan undress his brain and lay off all those fanatic toys that jingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the world hath not better men than some that suffer under that name; nor withal, more *scelestique* [2] villains. For when they are once elated with that pride, they so contemn others that they infringe the laws of all human society.

1628

Of Poets and Poetry

Surely he was a little wanton with his leisure that first invented poetry. 'Tis but a play which makes

[1] *Eccl.* 5.18 [2] wicked

words dance in the evenness of a cadency; yet without doubt, being a harmony, it is nearer to the mind than prose, for that itself [1] is a harmony in height.[2] But the words being rather the drossy part, conceit [3] I take to be the principal. And here, though it digresseth from truth, it flies above her, making her more rare by giving curious raiment to her nakedness. The name the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus, showed how much they honored it; they called them *makers*. And had some of them had power to put their conceits in act, how near would they have come to deity. And for the virtues of men, they rest not on the bare demeanor, but slide into imagination; so proposing things above us, they kindle the reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, poets that write thus, Plato never meant to banish. His own practice shows he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his poem when all the herd had left him; and he himself wrote both tragedies and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busy with his gods; and he, being the first that made philosophy divine and rational, was modest in his own beginnings. Another name they had of honor, too, and that was *vates*. [4] Nor know I how to distinguish between the prophets and poets of Israel. What is Jeremiah's Lamentation but a kind of Sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems but songs, snatches and raptures of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe to the honor of poets: I never found them covetous or scrapingly base. The Jews had not two such kings in all their catalogue as Solomon and his father, poets both. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men; and why may we not then think this may embrace more both of heaven and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason

[1] the mind [2] of the highest sort [3] imagination [4] prophets

that they, most of them, are poor: they find their minds so solaced with their own flights that they neglect the study of growing rich. And this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part mighty lovers of their palates, and this is known an impoverisher. Antigonus, in the tented field, found Antagoras cooking of a conger himself. And they all are friends to the grape and liquor, though I think many, more out of a ductible[1] nature and their love to pleasant company than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free natures, and are the truest definition of that philosopher's man which gives him *animal risibile*.[2] Their grossest fault is that you may conclude them sensual; yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some rhyming fools; but what have they to do with poetry? When Sallust would tell us that Sempronia's wit was not ill, says he, *Potuit versus facere, et jocum movere*: She could make a verse and break a jest. Something there is in it more than ordinary in that it is all in such measured language as may be marred by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus his jest, who, passing by, and hearing some masons missensing his lines,—with their ignorant sawing of them,—falls to breaking their bricks amain; they ask the cause, and he replies, they spoil his work and he theirs. Certainly a worthy poet is so far from being a fool that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to read him well, and without the true accent, numbered[3] poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able poet of our own when a lord read his verses crookedly and he beseeched his Lordship not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin breaks Priscian's head; but he that repeats a verse

[1] tractable [2] the laughing animal [3] metrical

ill puts Homer out of joint. One thing commends it beyond oratory: it ever complieth to the sharpest judgments. He is the best orator that pleaseth all, even the crowd and clowns. But poetry would be poor that they should all approve of. If the learned and judicious like it, let the throng bray. These, when 'tis best, will like it the least. So they contemn what they understand not, and the neglected poet falls by want. Calpurnius makes one complain the misfortune:

Frange puer calamos, et inanes desere Musas:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per urbem
Nou tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? Certe, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat Echo.

Boy, break thy pipes, leave, leave, leave thy fruitless muse:
Rather the mast, and blood-red cornel choose.
Go lead thy flocks to milking; sell and cry
Milk through the city: what can learning buy,
To keep back hunger? None my verses mind
But Echo, babbling from these rocks and wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in poetry; nay, you take away that if them; and these are lies and flattery. But I have told them in the worst words; for 'tis only to the shallow insight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory or a moralled fable than in a bare narration. And for flattery, no man will take poetry literal, since in commendations it rather shows what men should be than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know hyperboles in poetry do bear a decency, nay, a grace,

along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it is that it wantons the blood and imagination, as carrying a man in too high a delight. To prevent these, let the wise poet strive to be modest in his lines. First, that he dash not the gods; next, that he injure not chastity nor corrupt the ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slacked pace of prose. Flashes that do follow the cup, I fear me, are too sprightly to be solid; they run smartly upon [1] the [1] loose[1] for a distance or two, but then being foul,[2] they give in and tire. I confess I love the sober Muse and fasting; from the other, matter cannot come so clear but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long poetry some cannot be friends withal; and indeed, it palls upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short and changing soon their subject, as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two comedians.[3] Poetry should be rather like a coranto,[4] short and nimbly-lofty, than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it but be deadish if distended; for when 'tis right, it centers conceit and takes but the spirit of things, and therefore foolish poesy is of all writing the most ridiculous. When a goose dances and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass that is a rhyming one. He is something the less unwise that is unwise but in prose. If the subject be history or contexted[5] fable, then I hold it better put in prose or blanks;[6] for ordinary discourse never shows so well in meter as in the strain it may seem to be spoken in; the commendation is to do it to the life, nor is this any other than poetry in prose. Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself that can play the poet. He shall vent

[1] unhampered [2] clogged with dirt [3] Plautus, Terence
[4] lively dance [5] interwoven [6] blank verse

his passions by his pen and ease his heart of their weight; and he shall often raise himself a joy in his raptures which no man can perceive but he. Sure Ovid found a pleasure in it, even when he writ his *Tristia*. It gently delivers the mind of distempers and works the thoughts to a sweetness in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a profession, and I would not want it for a recreation.—I can make myself harmless, nay, amending mirth with it, while I should, perhaps, be trying of a worser pastime. And this I believe in it further: unless conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to nobleness, and is never in any rightly but it makes him of a royal and capacious soul.

1628

JOHN EARLE (1601-1665)

MICROCOSMOGRAPHIE

A Child

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy because he knows no evil nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him and tice [1] him on with a bait

[1] entice

of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father,[1] much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse: the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden and exchanged but one heaven for another.

1628

A Downright Scholar

Is one that has much learning in the ore, unwrought and untried, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the inside, though rough and unscoured without, and therefore hated of the courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein[2] of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity but is put upon his profession and done like a scholar. But his fault is only this, that his mind is somewhat [too] much taken up with his mind and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage[3] besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now become a man's total. He has

[1] Adam [2] habit [3] matter

not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg.[1] His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape [2] is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, madam, nor talk idly enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lip. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logic of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word college too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one-and-thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist is cluncht with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly,[3] though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly censured by the inns-a-court men [4] for that heinous vice, being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room and dark clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a satin doublet. The hermitage of his study has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the university. But practise him a little in men and brush him o'er with good company, and he shall

[1] obeisance [2] scrape of the foot in bowing [3] awkwardly
[4] inns-of-court men, law students

outbalance those glisterers as much as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace.

1628

A Mere Young Gentleman at the University

Is one that comes there to wear a gown and to say hereafter he has been at the university. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shown the colleges and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority is the bare velvet of his gown and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shows to his father's man and is loth to untie or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honor and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit though it be made of satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow that has been notorious for an ingle [1] to gold [2] hatbands,[2] whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit, he may light of better company and may learn some flashes of wit which may do him knight's service in the country here-

[1] disreputable boy companion
[2] university noblemen

after. But he is now gone to the inns-of-court,[1] where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

1628

A Contemplative Man

Is a scholar in this great university, the world; and the same his book and study. He cloisters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions as he would to act upon a stage; but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. Nature admits him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation, as it were, of her own works and variety. He comes not in company because he would not be solitary, but finds discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent playfellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth. He knits his observations together and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice because he has no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that make man wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

1628

A Plodding Student

Is a kind of alchemist, or persecutor of nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal,

[1] legal societies, law students' chambers

with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting [1] the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a rug-gown and a nightcap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it till he gets it without book. He may with much industry make a breach into logic and arrive at some ability in an argument; but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for poetry accounts it impregnable. His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers and his few gleanings there; and his disposition of them is as just as the bookbinders; a setting or gluing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students by telling them what travel it has cost him and how often his brain turned [2] at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to apothegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which belonged to some Lacedemonian or Roman in Lycosthenes. He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together but never out of a foot pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

1628

A Plain Country Fellow

Is one that manures his ground well but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the judgment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his

[1] paying [2] became giddy

conversation is among beasts and his talons none of the shortest; only he eats not grass because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and landmark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee and ree [1] better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, [2] which he takes from his landlord and refers it wholly to his discretion. Yet if he gives him leave, he is a good Christian to his power; that is, comes to church in his best clothes and sits there with his neighbors, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe is essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbor is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, for which he will gravely dissuade

[1] gee and haw

[2] land-tenure

youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout[1] his discourse. He is a niggard all the week except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stink so unbecomingly as when he trots after a lawyer in Westminster Hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping in beseeching his worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he gets in but his harvest before, let it come when it will: he cares not.

1628

ROBERT BURTON (1577-1640)

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

The Author's Abstract of Melancholy

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as melancholy.
When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize;
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still or go,

[1] patch

Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so sad as melancholy.
When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.
When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.
Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine:
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine;
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.
Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damned as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my mistress.
O blessed days, O sweet content;
In Paradise my time is spent.
Such thoughts may still my fancy move;
So may I ever be in love.
  All my joys to this are folly,
  Naught so sweet as melancholy.
When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits, O mine hard fate,
I now repent, but 'tis too late;
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
  All my griefs to this are jolly;
  Naught so harsh as melancholy.
Friends and companions, get you gone;
'Tis my desire to be alone.
Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy;
No gem, no treasure like to this;
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
  All my joys to this are folly;
  Naught so sweet as melancholy.
'Tis my sole plague to be alone;
I am a beast, a monster grown;
I will no light nor company;
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turned: my joys are gone;
Fear, discontent and sorrows come.
  All my griefs to this are jolly;
  Naught so fierce as melancholy.
I'll not change life with any king:
I ravished am. Can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile,

In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly;
None so divine as melancholy.
I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch.
My pain's past cure, another hell;
I may not in this torment dwell.
Now desperate I hate my life;
Lend me a halter or a knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so damned as melancholy.

1628

[The Author's Style]

It was the observation of that wise Seneca, "When you see a fellow careful about his words and neat in his speech, know this for a certainty: that man's mind is busied about toys; there's no solidity in him." *Non est ornamentum virile concinnitas*; as he said of a nightingale, *vox es, præterea nihil, etc.* I am therefore in this point a professed disciple of Apollonius a scholar of Socrates: I neglect phrases and labor wholly to inform my reader's understanding, not to please his ear; 'tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens. So that as a river runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow; now direct, then *per ambages*;[1] now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow, doth my style flow: now serious, then light; now comical, then satirical; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present

[1] through winding ways

subject required, or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller: sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign,[1] there enclosed; barren in one place, better soil in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, etc. I shall lead thee *per ardua montium, et lubrica vallium, et roscida cespitum, et glebosa camporum,* through variety of objects, that which thou shalt like and surely dislike.

1621

Melancholy in Disposition

Melancholy, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief, passion, or perturbation of the mind, any manner of care, discontent, or thought, which causeth anguish, dullness, heaviness and vexation of the spirits, any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill disposed, solitary, any way moved or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions no man living is free: no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine that can vindicate himself; so well composed but, more or less, some time or other, he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman is of short continuance and full of trouble." [2] Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper, that "nothing could disturb him, but, going out and

[1] open country [2] *Job* 14.1

coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befell him" (if we may believe Plato his disciple), was much tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of all happiness, "the most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honorable, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children," etc., yet this man was not void of melancholy; he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea, because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can secure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, "as the heaven, so is our life—sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers: so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows, calumnies. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas:* there is a succession of pleasure and pain.

> —"*Medio de fonte lepôrum*
> *Surgit amari aliquid, in ipsis floribus angat.*"

"Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow," as Solomon [1] holds; even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as Austin infers in his *Com. on the 41st Psalm,* there is grief and discontent. *Inter delitias semper aliquid saevi nos strangulat:* for a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell [2]

[1] *Prov.* 14.13 [2] 45 inches

of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encompass our life. And 'tis most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. Nothing so prosperous and pleasant but it hath some bitterness in it, some complaining, some grudging; it is all γλύχυπικρον,[1] a mixed passion. We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offence, with such constancy to continue for so many ages; but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupt,[2] tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this, and is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world," as one condoles our time; "he knows not the condition of it, where, with a reciprocality, pleasure and pain are still united and succeed one another in a ring." *Exi è mundo:* get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it; there is no way to avoid it but to arm thyself with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, so suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ; as Paul[3] adviseth, constantly to bear it. But forasmuch as so few can embrace this good counsel of his, or use it aright, but rather as so many brute beasts give away to their passion, voluntarily subject and precipitate themselves into a labyrinth of cares, woes, miseries, and suffer their souls to be overcome by them, cannot arm themselves with that patience as they ought to do, it falleth out oftentimes that these dispositions become habits, and "many affects[4] contemned," as Seneca notes, "make a disease. Even as one distillation, not yet grown to custom, makes a cough; but continual and inveterate causeth a consumption of the lungs," so do these our

[1] a bitter-sweet [2] interrupted [3] 2 *Tim.* 2.3 [4] maladies

melancholy provocations; and according as the humor itself is intended [1] or remitted [2] in men, as their temperature of body, or rational soul is better able to make resistance, so are they more or less affected. For that which is but a flea-biting to one causeth insufferable torment to another; and which one by his singular moderation and well-composed carriage can happily overcome, a second is no whit able to sustain, but upon every small occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, loss, cross, rumor, etc., if solitary, or idle, yields so far to passion that his complexion is altered, his digestion hindered, his sleep gone, his spirits obscured, and his heart heavy, his hypochondries [3] misaffected; [4] wind, crudity on a sudden overtake him, and he himself overcome with melancholy. And as it is with a man imprisoned for debt, if once in the jail, every creditor will bring his action against him and there likely hold him: if any discontent seize upon a patient, in an instant all other perturbations (for—*quâ data porta ruunt*) will set upon him, and then like a lame dog or broken-winged goose he droops and pines away, and is brought at last to that ill habit or malady of melancholy itself. So that as the philosophers make eight degrees of heat and cold, we may make eighty-eight of melancholy, as the parties affected are diversely seized with it, or have been plunged more or less into this infernal gulf, or waded deeper into it. But all these melancholy fits, howsoever pleasing at first, or displeasing, violent, and tyrannizing over those whom they seize on for the time; yet these fits, I say, or men affected, are but improperly so called, because they continue not, but come and go, as by some objects they are moved. This melancholy of which we are to treat is an habit, *morbus sonticus*, or *chronicus*, a chronic or continuate disease, a settled

[1] encouraged [2] resisted [3] upper abdomen [4] disordered

humor, as Aurelianus and others call it, not errant,[1] but fixed; and as it was long increasing, so now being, pleasant or painful, grown to an habit, it will hardly[2] be removed.

1621

Of the Inward Senses

Common Sense. Inner senses are three in number, so called because they be within the brain-pan, as common sense, phantasy, memory. Their objects are not only things present, but they perceive the sensible species of things to come, past, absent, such as were before in the sense. This common sense is the judge or moderator of the rest, by whom we discern all differences of objects; for by mine eye I do not know that I see, or by mine ear that I hear, but by my common sense, who judgeth of sounds and colors: they are but the organs to bring the species to be censured; so that all their objects are his, and all their offices are his. The fore part of the brain is his organ or seat.

Phantasy. Phantasy, or imagination, which some call æstimative, or cogitative,—confirmed,[3] saith Fernelius, by frequent meditation,—is an inner sense which doth more fully examine the species perceived by common sense of things present or absent, and keeps them longer, recalling them to mind again, or making new of his own. In time of sleep this faculty is free, and many times conceives strange, stupend,[4] absurd shapes, as in sick men we commonly observe. His organ is the middle cell of the brain; his objects all the species communicated to him by the common sense, by comparison of which he feigns infinite other unto himself. In melancholy men this faculty is most powerful and

[1] changing [2] with difficulty [3] strengthened [4] stupendous

strong, and often hurts, producing many monstrous and prodigious things, especially if it be stirred up by some terrible object, presented to it from common sense or memory. In poets and painters imagination forcibly works, as appears by their several fictions, antics, images; as Ovid's house of sleep, Psyche's palace in Apuleius, etc. In men it is subject and governed by reason, or at least should be; but in brutes it hath no superior, and is *ratio brutorum*,[1] all the reason they have.

Memory. Memory lays up all the species which the senses have brought in, and records them as a good register, that they may be forthcoming when they are called for by phantasy and reason. His object is the same with phantasy, his seat and organ the back part of the brain.

Affections of the Senses, Sleep and Waking. The affections[2] of these senses are sleep and waking, common to all sensible creatures. "Sleep is a rest or binding of the outward senses, and of the common sense, for the preservation of body and soul" (as Scaliger defines it); for when the common sense resteth, the outward senses rest also. The phantasy alone is free, and his commander reason; as appears by those imaginary dreams, which are of divers kinds, natural, divine, demoniacal, etc., which vary according to humors, diet, actions, objects, etc., of which Artemidorus, Cardanus, and Sambucus, with their several interpretations, have written great volumes. This ligation[3] of senses proceeds from inhibition of spirits, the way being stopped by which they should come; this stopping is caused of vapors arising out of the stomach, filling the nerves, by which the spirits should be conveyed. When these vapors are spent, the passage is open and the spirits

[1] the reason of beasts [2] states [3] binding

perform their accustomed duties; so that "waking is the action and motion of the senses, which the spirits dispersed over all parts cause."

1621

From EXERCISE RECTIFIED [1] OF [2] BODY AND MIND

TO THAT great inconvenience which comes on the one [side] by immoderate and unseasonable exercise, and too much solitariness and idleness on the other, must be opposed as an antidote a moderate and seasonable use of it, and that both of body and mind, as a most material circumstance and much conducing to this cure and to the general preservation of our health. For which cause Hierome prescribes Rusticus the monk that he be always occupied about some business or other, "that the devil do not find him idle." The Egyptians of old, and many flourishing commonwealths since, have enjoined labor and exercise to all sorts of men, and to give an account of their time, to prevent those grievous mischiefs that come by idleness. . . .

Of these labors, exercises, and recreations which are likewise included, some properly belong to the body, some to the mind; some more easy, some hard; some with delight, some without; some within doors; some natural, some are artificial. Amongst bodily exercises, Galen commends *ludum parvæ pilæ,* to play at ball; be it with the hand or racket, in tennis-courts or otherwise, it exerciseth each part of the body and doth much good, so that they sweat not too much. . . .

Hawking comes next to hunting, the one in the air, as the other on the earth, a sport as much affected [3] as the other, by some preferred. It was never heard of amongst the Romans, invented some twelve hundred

[1] moderated [2] by [3] liked

years since, and first mentioned by Firmicus, *lib. 5. cap. 8.* The Greek emperors began it, and now nothing so frequent: he is nobody that in the season hath not a hawk on his fist. A great art, and many books written of it. . . .

Fowling is more troublesome but all out[1] as delightsome to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, gins, strings, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting-dogs, etc., or otherwise. Some much delight to take larks with day-nets, small birds with chaffnets, plovers, partridge, herons, snipe, etc. Henry the Third, King of Castile—as Mariana the Jesuit reports of him, *lib. 3. cap. 7*—was much affected[2] "with catching of quails," and many gentlemen take singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with their quail-pipes, and will take any pains to satisfy their delight in that kind. . . .

Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it by nets, weels,[3] boats, angling, or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs [or] hawks. . . . Plutarch, in his book *de soler. animal.*, speaks against all fishing "as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, as having neither wit nor perspicac[it]y in it, not worth the labor." But he that shall but consider the variety of baits and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, etc. will say that it deserves as much commendation, requires as much study and perspicac[it]y as the rest, and much to be preferred before many of them: because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding, and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet; and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath fresh air, and sweet

[1] quite [2] fascinated [3] fish-traps

smells of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds; he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, coots, etc., and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make. . . .

But the most pleasing of all outward pastimes is that of Areteus, *deambulatio per amœna loca.*

"Visere sæpe amnes nitidos, per amœnaque Tempe,
Et placidas summis sectari in montibus auras."

"To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,
And take the gentle air amongst the mountains."

To walk amongst orchards, gardens, bowers, and arbors, artificial wildernesses and green thickets, arches, groves, pools, fishponds, betwixt wood and water in a fair meadow, by a river side, to disport in some pleasant plain, or run up a steep hill or sit in a shady seat, must needs be a delectable recreation. . . .

Chess-play is a good exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy, as Rhasis holds, as are idle, and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or are troubled with cares; nothing better to distract their mind and alter their meditations; but if it proceed from overmuch study, in such case it may do more harm than good. It is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all [1] out [1] as bad as study; and besides it is a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate. [2] . . .

Dancing, singing, masking, mumming, stage-plays, howsoever they be heavily censured by some severe Catos, yet if opportunely and soberly used, may justly

[1] quite [2] the move to checkmate

be approved. *Melius est fodere, quam saltare*, saith Austin; but what is that if they delight in it? *Nemo saltat sobrius.* But in what kind of dance? I know these sports have many oppugners, whole volumes writ against them; and some again, because they are now cold and wayward, past themselves, cavil at all such youthful sports in others; as he did in the comedy, they think them, *illico nasci senes*, etc. Some out of preposterous zeal object many times trivial arguments, and because of some abuse, will quite take away the good use, as if they should forbid wine because it makes men drunk; but in my judgment they are too stern: there "is a time for all things."[1] For my part, I subscribe to the *King's Declaration*, and was ever of that mind: those May games, wakes, and Whitsun ales, etc., if they be not at unseasonable times, may justly be permitted. . . .

But amongst all those exercises or recreations of the mind within doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. . . . Whosoever he is therefore that is overrun with solitariness, or carried away with pleasing melancholy and vain conceits, and for want of employment knows not how to spend his time, or crucified with worldly care, I can prescribe him no better remedy than this of study, to compose himself to the learning of some art or science. Provided always that his malady proceed not from overmuch study; for in such cases he adds fuel to the fire, and nothing can be more pernicious. Let him take heed he do not outstretch his wits and make a skeleton of himself; or such inamoratoes as read nothing but play-books, idle poems, jests, *Amadis de Gaul, The Knight of the Sun, The Seven Champions, Palmerin de Oliva, Huon of Bourdeaux*, etc. Such many times prove

[1] *Eccl.* 3.1

in the end as mad as Don Quixote. Study is only prescribed those that are otherwise idle, troubled in mind, and carried headlong with vain thoughts and imaginations, to distract their cogitations—although variety of study, or some serious subject, would do the former no harm—and divert their continual meditations another way. . . .

Now for women, instead of studies, they have curious needleworks, cut-works, bone-lace, etc., to busy themselves about, household offices, etc., or some gossippings. Old folks have their beads: an excellent invention to keep them from idleness that are by nature melancholy and past all affairs, to say so many *paternosters, avemarias, creeds,* if it were not profane and superstitious.

In a word, body and mind must be both exercised, not one, but both, and that in mediocrity;[1] otherwise it will cause a great inconvenience. If the body be overtired, it tires the mind. The mind oppresseth the body, as with students oftentimes it falleth out, who, as Plutarch observes, have no care of the body, "but compel that which is mortal to do as much as that which is immortal; that which is earthly as that which is ethereal. But as the ox, tired, told the camel, both serving one master, that refused to carry some part of his burden, before it were long he should be compelled to carry all his pack, and his skin to boot,—which by and by, the ox being dead, fell[2] out,[2] the body may say to the soul that will give him no respite or remission; a little after, an ague, vertigo, consumption, seizeth on them both, all his study is omitted, and they must be compelled to be sick together." He that tenders his own good estate and health must let them draw[3] with equal yoke, both alike, "that so they may happily enjoy their wished health."

1621

[1] moderation [2] came to pass [3] pull

CAROLINE LYRICAL POETS

CAVALIER LYRISTS

THOMAS CAREW
SIR JOHN SUCKLING
RICHARD LOVELACE
ROBERT HERRICK

RELIGIOUS LYRISTS

GEORGE HERBERT
RICHARD CRASHAW
HENRY VAUGHAN
THOMAS TRAHERNE

THOMAS CAREW (1594 or 1595—1639?)

THE SPRING

Now that winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies [1] the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake and crystal stream.
But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth,
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humblebee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring;
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile; only my love doth lower;
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt that marble ice which still doth hold
Her heart congealed and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside; but, in the cooler shade,
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore; and all things keep
Time with the season: only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

1640

[1] forms crystals upon

A SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient [1] deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, [2] sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing [3] throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

1640

SONG

Would you know what's soft, I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white;

[1] lustrous [2] buds [3] articulating musically

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take [1] your ear;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruisèd nard, or what's more worth;

Or, on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

1640

CELIA SINGING

You that think love can convey
No other way
But through the eyes into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
This siren sing;
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes: behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know
When the cocks crow
We freely may
Gaze on the day,
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

1640

[1] charm

A PRAYER TO THE WIND

Go, THOU gentle whispering wind,
Bear this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast,
So, enflamed by my desire,
It may set her heart afire.
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain
Will reward thee for thy pain;
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odors, and thence skip
To her bosom; lastly fall
Down, and wander over all;
Range about those ivory hills,
From whose every part distills
Amber dew; there spices grow,
There pure streams of nectar flow;
There perfume thyself and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing;
As thou returnest, change by thy power
Every weed into a flower;
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine.
For so rich a booty made,
Do but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst with thy powerful blast
Heat apace and cool as fast;
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And again destroy the same;
Then, for pity, either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

1640

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

1632, 1640

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS

The Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;

Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case;
For thou, perhaps, at thy return
Mayest find thy darling in an urn.

1640

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

SONG

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

1638

SONG

Honest lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever

Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same,
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If, when she appears in the room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly[1] thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken
When she hath little or nothing spoken,
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was asked thee, properly,
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

[1] foolishly

If, when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

1646

SONG

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe:
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine.

1659

CONSTANCY

Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings
Ere he shall discover,
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

1659

THE METAMORPHOSIS

The little boy,[1] to show his might and power,
Turned Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flower;
Transformed Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable: but by the mass
He's metamorphosed me into an ass.

1659

A SONG TO A LUTE

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crossed it?
Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping,
Or the fox's sleeping?
Or hast viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his lechery?
Oh so fickle, Oh so vain, Oh so false, so false is she!

1659

From A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

[1] Cupid

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walked on before the rest.
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bless him!), 'twould undo him,
Should he go still [1] so dressed.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town.
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed.
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

[1] always

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But, Dick, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight. . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin;
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit. . . .

Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, beside the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it long denied. . . .

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house;
The bride's [1] came thick and thick:
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his. . . .

[1] bride's health 1646

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1657?)

SONG

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.

1649

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying [1] Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed [2] linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd [3] winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

1649

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone,

[1] undiluted with water [2] imprisoned [3] releasèd

Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage[1]
The foaming blow-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

1649

THE SCRUTINY

Why shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

[1] assuage

Have I not loved thee much and long?
A tedious twelve hours' space!
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplowed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,
Thou provest the pleasant she,
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
E'en sated with variety.

1649

THE GRASSHOPPER

To My Noble Friend, Mr. Charles Cotton

Ode

Oh thou that swingest upon the waving hair
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou art reared;

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcomest then,
Sport'st in the gilt plats [1] of his beams,
And all these merry days makest merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah the sickle! Golden ears are cropped;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp, frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool, and now green ice! Thy joys,
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast,
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally,
As vestal flames; the north wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail the usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry he hath his crown again!

Night, as clear Hesper, shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

[1] plots, places

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That, asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants [1] himself is poor indeed.

1649

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

HESPERIDES

The Argument of His Book

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.
I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the fairy king.
I write of hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

1648

His Prayer to Ben Jonson

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

[1] lacks

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

1648

An Ode for Him

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad,
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it.
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

1648

Delight in Disorder

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.[1]
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction; [2]
An erring [3] lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

1648

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you:
We have as short a spring,

[1] mirthfulness [2] confusion [3] straying

As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

1648

How Roses Came[1] Red

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree
Whether my Sapho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquished quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

1648

The Bag of the Bee

About the sweet bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

[1] became

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

1648

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

1648

Corinna's Going A-Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god [1] unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair,

[1] Apollo

Fresh-quilted colors through the air.
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not dressed;
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns? 'Tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.[1]

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan[2] on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads[3] are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,

[1] hawthorn blossoms [2] the sun [3] prayers

As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May;
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden, home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying,
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

1648

The Hock-Cart, or, Harvest Home

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labors and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap, our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home!
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art:
See here a maukin,[1] there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies
Clad all in linen white as lilies;
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves,
Some cross[2] the fill-horse,[3] some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
While other rustics, less attent[4]
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,

[1] effigy of maid [2] ride [3] shaft-horse [4] attentive

And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With several dishes standing by,
And here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty. [1]
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth, [2]
Next to your flails, your fanes, [3] your fats, [4]
Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
To the rough sickle and crooked scythe:
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe!
Feed and grow fat, and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the laboring neat, [5]
As you, may have their fill of meat;
And know, besides, ye must revoke [6]
The patient ox unto the yoke
And all go back unto the plow
And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true:
Feed him ye must whose food fills you;
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

1648

The Wake

Come, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junkets [7] still [8] at wakes;

[1] dish of boiled wheat [2] common weal [3] winnowing fans
[4] vats [5] oxen [6] recall [7] delicacies [8] always

Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see;
Marian, too, in pageantry;
And a mimic [1] to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base [2] in action as in clothes;
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious [3] villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel-play,
Where a coxcomb [4] will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke;
But the anger ends all here,
Drenched in ale or drowned in beer.
Happy rustics, best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want [5] the wake next year.

1648

The Hag

The hag is astride
This night for to ride,
The devil and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;

[1] comic actor [2] commonplace [3] uncritical [4] pate
[5] lack

With a lash of a bramble she rides now;
  Through brakes and through briars,
  O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

  No beast for his food
  Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;
  While mischiefs by these,
  On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

  The storm will arise
  And trouble the skies
This night; and, more for the wonder,
  The ghost from the tomb
  Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

1648

The Mad Maid's Song

Good morrow to the day so fair;
  Good morning, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
  Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too;
  Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
  Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe, woe, woe, woe, woe is me,
  Alack, and well-a-day!

For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;[1]
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake[2] him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender; pray take heed;
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home;—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

1648

The Night Piece, to Julia

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

[1] beautiful [2] chill

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slowworm bite thee;
  But on, on thy way,
  Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
  The stars of the night
  Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
  And when I shall meet
  Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

1648

Cherry-Ripe

"Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe!" I cry;
"Full and fair ones; come and buy!"
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, "There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow."

1648

Upon Julia's Clothes

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O, how that glittering taketh me!

1648

To Anthea,
Who May Command Him Anything

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant [1] to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

[1] one who protests his love and devotion

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

1648

To Perilla

Ah, my Perilla, dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home;
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest [1] kiss.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapped thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
The gods' protection but the night before;
Follow me, weeping, to my turf, [2] and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear;
Then, lastly, let some weekly strewings [3] be
Devoted to the memory of me.
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

1648

Upon the Loss of His Mistresses

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:

[1] final [2] grave [3] strewings of flowers

Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sappho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha, for the lute and voice;
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it;
With Perilla: all are gone;
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

1648

Upon a Maid

Here she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise;
For her beauty, it was such
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supremest[1] requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

1648

[An End-Piece for His Book]

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.

1648

[1] last

NOBLE NUMBERS

Grace for a Child

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks [1] though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison [2] to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

1647

A Thanksgiving to God for His House

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor
Who thither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,

[1] toads or frogs [2] blessing

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unflead;[1]
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse[2] is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail[3] bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils[4] my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,

[1] unflayed, unbroken
[2] peas, beans, etc.
[3] spiced ale-and-wine
[4] enriches

That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance,—that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

1647

To Keep a True Lent

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin.
And that's to keep thy Lent.

1647

His Litany to the Holy Spirit

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless [1] doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

[1] unskilled

When the passing-bell [1] doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

[1] death bell

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

THE TEMPLE

The Altar

A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.

A heart alone
Is such a stone
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let Thy blessed sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this altar to be Thine!

1633

Easter Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more
Till he became
Most poor:

With Thee
O let me rise,
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories;
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin
That I became
Most thin.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victory;
For if I imp[1] my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

1633

The Collar

I struck the board, and cried, "No more!
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.[2]
Shall I be still in suit?[3]
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays[4] to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart! but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age

[1] strengthen [2] abundance [3] in attendance [4] laurel wreaths

On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! Take heed!
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there! Tie up thy fears!
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methoughts I heard One calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

1633

The Quip [1]

The merry World did on a day
With his train-bands [2] and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he;

[1] gibe or sharp retort [2] militia

"I heard in music you had skill."
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allowed me half an eye.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large: say I am Thine;
And then they have their answer home.

1633

The Pearl [1]

I know the ways of learning, both the head
And pipes that feed the press and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire;
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire; [2]
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history;
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thèe.

I know the ways of honor, what maintains
The quick [3] returns of courtesy and wit;
In vies of favors whether [4] party gains,

[1] Matt. 13.45 [2] alchemy [3] lively [4] which

When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions, both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle wheresoe'er it goes;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store;
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand;
Therefore not seelèd [1] but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move.
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But Thy silk twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee.

1633

The Pulley

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,

[1] closed

"Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature;
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast."

1633

Jordan

When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their luster, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish,[1] sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Offering their service, if I were not sped.[2]

[1] spread out [2] provided for, served

I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick [1] enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense;
But while I bustled, I might hear a Friend
Whisper, "How wide [2] is all this long pretense!
There is in love a sweetness ready penned;
Copy out only that, and save expense."

1633

The Elixir

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still [3] to make Thee prepossessed, [4]
And give it his [5] perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his [6] tincture, "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

[1] live [2] far from the mark [3] always [4] possessed in advance
[5] its [6] this

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told. [1]

1633

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal, [2]
Then chiefly lives.

1633

[1] counted [2] charcoal

RICHARD CRASHAW (1613?-1649)

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

The Author's Motto

Live, Jesus, live, and let it be
My life to die for love of Thee.

1646

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book Entitled "The Temple of Sacred Poems," Sent to a Gentlewoman

Know, you fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book,
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings:
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh;
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well perfumèd prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of the sphere,[1]
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe[2]
These devotions, fairest, know
That, while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

1646

[1] Heaven [2] own

An Hymn of the Nativity, Sung as by the Shepherds

CHORUS

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
  Hath met Love's noon in nature's night;
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the sun that lies too long.

  To all our world of well-stolen joy
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing;
  While we found out heaven's fairer Eye,
And kissed the cradle of our King.
  Tell him [1] he rises now too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

  Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er showed to mortal sight,
  Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light.
  Tell him, Tityrus, where thou hast been;
Tell him, Thyrsis, what thou hast seen.

TITYRUS

  Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
  The Babe looked up and showed His face:
In spite of darkness, it was day.
  It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the east, but from Thine eyes.

CHORUS: It was Thy day, Sweet! etc.

[1] the sun

THYRSIS

Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry north to wage his wars.
The north forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars.
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

CHORUS: By those sweet eyes, etc.

BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright Dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from Their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

[CHORUS: We saw Thee, etc.]

TITYRUS

"Poor world," said I, "what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, ye powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth!"

CHORUS: Contend, ye powers, etc.

THYRSIS

"Proud world," said I, "cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone.
The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest;
Love's architecture is all one:[1]
The Babe whose birth embraves[2] this morn
Made His own bed ere He was born."

CHORUS: The Babe whose, etc.

TITYRUS

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
"Forbear," said I; "be not too bold;
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

CHORUS: "Forbear," said I, etc.

THYRSIS

I saw the obsequious seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
"Well done," said I; "but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?"

CHORUS: "Well done," said I, etc.

[1] the same [2] makes beautiful

TITYRUS

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See, see how soon His new-bloomed cheek
'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
"Sweet choice," said I; "no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

CHORUS: "Sweet choice," etc.

BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright Dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

CHORUS: We saw Thee, etc.

FULL CHORUS

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man!
Great little One! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

Welcome, though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Caesar's birthright is:
Two sister-seas of virgin milk,

With many a rarely-tempered kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie;
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds [1] tries
The points of her young Eagle's eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies
Gilded in the beams of earthly kings;
Slippery souls in smiling eyes:
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit, to be
Well read in their simplicity.[2]

Yet when young April's husband-showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they their sheep,

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

1646

[1] her eyes [2] innocence

The Flaming Heart

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM [1] BESIDE HER

Well meaning readers, you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends,[2]
Make not too much haste to admire
That fair-cheeked fallacy of fire.
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be ruled by me, and make
Here a well-placed and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right:
Read him for her, and her for him;
And call the saint the seraphim.
  Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years and size of him
Show this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame; and, duteous, he
Her happy fire-works here comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kissed her pen,
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou meantst to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman saint.
But had thy pale-faced purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,

[1] seraph [2] exhibits

Thou wouldst on her have heaped up all
That could be formed seraphical;
Whate'er this youth of fire wore fair:
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheek, and glistering wings,
All those fair and flagrant [1] things;
But before all, that fiery dart
Had filled the hand of this great heart.
Do, then, as equal right requires,
Since his the blushes be, and hers the fires:
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of [2] thy art;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivalled lover,
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart, for it is she,
Fair youth, shoots both thy shafts and thee.
Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful [3] spirits do prove [4]
In that rare life of her and love?
Say, and bear witness: sends she not
A seraphim at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
Heaven's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give, then, the dart to her who gives the flame;
Give him the veil who kindly takes the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate;
If all's prescription, [5] and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song,

[1] flaming [2] wrought by [3] eager [4] enjoy [5] custom

For all th' gallantry [1] of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim:
His be the bravery [2] of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings,
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.
Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but love's whole quiver;
For in love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activest part;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart! the equal poise [3] of love's both parts,
Big alike with wounds and darts,
Live in these conquering leaves: live all the same,
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame!
Live here, great heart, and love, and die, and kill:
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still;
Let this immortal life, where'er it comes,
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms:
Let mystic deaths wait on't, and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art
Upon this carcass of a hard, cold heart;
Let all thy scattered shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast, at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin!
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,

[1] fine appearance [2] gaudy splendor [3] counterpoise

By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee his,
By all the heavens thou hast in him,
Fair sister of the seraphim,
By all of him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me:
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die!

1648, 1652

DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

On a Foul Morning, Being Then to Take a Journey

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold Day
Staggers out of the east, loses her way,
Stumbling on Night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams; O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks!
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear
Full glory flaming in her own free sphere!
Gladness shall clothe the earth; we will instile [1]
The face of things an universal smile.
Say to the sullen Morn thou comest to court her,
And wilt command proud Zephyrus [2] to sport her
With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which, rarefied, and in a gentle rain

[1] instill into [2] west wind

On those delicious banks distilled again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow
And frisk in curled meanders; he will throw
A fragrant breath, sucked from the spicy nest
O' th' precious phœnix, warm upon her breast;
He with a dainty and soft hand will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wheresoe'er she'll tread,
Bright clouds, like golden fleeces, shall be spread.
Rise, then, fair blue-eyed maid, rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover;
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosom, bathed with liquid light.
Fly, fly, profane fogs, far hence fly away!
Taint not the pure streams of the springing[1] day
With your dull influence; it is for you
To sit and scowl upon Night's heavy brow,
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin Morn,
Where naught but smiles and ruddy joys are worn.
Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day!

1646

An Epitaph upon a Young Married Couple Dead and Buried Together

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage bed;
For though the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.

[1] rising

Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot love could tie.
And though they lie as [1] they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm),
Love made the bed; they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into that light
Whose day shall never die in night.

1646

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695)

POEMS

To Amoret Gone from Him

Fancy and I last evening walked,
And, Amoret, of thee we talked.
The west just then had stolen the sun,
And his last blushes had begun.
We sat, and marked how everything
Did mourn his absence: how the spring
That smiled and curled about his beams,
Whilst he was here, now checked her streams;
The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less noise and smoother grace,
And in a slow, sad channel went,
Whispering the banks their discontent;
The careless ranks of flowers that spread

[1] as if

Their perfumed bosoms to his head,
And with an open, free embrace
Did entertain his beamy face,
Like absent friends point to the west,
And on that weak reflection feast.
If creatures, then, that have no sense
But the loose tie of influence,
Though fate and time each day remove
Those things that element [1] their love,
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, Amoret, why should not we?

1646

A Song to Amoret

If I were dead, and, in my place,
Some fresher youth designed
To warm thee with new fires, and grace
Those arms I left behind;

Were he as faithful as the sun,
That's wedded to the sphere,
His blood as chaste and temperate run
As April's mildest tear;

Or were he rich, and, with his heaps
And spacious share of earth,
Could make divine affection cheap,
And court his golden birth:

For all these arts I'd not believe,
No, though he should be thine,
The mighty amorist [2] could give
So rich a heart as mine.

[1] constitute the elements of [2] lover

Fortune and beauty thou might'st find,
And greater men than I;
But my true resolvèd mind
They never shall come nigh.

For I not for an hour did love,
Or for a day desire;
But, with my soul, had from above
This endless, holy fire.

1646

SILEX SCINTILLANS

The Retreat

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy,
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,[1]
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white,[2] celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,[3]
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress

[1] earthly life [2] pure [3] heavenly life

Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city [1] of palm trees,
But ah, my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

1650

Peace

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skillful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

[1] celestial city

Leave then thy foolish ranges;[1]
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

1650

The World

I saw Eternity, the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves and knots,[2] the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow
He did nor stay nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout;
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,

[1] rovings [2] love-knots

Where he did clutch his prey. But one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust [1]
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself
And hugged each one his pelf:
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretence;
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave; [2]
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this time did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
"O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun and be
More bright than he!"

[1] gold [2] beautiful

But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus:
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
But for His bride."

1650

[Departed Friends]

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy[1] breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;

[1] sad

But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume [1] Thy spirit [2] from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective [3] still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

1655

Childhood

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white [4] designs which children drive, [5]
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power,

[1] take back [2] the poet's soul [3] telescope [4] innocent
[5] project

Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace,
And sweetly living—fie on men!—
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise,
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself?
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurled?
Those observations are but foul
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking [1] the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;

[1] chiding

Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy center and midday!
For sure that is the narrow way!

1655

The Book

Eternal God! Maker of all
That have lived here since the man's fall;
The Rock of Ages! in whose shade
They live unseen when here they fade;

Thou knew'st this paper when it was
Mere seed, and after that but grass;
Before 'twas dressed or spun, and, when
Made linen, who did wear it then;
What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds,
Whether good corn or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree when a green shade
Covered it, since a cover made.
And where it flourished, grew, and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast when he
Did live and feed by Thy decree
On each green thing; then slept—well fed—
Clothed with this skin which now lies spread

A covering o'er this agèd book;
Which makes me wisely weep, and look
On my own dust; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,
When Thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst Thy works a place
Who in them loved and sought Thy face!

1655

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636-1674)

POEMS OF FELICITY

Wonder

How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear,
O how their glory me did crown!
The world resembled His eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And everything that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air,
Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense;

And all the works of God so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow;
And while my God did all His glories show,
I felt a vigor in my sense
That was all spirit: I within did flow
With seas of life like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh, ragged objects were concealed:
Oppressions, tears, and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
Were hid, and only things revealed
Which heavenly spirits and the angels prize.
The state of innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones;
The boys and girls were mine:
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones;
In joy and beauty they appeared to me;
And everything which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;

Rare splendors, yellow, blue, red, white, and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wonders clothed with glory did appear;
Amazement was my bliss;
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this!

Cursed and devised proprieties,[1]
With envy, avarice,
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendor of mine eyes;
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds:
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties [1] themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments;
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces I esteemed
My joys by others worn;
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

c. 1660 1903

The Salutation

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

[1] exclusive rights of possession

When silent I
So many thousand, thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome, ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long
Was nothing, from eternity,
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
To celebrate or see;
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet
Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnisht joys,
Which yellow gold and pearls excel!
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In which a soul doth dwell;
Their organizèd joints and azure veins
More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake:
These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
A gift from God I take;
The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
The sun and stars are mine if those I prize.

Long time before
I in my mother's womb was born,
A God, preparing, did this glorious store,
The world, for me adorn.
Into this Eden so divine and fair,
So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
Strange all and new to me;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

c. 1660 1903

The Rapture

Sweet Infancy!
O fire of heaven, O sacred light,
How fair and bright!
How great am I,
Whom all the world doth magnify!

O heavenly joy!
O great and sacred blessedness
Which I possess!
So great a joy
Who did into my arms convey!

From God above
Being sent, the heavens me inflame:
To praise His name
The stars do move!
The burning sun doth show His love.

O how divine
Am I! To all this sacred wealth,
This life and health,
Who raised? Who mine
Did make the same? What hand divine?

c. 1660 1903

CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS

The Third Century

1

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had from the womb and that divine light wherewith I was born are the best unto this day wherein I can see the universe. By the gift of God they attended me into the world, and by His special favor I remember them till now. Verily they seem the greatest gifts His wisdom could bestow, for without them all other gifts had been dead and vain. They are unattainable by book, and therefore I will teach them by experience. Pray for them earnestly; for they will make you angelical and wholly celestial. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious [1] apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

c. 1660 1908

2

All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was divine. I knew by intuition those things which, since my apostasy, [2] I collected again by the highest reason. My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the estate of innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea,

[1] eager [2] fall from heavenly to earthly wisdom

and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints, or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or vices. All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or rents or exaction, either for tribute or bread. In the absence of these I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendor and glory. I saw all in the peace of Eden; heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. All time was eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

c. 1660 1908

3

The corn[1] was orient[2] and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees, when I saw them first through one of the gates, transported and ravished me: their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should

[1] grain [2] shining

die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in heaven. The streets were mine; the temple was mine; the people were mine; their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds, nor divisions; but all proprieties and divisions were mine, all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

c. 1660 1908

LATER ESSAYISTS

Sir Thomas Browne
Thomas Fuller
Jeremy Taylor
Thomas Hobbes
Izaak Walton

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)

RELIGIO MEDICI

[Of Sleep and Waking]

Section xi.—Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common years like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm [1] of my own frame that I cast mine eye on. For the other, [2] I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number [3] of the ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God,

[1] little world
[2] macrocosm, universe
[3] cubit, unit of measure

as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say I am as happy as any. *Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua* salveth all; so that, whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses. Without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreams in the night requite me and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit [1] to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both; and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation [2] of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant [3] was the watery sign of Scorpio. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the

[1] notion [2] binding [3] sign of the zodiac

mirth and galliardise[1] of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that which hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it; for those *noctambulos* and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpses, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

Section xii.—We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner: 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath in-

[1] gaiety

vented; I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death. In[1] fine,[1] so like death I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God:—

The night is come, like to the day;
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the luster of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance:
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigor run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death;—O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.
How'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie

[1] finally

Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever!

This is the dormitive[1] I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun and sleep unto the resurrection.

1642

HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR, URN BURIAL

[Of Diuturnity and Oblivion]

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious[2] buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests, what prince can promise such diuturnity[3] unto his relics,[4] or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories[5] when to be unknown was the means of their continuation and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable,[6] and some old

[1] sleep-producer [2] showy [3] long duration [4] remains
[5] repositories [6] worthy of consideration

philosophers would honor them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension [1] unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah were work for Archimedes; common counters sum up the life of Moses [2] his [2] man. [3] Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life but his nativity; content to have so far been as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life and as it were an abortion.

What song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though

[1] inclination [2] Moses's [3] Ps. 90

puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries [1] entered the famous nations of the dead and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide [2] solution. But who were the proprietaries [3] of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians or tutelary [4] observators. [4] Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally [5] extant, [5] is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vainglories which thought the world might last for ever had encouragement for ambition, and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped [6] with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours in the attempts of their vainglories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian [7] of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity

[1] repositories of bones [2] roughly approximate [3] proprietors
[4] guardian spirits [5] known by monuments [6] dispirited
[7] noonday

of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right [1] lines limit and close [2] all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle [3] must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know

[1] straight [2] enclose
[3] Θ, first letter of Θανατος, death

there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan, disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* [1] and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman [2] lives more happily without a name than Herodias [3] with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living

[1] being [2] Gen. 46.10 [3] Mark 6.25

century.[1] The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current[2] arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions and makes but winter arches and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration,—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities;[3] miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come and forgetful of evils past is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories: while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night

[1] hundred [2] moving [3] hardness

of nothing, were content to recede into the common being and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original[1] again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent[2] from oblivion in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations: Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth,—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives[3] begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, —which is the peculiar[4] of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself,—and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can

[1] creator [2] protection [3] telescopes [4] peculiar characteristic

only [1] destroy our souls and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape [2] in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal luster, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery [3] in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life; great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus: but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man [4] of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch [5] and Elias, [6] without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon the stage of earth. If in the decretory [7] term [8] of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state

[1] alone [2] slip [3] ostentation [4] Moses, Deut. 34.6 [5] Gen. 5.24
[6] Kings 2.11 [7] decreed [8] end

is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned, when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead and are not touched with that poetical taunt [1] of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vain-glory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their pro-

[1] Isa 14: 10-20

ductions, to exist in their names and predicament[1] of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles*[2] of Adrianus.

Tabesne cadavera solvat,
An rogus, haud refert.—LUCAN.

1658

[A Letter to His Son Edward]

Dec. 27, 1680?

Dear Son,—

We are all very sorry for the loss of the little one; God give us still[3] grace to resign our wills unto His, and patience in all what He hath laid out for us. God send you wisdom and providence to make a prudent use of the moneys you have from me, beside what you get and otherwise. Lest repentance come too late upon you, consider that accidental charges may be always coming upon you, and the folly of depending or hoping too much upon time turns yet to come; since years will creep on, and impotent age accuse you for not thinking early upon it. The christening and burials of my children have cost me above two hundred pounds, and their education more; beside your own, which hath been more chargeable[4] than all the rest put together; and therefore consider well that you are not likely to play in this world, or in old age, and be wise while you

[1] state [2] tomb [3] always [4] costly

are able to get, and save somewhat against a bad winter and uncertainty of times. God bless you all.—Your loving father, THO. BROWNE.

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661)

THE HOLY STATE

The Good Schoolmaster

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: first, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. [1] Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune till they can provide a new one and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher. [2] But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

Maxim I. *His genius inclines him with delight to his profession.* Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school as Cooper's *Dictionary* and Scapula's *Lexicon* are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skillful in other

[1] flat stick for striking the hand [2] under-teacher

arts, are bunglers in this. But God of His goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, "God hewed out this stone and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent." And thus God moldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

II. *He studies his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books,* and ranks their dispositions into several forms.[1] And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails,—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows,—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and

[1] classes

pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient [1] ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, [2] which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

III. *He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching;* not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces [3] his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul that his scholars may go along with him.

IV. *He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school.* If cockering [4] mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod,—to live as it were in a peculiar, [5] out of their master's jurisdiction,—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting [6] whipping into money and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with

[1] finest, oriental [2] abilities [3] makes easy
[4] coddling [5] state of exemption [6] exchanging

him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

V. *He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction.* Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name παιδοτριβης[1] than παιδαγωγος,[2] rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolenti carnificina* of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos.* Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser, in his own *Life:*

> From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
> To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
> Where fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had.
> For fault but small, or none at all,
> It came to pass thus beat I was;
> See, Udal, see the mercy of thee
> To me, poor lad.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

VI. *He makes his school free to him who sues to him in forma pauperis.*[3] And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads

[1] child-bruiser [2] teacher [3] as a pauper

to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar, such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues, to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness—however privately charitable unto him—lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred [1] to beggary.

VII. *He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college,* therein to teach his scholars logic. For besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms [2] taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

VIII. *Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse;* contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this amongst other motives make schoolmasters careful in their place: that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond in Lancashire but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave in Brundley school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honor the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of

[1] promoted [2] blunders

Theseus their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

1642

GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES

Personal Meditations

II

Lord, when Thou shalt visit me with a sharp disease, I fear I shall be impatient; for I am choleric by my nature and tender by my temper and have not been acquainted with sickness all my lifetime. I cannot expect any kind usage from that which hath been a stranger unto me. I fear I shall rave and rage. O whither will my mind sail when distemper shall steer it? Whither will my fancy run when diseases shall ride it? My tongue, which of itself is a fire, sure will be a wild-fire when the furnace of my mouth is made seven times hotter with a burning fever. But, Lord, though I should talk idly to my own shame, let me not talk wickedly to Thy dishonor. Teach me the art of patience whilst I am well, and give me the use of it when I am sick. In that day either lighten my burden or strengthen my back. Make me, who so often, in my health, have discovered my weakness presuming on my own strength, to be strong in sickness when I solely rely on Thy assistance.

1645

V

Lord, my voice by nature is harsh and untunable, and it is vain to lavish any art to better it. Can my singing

of psalms be pleasing to Thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? Yet though I cannot chant with the nightingale or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow, yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst Thou given me a better voice, I would have praised Thee with a better voice. Now what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense, singing praises with understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart, therein to make melody, and I will be contented with my old voice until, in Thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed upon me.

1645

XII

Lord, what faults I correct in my son, I commit myself: I beat him for dabbling in the dirt, whilst my own soul doth wallow in sin; I beat him for crying to cut his own meat, yet am not myself contented with that state Thy providence hath carved unto me; I beat him for crying when he is to go to sleep, and yet I fear I myself shall cry when Thou callest me to sleep with my fathers. Alas! I am more childish than my child, and what I inflict on him I justly deserve to receive from Thee; only here is the difference: I pray and desire that my correction on my child may do him good; it is in Thy power, Lord, to effect that Thy correction on me shall do me good.

1645

XVI

Lord, when I am to travel, I never use [1] to provide

[1] am accustomed

myself till the very time; partly out of laziness, loth to be troubled till needs I must; partly out of pride, as presuming all necessaries for my journey will wait upon me at the instant. Some say this is scholars' fashion, and it seems by following it I hope to approve myself to be one. However, it often comes to pass that my journey is finally stopped through the narrowness of the time to provide for it. Grant, Lord, that my confessed improvidence in temporal, may make me suspect my providence in spiritual, matters. Solomon saith, man goeth to his long home. Short preparation will not fit so long a journey. O let me not put it off to the last, to have my oil to buy when I am to burn it. But let me so dispose of myself that when I am to die, I may have nothing to do but to die.

1645

XXI

Lord, I confess this morning I remembered my breakfast but forgot my prayers. And as I have returned no praise, so Thou mightst justly have afforded me no protection. Yet Thou hast carefully kept me to the middle of this day, entrusted me with a new debt before I have paid the old score. It is now noon, too late for a morning too soon for an evening sacrifice. My corrupt heart prompts me to put off my prayers till night; but I know it too well, or rather too ill, to trust it. I fear if till night I defer them, I shall forget them. Be pleased, therefore, now to accept them. Lord, let not a few hours the later make a breach; especially seeing—be it spoken not to excuse my negligence, but to implore Thy pardon—a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday. I promise hereafter, by Thy assist-

ance, to bring forth fruit in due season. See how I am ashamed the sun should shine on me, who now newly start in the race of my devotions when he like a giant hath run more than half his course in the heavens.

1645

XXV

LORD, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before Thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table.

1645

THE HISTORY OF THE WORTHIES OF ENGLAND

[SHAKESPEARE]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford on Avon in this county;[1] in whom three eminent poets may seem in some sort to be compounded: (1) Martial in the war-like sound of his surname (whence some may conjecture him of a military extraction), *Hastivibrans,*

[1] Warwickshire

or *Shake-speare;* (2) Ovid, the most natural and witty of all poets, and hence it was that Queen Elizabeth, coming into a grammar school, made this extemporary verse,

"Persius, a crab-staff; bawdy Martial; Ovid,
a fine wag";

(3) Plautus, who was an exact comedian, yet never any scholar, as our Shakespeare, if alive, would confess himself. Add to all these that, though his genius generally was jocular and inclining him to festivity, yet he could, when so disposed, be solemn and serious, as appears by his tragedies: so that Heraclitus himself (I mean if secret and unseen) might afford to smile at his comedies, they were so merry; and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies, they were so mournful.

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit sed nascitur:* one is not made but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little; so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art that was used upon him.

Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention. He died *anno domini* 16— and was buried at Stratford upon Avon, the town of his nativity.

1662

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667)

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING

The First General Instrument of Holy Living, Care of Our Time

He that is choice [1] of his time will also be choice of his company and choice of his actions, lest the first engage him in vanity and loss and the latter, by being criminal, be a throwing his time and himself away and a going back in the accounts of eternity.

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends; but so that for every hour of our life, after we are persons capable of laws and know good from evil, we must give account to the great Judge of men and angels. And this is it which our blessed Savior [2] told us, that we must account for every idle word: not meaning that every word which is not designed to edification, or is less prudent, shall be reckoned for a sin; but that the time which we spend in our idle talking and unprofitable discoursings, that time which might and ought to have been employed to spiritual and useful purposes, that is to be accounted for. For we must remember that we have a great work to do, many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much danger to run through, many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to serve, and much good to do, many children to provide for, or many friends to support, or many poor to relieve, or many diseases to cure, besides the needs of nature and of relation, our private and our public cares, and duties of the

[1] careful [2] Matt. 12.36

world which necessity and the providence of God hath adopted into the family of religion.

And that we need not fear this instrument to be a snare to us, or that the duty must end in scruple, vexation, and eternal fears, we must remember that the life of every man may be so ordered, and indeed must, that it may be a perpetual serving of God; the greatest trouble and most busy trade and worldly encumbrances, when they are necessary, or charitable, or profitable in order to any of those ends which we are bound to serve, whether public or private, being a doing God's work. For God provides the good things of the world to serve the needs of nature by the labors of the ploughman, the skill and pains of the artisan, and the dangers and traffic of the merchant. These men are in their calling the ministers of the divine providence, and the stewards of the creation, and servants of a great family of God, the world, in the employment of procuring necessaries for food and clothing, ornament and physic. In their proportions also a king and a priest and a prophet, a judge and an advocate, doing the works of their employment according to their proper rules, are doing the work of God, because they serve those necessities which God hath made and yet made no provisions for them but by their ministry. So that no man can complain that his calling takes him off from religion: his calling itself and his very worldly employment in honest trades and offices is a serving of God; and if it be moderately pursued, and according to the rules of Christian prudence, will leave void spaces enough for prayers and retirements of a more spiritual religion.

God hath given every man work enough to do that there shall be no room for idleness, and yet hath so ordered the world that there shall be space for devotion.

He that hath the fewest businesses of the world is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that hath the most affairs may so order them that they shall be a service of God; whilst at certain periods they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long are hallowed by a holy intention.

However, so long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness, and effeminacy are prevented,[1] and there is but little room left for temptation. And therefore to a busy man temptation is fain to climb up together with his businesses, and sins creep upon him only by accidents and occasions; whereas to an idle person they come in a full body, and with open violence, and the impudence of a restless importunity.

Idleness is called[2] the sin of Sodom and her daughters, and indeed is "the burial of a living man":[3] an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world; and he only lives to spend his time and eat the fruits of the earth, like a vermin or a wolf; when their time comes, they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good; they neither plough nor carry burdens; all that they do either is unprofitable or mischievous.

Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world: it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use and irreparable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature.

1650

[1] forestalled
[2] Ezek. 16.49
[3] Seneca, *Epistle* 82

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY DYING

The Consideration Reduced to Practice

It will be very material to our best and noblest purposes if we represent this scene of change and sorrow a little more dressed up in circumstances, for so we shall be more apt to practise those rules the doctrine of which is consequent to this consideration. It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements,[1] it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman, the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly know us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who six hours ago tended upon us either with charitable

[1] inward beauties

or ambitious services cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honor. I have read of a fair young German gentleman who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving [1] way [1] that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

This discourse will be useful if we consider and practise by the following rules and considerations respectively;—

1. All the rich and all the covetous men in the world will perceive, and all the world will perceive for them, that it is but an ill recompense for all their cares, that by this time all that shall be left will be this, that the neighbors shall say, "He died a rich man"; and yet his wealth will not profit him in the grave, but hugely swell the sad accounts of doomsday. And he that kills the Lord's people with unjust or ambitious wars for an unrewarding interest shall have this character,[2] that he threw away all the days of his life that one year might be reckoned with his name and computed by his reign or consulship; and many men by great labors and affronts, many indignities and crimes, labor only for a pompous epitaph and a loud title upon their marble;

[1] consenting [2] memorial

whilst those into whose possessions their heirs or kindred are entered are forgotten, and lie unregarded as their ashes, and without concernment or relation,[1] as the turf upon the face of their grave. A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial [2] where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where [3] our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lay interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There [3] is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colors of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less. To my apprehension it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus, the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words: "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian Sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi, nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws; he never offered

[1] epitaph [2] royal palace near Madrid [3] in Westminster Abbey

sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to his people, nor numbered them; but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre; and now hear where Ninus is. Sometimes [1] I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing; but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust, that was and is all my portion. The wealth with which I was esteemed blessed, my enemies meeting together shall bear away, as the mad Thyiades [2] carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither, I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a miter am now a little heap of dust." I know not anything that can better represent the evil condition of a wicked man or a changing greatness. From the greatest secular dignity to dust and ashes his nature bears him, and from thence to hell his sins carry him, and there he shall be for ever under the dominion of chains and devils, wrath and an intolerable calamity. This is the reward of an unsanctified condition, and a greatness ill gotten or ill administered.

2. Let no man extend his thoughts or let his hopes wander towards future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on the morrow; and every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a chrisom-child [3] to smile: so that we cannot discern what comes hereafter, unless we had a light from heaven brighter than the vision of an angel, even the spirit of prophecy.

[1] once [2] women worshippers of Bacchus [3] newly-christened, innocent child

Without revelation we cannot tell whether we shall eat to-morrow, or whether a squinzy [1] shall choke us; and it is written in the unrevealed folds of divine predestination that many who are this day alive shall to-morrow be laid upon the cold earth, and the women shall weep over their shroud and dress them for their funeral. St. James in his epistle notes the folly of some men, his contemporaries, who were so impatient of the event of to-morrow or the accidents of next year or the good or evils of old age that they would consult astrologers and witches, oracles and devils, what should befall them the next calends,[2] what should be the event [3] of such a voyage, what God had written in His book concerning the success of battles, the election of emperors, the heir of families, the price of merchandise, the return of the Tyrian fleet, the rate of Sidonian carpets; and as they were taught by the crafty and lying demons, so they would expect the issue;[3] and oftentimes by disposing their affairs in order towards such events, really did produce some little accidents according to their expectation; and that made them trust the oracles in greater things, and in all. Against this he opposes his counsel that we should not search after forbidden records, much less by uncertain significations, for whatsoever is disposed to happen by the order of natural causes or civil counsels may be rescinded by a peculiar decree of Providence or be prevented by the death of the interested persons; who, while their hopes are full, and their causes conjoined, and the work brought forward, and the sickle put into the harvest, and the first-fruits offered and ready to be eaten, even then if they put forth their hand to an event that stands but at the door, at that door their body may be carried forth to burial before the expectation shall enter into fruition. When

[1] quinzy [2] first of (Roman) month [3] outcome

Richilda, the widow of Albert, Earl of Ebersberg, had feasted the emperor Henry the Third and petitioned in behalf of her nephew Welpho for some lands formerly possessed by the earl her husband, just as the emperor held out his hand to signify his consent, the chamber floor suddenly fell under them, and Richilda, falling upon the edge of a bathing-vessel, was bruised to death, and stayed not to see her nephew sleep in those lands which the emperor was reaching forth to her and placed at the door of restitution.

3. As our hopes must be confined, so must our designs. Let us not project long designs, crafty plots, and diggings so deep that the intrigues of a design shall never be unfolded till our grandchildren have forgotten our virtues or our vices. The work of our soul is cut short, facile,[1] sweet,[2] and plain, and fitted to the small portions of our shorter life; and as we must not trouble our inquiry, so neither must we intricate[3] our labor and purposes with what we shall never enjoy. This rule does not forbid us to plant orchards which shall feed our nephews with their fruit, for by such provisions they do something towards an imaginary immortality and do charity to their relatives; but such projects are reproved which discompose our present duty by long and future designs; such which by casting our labors to events at distance make us less to remember our death standing at the door. It is fit for a man to work for his day's wages, or to contrive for the hire of a week, or to lay a train[4] to make provisions for such a time as is within our eye, and in our duty, and within the usual periods of man's life; for whatsoever is made necessary is also made prudent. But while we plot and busy ourselves in the toils of an ambitious war, or the levies of a great estate, night enters in upon us and tells all the

[1] easy [2] attractive [3] complicate [4] design

world how like fools we lived and how deceived and miserably we died. Seneca [1] tells of Senecio Cornelius, a man crafty in getting and tenacious in holding a great estate, and one who was as diligent in the care of his body as of his money, curious [2] of his health as of his possessions, that he all day long attended upon his sick and dying friend; but when he went away, was quickly comforted, supped merrily, went to bed cheerfully, and on a sudden being surprised by a squinzy, scarce drew his breath until the morning, but by that time died, being snatched from the torrent of his fortune and the swelling tide of wealth and a likely hope [3] bigger than the necessities of ten men. This accident was much noted then in Rome because it happened in so great a fortune, and in the midst of wealthy designs; and presently it made wise men to consider how imprudent a person he is who disposes of ten years to come when he is not lord of to-morrow.

4. Though we must not look so far off and pry abroad, yet we must be busy near at hand: we must with all arts of the spirit seize upon the present, because it passes from us while we speak, and because in it all our certainty does consist. We must take our waters as out of a torrent and sudden shower which will quickly cease dropping from above and quickly cease running in our channels here below; this instant will never return again, and yet it may be this instant will declare or secure the fortune of a whole eternity. The old Greeks and Romans taught us the prudence of this rule, but Christianity teaches us the religion of it. They so seized upon the present that they would lose nothing of the day's pleasure: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die";[4] that was their philosophy; and at their

[1] *Epistle* 101 [2] careful [3] probable income [4] Seneca, *Hippolyta* 2.446

solemn feasts they would talk of death to heighten the present drinking, and that they might warm their veins with a fuller chalice, as knowing the drink that was poured upon their graves would be cold and without relish. "Break the beds, drink your wine, crown your heads with roses, and besmear your curled locks with nard; for God bids you to remember death": so the epigrammatist [1] speaks of the sense of their drunken principles. Something towards this signification is that of Solomon: "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see that which shall be after him?" [2] But although he concludes all this to be vanity, yet because it was the best thing that was then commonly known that they should seize upon the present with a temperate use of permitted pleasures, I had reason to say that Christianity taught us to turn this into religion. For he that by a present and a constant holiness secures the present and makes it useful to his noblest purposes, he turns his condition into his best advantage by making his unavoidable fate become his necessary religion.

To the purpose of this rule is that collect [3] of Tuscan hieroglyphics which we have from Gabriel Simeon: "Our life is very short; beauty is a cozenage;[4] money is false and fugitive; empire is odious and hated by them that have it not and uneasy to them that have; victory is always uncertain, and peace most commonly is but a fraudulent bargain; old age is miserable, death is the period,[5] and is a happy one if it be not soured by the sins of our life: but nothing continues but the effects of that wisdom which employs the present time in the acts

[1] Martial, *Epigrams* 2.59 [2] Eccl. 2.24; 3.22 [3] collection
[4] cheat [5] end

of a holy religion and a peaceable conscience"; for they make us to live even beyond our funerals, embalmed in the spices and odors of a good name, and entombed in the grave of the holy Jesus, where we shall be dressed for a blessed resurrection to the state of angels and beatified spirits.

5. Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age is like that of a fly and contemporary with a gourd, we must look somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must find rest or else be restless for ever. For whatsoever ease we can have or fancy here is shortly to be changed into sadness or tediousness. It goes away too soon, like the periods of our life, or stays too long, like the sorrows of a sinner; its own weariness, or a contrary disturbance, is its load; or it is eased by its revolution into vanity and forgetfulness; and where either there is sorrow or an end of joy, there can be no true felicity: which because it must be had by some instrument and in some period of our duration, we must carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance.

1651

THOMAS HOBBES (1588-1679)

LEVIATHAN

Of the Natural Condition of Mankind as Concerning Their Felicity and Misery

Nature hath made men so equal in the faculties of the body and mind as that, though there be found one

man sometimes manifestly stronger in body or of quicker mind than another, yet when all is reckoned together, the difference between man and man is not so considerable as that one man can thereupon claim to himself any benefit to which another may not pretend as well as he. For as to the strength of body, the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination or by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself.

And as to the faculties of the mind, setting aside the arts grounded upon words, and especially that skill of proceeding upon general and infallible rules, called science,—which very few have, and but in a few things, as being not a native faculty, born with us, nor attained, as prudence, while we look after somewhat else,—I find yet a greater equality amongst men than that of strength. For prudence is but experience, which equal time equally bestows on all men in those things they equally apply themselves unto. That which may perhaps make such equality incredible is but a vain conceit [1] of one's own wisdom, which almost all men think they have in a greater degree than the vulgar; [2] that is, than all men but themselves and a few others whom by fame [3] or for concurring with themselves they approve. For such is the nature of men that howsoever they may acknowledge many others to be more witty or more eloquent or more learned, yet they will hardly believe there be many so wise as themselves; for they see their own wit at hand and other men's at a distance. But this proveth rather that men are in that point equal than unequal. For there is not ordinarily a greater sign of the equal distribution of anything than that every man is contented with his share.

From this equality of ability ariseth equality of hope

[1] idea [2] common herd [3] reputation

in the attaining of our ends. And therefore if any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in the way to their end, which is principally their own conservation, and sometimes their delectation only, endeavor to destroy or subdue one another. And from hence it comes to pass that where an invader hath no more to fear than another man's single power, if one plant, sow, build, or possess a convenient seat, others may probably be expected to come prepared, with forces united, to dispossess and deprive him, not only of the fruit of his labor, but also of his life or liberty. And the invader again is in the like danger of another.

And from this diffidence [1] of [1] one another there is no way for any man to secure himself so reasonable as anticipation; that is, by force, or wiles, to master the persons of all men he can, so long till he see no other power great enough to endanger him; and this is no more than his own conservation requireth, and is generally allowed. Also because there be some that, taking pleasure in contemplating their own power in the acts of conquest, which they pursue farther than their security requires, if others, that otherwise would be glad to be at ease within modest bounds, should not by invasion increase their power, they would not be able, long time, by standing only on their defence, to subsist. And by consequence, such augmentation of dominion over men being necessary to a man's conservation, it ought to be allowed him.

Again, men have no pleasure, but on the contrary a great deal of grief, in keeping company where there is no power able to overawe them all. For every man looketh [2] that his companion should value him at the same rate he sets upon himself; and upon all signs of

[1] lack of confidence in [2] expects

contempt, or undervaluing, naturally endeavors, as far as he dares,—which, amongst them that have no common power to keep them in quiet, is far enough to make them destroy each other,—to extort a greater value from his contemners by damage; and from others, by the example.

So that in the nature of man we find three principal causes of quarrel: first, competition; secondly, diffidence;[1] thirdly, glory.

The first maketh men invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle;[2] the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest that, during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man against every man. For "war" consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known; and therefore the notion of "time" is to be considered in the nature of war as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is "peace."

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is

[1] lack of confidence in

[2] chattel, property

consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things that nature should thus dissociate and render men apt to invade and destroy one another; and he may, therefore, not trusting to this inference made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him therefore consider with himself—when taking a journey, he arms himself and seeks to go well accompanied; when going to sleep, he locks his doors; when even in his house, he locks his chests; and this when he knows there be laws and public officers armed to revenge all injuries shall be done him—what opinion he has of his fellow-subjects when he rides armed, of his fellow-citizens when he locks his doors, and of his children and servants when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires and other passions of man are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed from those passions till they know a law that forbids them; which till laws be made they cannot know, nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may peradventure be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this; and I believe it was never generally so, over all the world; but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in that brutish manner as I said before. Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be, where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government use to degenerate into a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another, yet in all times kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies and in the state and posture of gladiators; having their weapons pointing and their eyes fixed on one another; that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns upon the frontiers of their kingdoms; and continual spies upon their neighbors; which is a posture of war. But because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent: that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in soli-

tude. It is consequent also to the same condition that there be no propriety,[1] no dominion, no "mine" and "thine" distinct; but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition which man by mere nature is actually placed in; though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

The passions that incline men to peace are fear of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the Laws of Nature; whereof I shall speak more particularly in the two following chapters.

1651

IZAAK WALTON (1593–1683)

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

["These Poor Rich Men"]

PISCATOR.[2] You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:—

Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ:
Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit;
This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another when yourself you jeer.

[1] right of ownership [2] angler

If to this you add what Solomon [1] says of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love virtue and angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity anglers, let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says like himself, freely, "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language—for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another—that we agree no better; and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you

[1] Prov. 24.9

is so full of pleasure that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

1653

["Angling Is an Art"]

PISCATOR. O, sir, doubt not but that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin[1] is bold? and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow for a friend's breakfast. Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is, rather, whether you be capable of learning it; for angling is somewhat like poetry: men are to be born so. I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

VENATOR.[2] Sir, I am now become so full of expectation that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

PISC. Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say—for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it—that Seth, one of the sons of Adam,

[1] kind of falcon [2] hunter

taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity; others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Savior; for in the Prophet Amos,[1] mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the book of Job,[2] which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to have been written by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, like an ancient family be either an honor or an ornament shall, to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved,

[1] Amos 4.2 [2] Job 41.1

whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Concerning which some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys Himself only by a contemplation of His own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloistral [1] men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Savior to Martha, Luke 10: 41, 42.

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit that prefer [2] action to be the more excellent; as, namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life,—by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country or do good to particular persons. And they say also that action is doctrinal [3] and teaches both art and virtue and is a maintainer of human society, and for these and other like reasons to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed and I have found to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter du Moulin, who in his discourse of the fulfilling of

[1] monastic [2] assert [3] instructive

prophecies observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the seashore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

1653

[Trout-Fishing] and the Milk-Maid's Song

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout. And at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VEN. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISC. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him; reach me that landing-net. So, sir; now he is mine own. What say you now, is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

VEN. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout! What shall we do with him?

PISC. Marry, e'en eat him to supper. We'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and

I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch,[1] or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VEN. A match, good master! Let's go to that house, for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISC. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar; thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you,[2] sir. O' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! Under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebblestones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams.

[1] sing a round, or part-song [2] come on

As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a handsome milk-maid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow now at least fifty years ago. And the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines which are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! On my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use [1] to sell none.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry! God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub [2] of new verjuice,[3] in a new-made hay-cock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her

[1] am accustomed [2] custard made of cream and wine
[3] fruit-juice

best ballads; for she and I both love all the anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? You shall have it freely.

PISC. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILK-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it "Come shepherds, deck your herds"? or "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or "Phillida flouts me"? or "Chevy Chace"? or "Johnny Armstrong"? or "Troy Town"?

PISC. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part and you sung the answer to it.

MILK-W. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me. But you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second when you have done.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove [1]
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield,—

[1] try, enjoy

Where we will sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
And, then, a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers; and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

VEN. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May; because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but

sing sweetly all the day and sleep securely all the night,—and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring; and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel[1] becometh dumb;
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
The wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

[1] nightingale

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blest and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

MOTHER. Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest angler, for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin, sing that song that you sung last night when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

MAUD. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate.
But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

PISC. Well sung! Good woman, I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin

alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you; and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

1653

From THE LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT

I SHALL now proceed to his marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.

He was, for his person, of a stature inclining toward tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they all were so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend, the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq. This Mr. Danvers, having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect [1] him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters—for he had so many; but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so

[1] love

often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but alas, her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey. Yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city, and love, having got such possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she changed her name to Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties; such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more because it proved so happy to both parties: for the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content as was no way defective, yet this mutual content, and love, and joy did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fullness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

1670

TRANSITIONAL POETS

Sir William Davenant
Edmund Waller
Sir John Denham
Abraham Cowley
Andrew Marvell

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606-1668)

SONG

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings:
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star;
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

Before 1660 1672

SONG

Against Woman's Pride

Why dost thou seem to boast, vainglorious sun?
Why should thy bright complexion make thee proud?
Think but how often since thy race begun
Thou wert eclipsed, then blush behind a cloud.

Or why look you, fair empress of the night,
So big upon 't, when you at full appear?
Remember yours is but a borrowed light,
Then shrink with paleness in your giddy sphere.

If neither sun nor moon can justify
  Their pride, how ill it women then befits
That are on earth but *ignes fatui* [1]
  That lead poor men to wander from their wits.

Before 1660 1672

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

SONG

  Go, LOVELY rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
  That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

  Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
  That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

  Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
  Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

  Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
  May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[1] fools' fires, will-of-the-wisps 1645

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest [1] sphere,
The pale [2] which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass,[3] and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

1645

TO MR. HENRY LAWES, WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE, IN THE YEAR 1635

Verse makes heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As, when in open air we blow,
The breath, though strained, sounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high and makes it last,
So in your airs our numbers [4] dressed
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who, singing what we penned,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While love, victorious with thy art,

[1] outermost [2] enclosure [3] circlet [4] metrical compositions

Governs at once their voice and heart.
You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that song which was but rhyme:
Noy pleading, no man doubts the cause,
Or questions verses set by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint,
So others, with division,[1] hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride;
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost:
The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravished ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *ut, re, mi:*[2]
Let words and sense be set by thee.

1645

From THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS

Bermudas, walled with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange-trees which golden fruit do bear—
The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair.
There shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,[3]
The prince of trees, is fuel for their fires;
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn;
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.

[1] musical notation [2] vocal scale [3] ascends

The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus [1] yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield;
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant [2] seasons, every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits and pays his rent in weeds.[3]
With candied plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates [4] with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed
Reserve their fruit for the next age's [5] taste;
There a small grain in some few months will be

[1] wine [2] regular [3] tobacco [4] dainties [5] generation's

A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-Christi,[1] and the fair papaw,
Now but a seed, preventing[2] nature's law,
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade and lovely fruit do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes.
While the supporter of the poet's style,
Phoebus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh, how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under a plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the muses, and improve my vein![3]
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweetest, best of passions, love:
There while I sing, if gentle love be by,
That tunes my lute and winds the strings so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name,
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.

1645

From A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too,

[1] "hand of Christ," castor-oil plant [2] anticipating [3] poetic talent

Let partial [1] spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom. [2]

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe,
In this conjunction [3] doth on Britain smile;
The greatest leader and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succor, of your court;

[1] biassed, partisan [2] judgment [3] posture of affairs

And then Your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

1655

From TO THE KING
UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN

The rising sun complies[1] with our weak sight,—
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do;
But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
Wrapped up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate,
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir, too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from the excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your scepter; the revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbors, who began to think
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.

[1] deals gently

Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunders shall.
Princes that saw you, different passions prove,[1]
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguisèd in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning filled,
And his bright rays, was with amazement killed.
And though it be our sorrow and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign:
For, having viewed the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
You know your work: ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.

1660

OF THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite;[2]
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast

[1] experience [2] compose verse

Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection [1] from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

After 1686 1690

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1669)

THE SOPHY

A Song

Morpheus, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,[2]
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipped in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

1641

[1] passion [2] small rooms

COOPER'S HILL

[The Thames]

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays:
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes [1] the wealth he gave:
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil;
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free, and common,[2] as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers [3]
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,

[1] takes back [2] bestowed upon all alike [3] ships

While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

1642, 1655

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY HIS DEATH AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next, like Aurora, Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows.
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires:
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's luster Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave[1] their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days
Till time had blasted all their bays;[2]
But cursèd be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw:
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;

[1] Westminster Abbey [2] laurel wreaths

In Spenser and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace's wit and Virgil's state [1]
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language—though to none
Of the others—as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings
When through the etherial clouds he flies:
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reached
When on that gale his wings are stretched;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seemed too much;
His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe,
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English stream so pure did flow
As all that saw and tasted know.
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear

[1] stateliness

That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear:
Of that great portraiture [1] so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their [2] genii [2] straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras
One soul might through more bodies pass.
Seeing such transmigration there,
She [3] thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And show the world this parallel:
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books:
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with the harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candor shined;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feigned excels their own.
Both by two generous princes loved,
Who knew and judged what they approved,
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire:

[1] Virgil [2] spirits of Virgil and Cowley [3] his muse

Their bodies to their minds resigned,
Cared not to propagate their kind.
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no power,
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

1667

TO HIS ANCIENT MUSE

My early mistress, now my ancient muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease to infuse
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop with disenchanted wings to truth:
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough;
Tell, like a tall old oak, how learning shoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

1668

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)

THE WISH

Well, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!

And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me!

O fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And naught but echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear she live and, embracing, die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude,
In deserts, solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

1647

THE EPICURE

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay:
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

1656

DRINKING

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By's drunken, fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when h' as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

1656

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of godhead, with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou—though spells and charms withstand—
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.
Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert, living, the same poet which thou art now.
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.
And they, kind spirits, shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.
Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell.
Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land;
Still idols here like calves at Bethel stand.
And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage we,
Vain men, the monster woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there, in a face,
And Paradise in them by whom we lost it place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?

Wanton as girls; as old wives, fabulous![1]
Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employed should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorned to take
But her whom God himself scorned not His spouse to make.
It, in a kind, her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death;
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice to expire,
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went,
For even in error sure no danger is
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak it, and grief,
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith perhaps in some nice[2] tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
And I myself a Catholic will be
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant, and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!

[1] given to fables
[2] subtle

Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah,[1] mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like,[2] but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness,
Lo, here I beg—I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love—
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be:
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

1656

TO MR. HOBBES

Vast bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen and read,
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashionèd;
I never yet the living soul could see
But in thy books and thee.
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea[3] thou dost show
Agree entirely with His own or no;
This I dare boldly tell:
'Tis so like truth 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their center rest,

[1] 2 Kings 2.11 [2] 2 Kings 2.9 [3] philosophical conception or system

And all so solid are that they, at least
As much as nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagirite [1] retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-lived leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did outfly,
Oftener renewed his age, and saw that die;
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet possessed,
And chased by a wild deluge from the east,
His monarchy new planted in the west.
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates and gives some new one place,
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perished quite at last.
Then naught but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too.
It perished, and it vanished there;
The life and soul breathed out became but empty air.

The fields which answered well the ancients' plough,
Spent and outworn, return no harvest now,
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want
Unless new lands we plant.
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond [2] divining wands
We search among the dead
For treasures burièd,

[1] Aristotle [2] foolish

Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limbed Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit.
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies
Till unknown regions it descries,
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies!
Thy task was harder much than his,
For thy learned America is
Not only found out first by thee
And rudely left to future industry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized it.

I little thought before—
Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store—
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence
Could have afforded half enough
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.
Thy solid reason like the shield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it graved by the learn'd hand of art;
A shield that gives delight
Even to the enemies' sight,
Then when they're sure to lose the combat by't.

Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy reverend head
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet,
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire:
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire;
A secure peace the faithful neighbors keep,
The emboldened snow next to the flame does sleep.
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be:
To things immortal time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

1656

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice [1] subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; [2] neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people. As far as my memory can

[1] delicate [2] manner

return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar: in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now—which, I confess, I wonder at myself—may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
  Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known;
  Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

10

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

11

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate,
But boldly say each night:
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, for the conclusion is taken out of Horace;[1] and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there; for I remember, when I began to read and to

[1] *Odes.* 3. 29. 41

take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave [1] houses, which I found everywhere there—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant,—for that was the state then of the English and French courts,—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I know, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could

[1] beautiful

not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it; a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses [1] to the same effect:

> Well, then; I now do plainly see
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from His Majesty's happy restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed as well as some others who, with no greater probabilities or pretenses, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

> "Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
> Nor at the exchange,[2] shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
> Content thyself with the small barren praise,
> Which thy neglected verse does raise."
> She spake; and all my years to come
> Took their unlucky doom.

[1] *The Wish*, p. 209 [2] business

Their several ways of life let others choose,
Their several pleasures let them use;
But I was born for love and for a muse.
With fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.

No matter, Cowley; let proud fortune see
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, lust, and flattery,
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocrisy.
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be
As all the inspirèd tuneful men
And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben.[1]

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into a *corps perdu*,[2] without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease." I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness, a new misfortune to me, as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine; yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum;*

[1] Jonson [2] lost body

nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

——————Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, silvæque, anima remanente, relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

1668

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain.[1] I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable[2] love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow:
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;

[1] sing plaintively of love [2] growing like plants

Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity;
And your quaint [1] honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires [2]
At every pore with instant [3] fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt [4] power,
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough [5] the iron gates of life:

[1] old-fashioned, queer [2] exudes [3] eager
[4] slow-devouring [5] through

Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

c. 1650 1681

THE MOWER TO THE GLOWWORMS

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;[1]

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glowworms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim
And after foolish[2] fires[2] do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced
That I shall never find my home.

c. 1650 1681

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The forward[3] youth that would appear[4]
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

[1] compose
[2] will-of-the-wisps
[3] ambitious
[4] be prominent or famous

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.
So restless Cromwell could not cease [1]
In [1] the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;
And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did through his own side [2]
His fiery way divide.[3]
For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy;
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose.
Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.
'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,
Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,[4]
Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdom old
Into another mold,
Though Justice against Fate complain,

[1] rest satisfied with [2] party [3] cleave [4] pear

And plead the ancient rights in vain;
But those[1] do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.
Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.
What field of all the civil wars
Where his were not the deepest scars?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;
Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case,[2]
That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He[3] nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.
This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forced power.
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,
A bleeding head, where they begun,

[1] ancient rights [2] imprisonment in Carisbrooke Castle
[3] Charles

Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.
And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.
Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!
He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs;
And has its sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,
She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.
What may not, then, our isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crown each year?
A Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric [1] be.

[1] destructive of tyranny

The Pict [1] no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colored [2] mind,
But from this valor sad [3]
Shrink underneath the plaid,
Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.
But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on!
And for the last effect
Still keep thy sword erect:
Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain.

1650 1681

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze [4]
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all flowers and all trees do close [5]
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,

[1] Scot [2] variable [3] serious, firm [4] perplex [5] unite

Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous [1] as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees, wheresoe'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious [2] peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind

[1] inviting, beautiful [2] rare

Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest [1] aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets [2] and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skillful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!

c. 1650-1652 1681

[1] vesture [2] preens

APPLETON HOUSE

["Nature's Mystic Book"]

Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants,[1]
Or of the fowls or of the plants:
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original;
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sibyl's leaves,
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique painting, all the plumes;
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
I in this light Mosaic read.
Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
Hath read in nature's mystic book!
And see how chance's better wit
Could with a mask my studies hit!
The oak-leaves me embroider all,
Between which caterpillars crawl;
And ivy, with familiar trails,

[1] lacks

Me licks and clasps and curls and hales.[1]
Under this Attic cope [2] I move,
Like some great prelate of the grove;
Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On pallets swoln of velvet moss,
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the chaff my head!

c. 1650-1652 1681

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:

What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,[3]
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,

[1] pulls [2] canopy [3] wrecks

And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples [1] plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore;
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which thence, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.

Thus sung they in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

c. 1657 1681

ON MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST"

When I beheld the poet, blind yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,—
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all,—the argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin [2]—for I saw him strong—

[1] pineapples [2] debase

The sacred truths to fable and old song;
So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his project, the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spanned,[1]
Jealous I was that some less skillful hand—
Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel—
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless yet not impious surmise.
But I am now convinced; and none will dare
Within thy labors to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit;
So that no room is here for writers left
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft

[1] accomplished

With plume so strong, so equal,[1] and so soft:
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure,
While the Town-Bayes[2] writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear:
The poets tag[3] them; we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend;
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

1674

[1] even [2] Dryden [3] rhyme

LETTER-WRITERS

James Howell
Dorothy Osborne

JAMES HOWELL (1596?-1666)

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

To Dr. Fr. Mansell, from Valencia

Though it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere; though it be the same sun that ripeneth your pippins and our pomegranates, your hops and our vineyards here, yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength: those rays that do but warm you in England do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only and gild your honeysuckled fields do scorch and parch this chinky,[1] gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common Mother, the Earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature[2] of heat and cold and all the rest of elementary qualities that one may pass—and suffer little—all the year long without either shade in summer or fire in winter.

I am now in Valencia, one of the noblest cities of all Spain, situate in a large vegue or valley above three score miles compass.[3] Here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary and other flagrant flowers hereabouts; and when one is

[1] full of chinks or cracks
[2] commingling, temperateness
[3] in extent

at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it many leagues off by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain, and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred [1] and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there: amongst others there is the temple dedicated to Venus when the snake came about her neck a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England.

—So I am, your, J. H.

Valencia, 1 of March, 1620.

1645

To My Father, from London

I am newly returned from Spain. I came over in convoy of the Prince [2] his [2] jewels, for which one of the ships royal with the *Catch* were sent under the command of Captain Love. We landed at Plymouth, whence I came by post to Theobald's in less than two nights and a day to bring His Majesty news of their safe arrival. The Prince had newly got a fall off a horse and kept his chamber. The jewels were valued at above a hundred thousand pounds. Some of them a little before the Prince [1] his [1] departure had been presented to the Infanta, but she waiving to receive them, yet with a civil compliment, they were left in the hands of one

[1] exiled [2] Prince's

of the secretaries of state for her use upon the wedding day; and it was no unworthy thing in the Spaniard to deliver them back, notwithstanding that the treaties both of match and palatinate had been dissolved a pretty while before by act of Parliament, a war threatened, and ambassadors revoked. There were jewels also amongst them to be presented to the King and Queen of Spain, to most of the ladies of honor, and the grandees. There was a great table diamond for Olivares of 18 carats' weight; but the richest of all was to the Infanta herself, which was a chain of great orient pearl, to the number of 276, weighing nine ounces. The Spaniards, notwithstanding they are the masters of the staple of jewels, stood astonished at the beauty of these, and confessed themselves to be put down.

Touching the employment upon which I went to Spain, I had my charges borne all the while, and that was all. Had it [1] taken effect, I had made a good business of it; but 'tis no wonder—nor can it be, I hope, any disrepute unto me—that I could not bring to pass what three ambassadors could not do before me.

I am now casting about for another fortune, and some hopes I have of employment about the Duke of Buckingham. He sways [2] more than ever, for whereas he was before a favorite to the king, he is now a favorite to Parliament, people, and city for breaking the match with Spain. Touching his own interest, he had reason to do it, for the Spaniards love him not; but whether the public interest of the state will suffer in it or no, I dare not determine. For my part, I hold the Spanish match to be better than their powder, and their wares better than their wars; and I shall be ever of that mind that no country is able to do England less hurt

[1] the marriage of Prince Charles and the Infanta
[2] dominates, influences

and more good than Spain, considering the large traffic and treasure that is to be got thereby.

I shall continue to give you account of my courses [1] when opportunity serves, and to dispose of matters so that I may attend you this summer in the country. So desiring still your blessing and prayers, I rest your dutiful son, J. H.

London, December 10, 1624.

1645

To Sir J. S.—At Leeds Castle

Westminster, July 25, 1625.

Sir,—It was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration: that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man. The latter of the two is allowed large siderobes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched; a hungerlin [2] becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind, but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue, *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist, slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal [3] expressions; but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are narratory, objurgatory,[4]

[1] activities
[2] short, furred coat of Hungarian origin
[3] extemporaneous
[4] reproving

consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations,[1] the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the last two of counsel and joy. There are some who in lieu of letters write homilies;[2] they preach when they should epistolize. There are others that turn them to tedious tractates; this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them—I mean among your Latin epistolizers—go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of schoolboy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbors eastward who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews: they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank, hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only. I cannot well away[3] with[3] such fleazy[4] stuff, with such cobweb-compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the motions[5] of his soul. One shall hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or anything of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them were as if one went about to distill cream out of froth; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, "that she is mere sound and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer; and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat, and those to Richelieu so puffed with pro-

[1] narratives [2] sermons [3] endure
[4] fleecy, soft [5] impulses, emotions

fane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, . . . I forebore him further.

So I am your most affectionate servitor.

To My Nephew, J. P., at St. John's, in Oxford

Nephew,

I had from you lately two letters. The last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so. There was as much difference between them as 'twixt a Scot's pedlar's pack in Poland and the magazine [1] of an English merchant in Naples, the one being usually full of taffety, silks, and satins, the other of calicoes, thread, ribbands, and such Poldavy [2] ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vent, if you take the pains. Your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me; therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already. You are in the best mart in the world to improve them, which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not, when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired, but you will find a good market to expose them for your own and the public benefit abroad. I have sent you the philosophy books you wrote to me for. Anything that you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the day assigned, and in the interim to swallow of them as much as made for my turn. This obliged me to read them through with more haste to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them had they been my own books, which I knew were

[1] storeroom, warehouse [2] coarse sacking or sail-cloth

always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it smelt of the lamp. I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labor shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle, J. H.

Westminster, 1 August, 1633.

1655

To the R. H. the Lady E. D.

Madam,

There is a French saying that courtesies and favors are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favors to me might be compared to some kind of flowers,—and they would make a thick posy [1],—but they should be [2] to the flower called life everlasting, or that pretty vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Ætna in Sicily, which never loses anything of its first color and scent. Those favors you did me thirty years ago in the lifetime of your incomparable brother, Mr. R. Altham, who left us in the flower of his age, methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other flowers, as I use them, for I distill them in the limbec [3] of my memory, and so turn them to essences. [4]

But, madam, I honor you not as much for favors as for that precious brooch of virtues which shine in you with that brightness, but especially for those high motions [5] whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven. Insomuch, madam, that if it were safe to call

[1] bouquet [2] be compared [3] alembic
[4] perfumes [5] impulses, emotions

any mortal a saint, you should have that title from me and I would be one of your chiefest votaries;[1] howsoever, I may without any superstition subscribe myself your truly devoted servant, J. H.

April 8.

1655

DOROTHY OSBORNE (1627-1693)

LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Letter 10

Sir,

Your last letter came like a pardon to one upon the block. I had given over the hopes on't, having received my letters by the other carrier, who uses always to be last. The loss put me hugely out of order, and you would have both pitied and laughed at me if you could have seen how woodenly I entertained the widow, who came hither the day before and surprised me very much. Not being able to say anything, I got her to cards and there with a great deal of patience lost my money to her;—or rather I gave it as my ransom. In the midst of our play, in comes my blessed boy with your letter, and, in earnest, I was not able to disguise the joy it gave me, though one was by that is not much your friend, and took notice of a blush that for my life I could not keep back. I put up the letter in my pocket and made what haste I could to lose the money I had left that I might take occasion to go fetch some more; but I did not make such haste back again, I can assure you. I took time enough to have coined myself some money if I had had the art on't, and left my brother

[1] worshippers

enough to make all his addresses to her if he were so disposed. I know not whether he was pleased or not, but I am sure I was.

You make so reasonable demands that 'tis not fit you should be denied. You ask my thoughts but at one hour; you will think me bountiful, I hope, when I shall tell you that I know no hour when you have them not. No, in earnest, my very dreams are yours, and I have got such a habit of thinking of you that any other thought intrudes and proves uneasy to me. I drink your health every morning in a drench [1] that would poison a horse, I believe, and 'tis the only way I have to persuade myself to take it. 'Tis the infusion [2] of steel, and makes me so horridly sick that every day at ten o'clock I am making my will and taking leave of all my friends. You will believe you are not forgot then. They tell me I must take this ugly drink a fortnight and then begin another as bad; but unless you say so too, I do not think I shall. 'Tis worse than dying by the half.

I am glad your father is so kind to you. I shall not dispute it with him, because it is much more in his power than in mine, but I shall never yield that 'tis more in his desire, since he was much pleased with that which was a truth when you told it him, but would have been none if he had asked the question sooner. He thought there was no danger of you since you were more ignorant and less concerned in my being in town than he. If I were Mrs. Chambers, he would be more my friend; but, however, I am much his servant, as he is your father. I have sent you your book. And since you are at leisure to consider the moon, you may be enough to read *Cleopâtre*; therefore I have sent you three tomes. When you have done with these, you shall

[1] dose [2] tincture

have the rest, and I believe they will please. There is a story of Artemise that I will recommend to you; her disposition I like extremely,—it has a great deal of practical wit; and if you meet with one Brittomart, pray send me word how you like him. I am not displeased that my Lord [Lisle] makes no more haste, for though I am very willing you should go the journey for many reasons, yet two or three months hence, sure, will be soon enough to visit so cold a country, and I would not have you endure two winters in one year. Besides, I look for my eldest brother and cousin Molle here shortly, and I should be glad to have nobody to entertain but you whilst you are here. Lord! that you had the invisible ring, or Fortunatus[1] his[1] wishing-hat; now, at this instant, you should be here.

My brother has gone to wait upon the widow homewards,—she that was born to persecute you and I, I think. She has so tired me with being here but two days that I do not think I shall accept of the offer she made me of living with her in case my father dies before I have disposed of myself. Yet we are very great friends, and for my comfort she says she will come again about the latter end of June and stay longer with me. My aunt is still in town, kept by her business, which I am afraid will not go well, they do so delay it; and my precious uncle does so visit her, and is so kind, that without doubt some mischief will follow. Do you know his son, my cousin Harry? 'Tis a handsome youth, and well-natured, but such a goose; and she has bred him so strangely that he needs all his ten thousand a year. I would fain have him marry my Lady Diana; she was his mistress[2] when he was a boy. He had more wit then than he has now, I think, and I have less wit than he,

[1] Fortunatus's [2] sweetheart

sure, for spending my paper upon him when I have so little. Here is hardly room for

Your affectionate
Friend and Servant.

1653

LETTER 18

SIR,

That you may be sure it was a dream that I writ that part of my letter in, I do not now remember what it was I writ, but seems it was very kind, and possibly you owe the discovery on't to my being asleep. But I do not repent it, for I should not love you if I did not think you discreet enough to be trusted with the knowledge of all my kindness. Therefore 'tis not that I desire to hide it from you, but that I do not love to tell it; and perhaps if you could read my heart, I should make less scruple of your seeing on't there than in my letters.

I can easily guess who the pretty young lady is, for there are but two in England of that fortune, and they are sisters; but I am to [1] seek [1] who the gallant should be. If it be no secret, you may tell me. However, I shall wish him all good success if he be your friend, as I suppose he is by his confidence in you. If it be neither of the Spencers, I wish it were; I have not seen two young men that looked as if they deserved better fortunes so much as those brothers.

But bless me, what will become of us all now? Is not this a strange turn? What does my Lord Lisle? Sure this will at least defer your journey. Tell me what I must think on't; whether it be better or worse, or whether you are at all concerned in't. For if you are

[1] at a loss

not, I am not; only if I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made me by Henry Cromwell, I might have been in a fair way of preferment, for sure they[1] will be greater now than ever. Is it true that Algernon Sydney was so unwilling to leave the House that the General was fain to take the pains to turn him out himself? Well, 'tis a pleasant world this. If Mr. Pim were alive again, I wonder what he would think of these proceedings, and whether this would appear so great a breach of the Privilege of Parliament as the demanding the 5 members? But I shall talk treason by and by if I do not look to myself. 'Tis safer talking of the orange-flower water you sent me. The carrier has given me a great charge to tell you that it came safe, and I must do him right. As you say, 'tis not the best I have seen, nor the worst.

I shall expect your Diary next week, though this will be but a short letter: you may allow me to make excuses too sometimes; but, seriously, my father is now so continuously ill that I have hardly time for anything. 'Tis but an ague that he has, but yet I am much afraid that is more than his age and weakness will be able to bear; he keeps his bed, and never rises but to have it made, and most times faints with that. You ought in charity to write as much as you can, for, in earnest, my life here since my father's sickness is so sad that, to another humor than mine, it would be unsupportable; but I have been so used to misfortunes that I cannot be much surprised with them, though perhaps I am as sensible of them as another. I'll leave you, for I find these thoughts begin to put me in ill humor. Farewell; may you be ever happy. If I am so at all, it is in being

Your.

1653

[1] the Cromwells

Letter 40

Sir,

Pray, let not the apprehension that others say fine things to me make your letters at all the shorter; for, if it were so, I should not think they did, and so long you are safe. My brother Peyton does, indeed, sometimes send me letters that may be excellent for aught I know, and the more likely because I do not understand them; but I may say to you—as to a friend—I do not like them, and have wondered that my sister,—who, I may tell you too, and you will not think it vanity in me, had a great deal of wit, and was thought to write as well as most women in England,—never persuaded him to alter his style, and make it a little more intelligible. He is an honest gentleman, in earnest, has understanding enough, and was an excellent husband to two very different wives as two good ones could be. My sister was a melancholy, retired woman, and, besides the company of her husband and her books, never sought any, but could have spent a life much longer than hers was in looking to her house and her children. This lady is of a free, jolly humor, loves cards and company, and is never more pleased than when she sees a great many others that are so too. Now, with both these he so perfectly complied[1] that 'tis hard to judge which humor he is more inclined to in himself; perhaps to neither, which makes it so much the more strange. His kindness to his first wife may give him an esteem for her sister; but he was too much smitten with this lady to think of marrying anybody else, and, seriously, I could not blame him, for she had, and has yet, great loveliness in her; she was very handsome, and is very good—one may read it in her face at first sight; a woman that is

[1] agreed

hugely civil to all people, and takes as generally as anybody that I know, but not more than my cousin Molle's letters do, but which, yet, you do not like, you say, nor I neither, I'll swear; and if it be ignorance in us both, we'll forgive it one another. In my opinion these great scholars are not the best writers (of letters, I mean); of books, perhaps they are. I never had, I think, but one letter from Sir Justinian, but 'twas worth twenty of anybody's else to make me sport. It was the most sublime nonsense that in my life I ever read; and yet, I believe, he descended as low as he could to come near my weak understanding. 'Twill be no compliment after this to say I like your letters in themselves; not as they come from one that is not indifferent to me, but, seriously, I do. All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse; not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm. 'Tis an admirable [1] thing to see how some people will labor to find out terms that may obscure a plain sense. Like a gentleman I know, who would never say "the weather grew cold," but that "winter began to salute us." I have no patience for such coxcombs, and cannot blame an old uncle of mine that threw the standish [2] at his man's head because he writ a letter for him where, instead of saying, as his master bid him, "that he would have writ himself, but he had the gout in his hand," he said "that the gout in his hand would not permit him to put pen to paper." The fellow thought he had mended it mightily, and that putting pen to paper was much better than plain writing. . . .

But all this is nothing to my coming to town, you'll say. 'Tis confest; and that I was willing as long as I could to avoid saying anything when I had nothing to say worth your knowing. I am still obliged to wait my

[1] amazing, wonderful [2] inkstand

brother Peyton and his lady['s] coming. I had a letter from him this week, which I will send you, that you may see what hopes he gives. As little room as I have left, too, I must tell you what a present I had made me today. Two of the finest young Irish greyhounds that ere I saw; a gentleman that serves the General sent them me. They are newly come over, and sent for by Henry Cromwell, he tells me, but not how he got them for me. However, I am glad I have them, and much the more because it dispenses with a very unfit employment that your father, out of his kindness to you and his civility to me, was content to take upon him. . . .

I am Yours.

1653

Letter 51

If you have ever loved me, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make you; 'tis to preserve yourself from the violence of your passion. Vent it all upon me; call me and think me what you please; make me, if it be possible, more wretched than I am. I'll bear it all without the least murmur. Nay, I deserve it all, for had you never seen me you had certainly been happy. 'Tis my misfortunes only that have that infectious quality as to strike at the same time me and all that's dear to me. I am the most unfortunate woman breathing, but I was never false. No; I call heaven to witness that if my life could satisfy for the least injury my fortune has done you (I cannot say 'twas I that did them you), I would lay it down with greater joy than any person ever received a crown; and if I ever forget what I owe you, or ever entertained a thought of kindness for any person in the world besides, may I live a long and miserable life. 'Tis the greatest curse I can invent; if there

be a greater, may I feel it. This is all I can say. Tell me if it be possible I can do anything for you, and tell me how I may deserve your pardon for all the trouble I have given you. I would not die without it.

For Mr. Temple
1654

Letter 54

Sir,

'Tis but an hour since you went, and I am writing to you already; is not this kind? How do you after your journey; are you not weary; do you not repent that you took it to so little purpose? Well, God forgive me, and you too; you made me tell a great lie. I was fain to say you came only to take your leave before you went abroad; and all this not only to keep quiet, but to keep him[1] from playing the madman; for when he has the least suspicion, he carries it so strangely that all the world takes notice on't, and so often guess at the reason, or else he tells it. Now, do but you judge whether if by mischance he should discover the truth, whether he would not rail most sweetly at me—and with some reason—for abusing him. Yet you helped to do it: a sadness that he discovered at your going away inclined him to believe you were ill satisfied and made him credit what I said. He is kind now in extremity, and I would be glad to keep him so till a discovery is absolutely necessary. Your going abroad will confirm him much in his belief, and I shall have nothing to torment me in this place but my own doubts and fears. Here I shall find all the repose I am capable of, and nothing will disturb my prayers and wishes for your happiness, which only can make mine. Your

[1] her brother

journey cannot be to your disadvantage neither; you must needs be pleased to visit a place you are so much concerned in, and to be a witness yourself of your hopes,[1] though I will believe you need no other inducements to this voyage than my desiring it. I know you love me, and you have no reason to doubt my kindness. Let us both have patience to wait what time and fortune will do for us; they cannot hinder our being perfect friends.

Lord, there were a thousand things I remembered after you were gone that I should have said, and now I am to write, not one of them will come into my head. Sure as I live it is not settled yet! Good God! the fears and surprises, the crosses and disorders of that day; 'twas confused enough to be a dream, and I am apt to think sometimes it was no more. But no, I saw you; when I shall do it again, God only knows! Can there be a romancer[2] story than ours would make if the conclusion prove happy? Ah! I dare not hope it; something that I cannot describe draws a cloud over all the light my fancy discovers sometimes and leaves me so in the dark with all my fears about me that I tremble to think on't. But no more of this sad talk.

Who was that Mr. Dr. told you I should marry? I cannot imagine for my life; tell me, or I shall think you made it to excuse yourself. Did not you say once you knew where good French tweezers were to be had? Pray send me a pair; they shall cut no love. Before you go I must have a ring from you, too, a plain gold one; if I ever marry, it shall be my wedding ring; or when I die, I'll give it you again. What a dismal story this is you sent me; but who could expect better from a love begun upon such grounds? I cannot pity neither

[1] prospects [2] more romantic

of them, they were both so guilty. Yes, they are the more to be pitied for that.

Here is a note comes to me just now, will you do this service for a fine lady that is my friend? Have not I taught her well? She writes better than her mistress. How merry and pleased she is with her marrying because there is a plentiful fortune; otherwise she would not value the man at all. This is the world; would you and I were out of it: for, sure, we were not made to live in it. Do you remember Arme and the little house there? Shall we go thither? that's next to being out of the world. There we might live like Baucis and Philemon, grow old together in our little cottage, and for our charity to some shipwrecked strangers obtain the blessing of dying both at the same time. How idly I talk; 'tis because the story pleases me—none in Ovid so much. I remember I cried when I read it. Methought they were the perfectest characters of a contented marriage, where piety and love were all their wealth, and in their poverty feasted the gods when rich men shut them out. I am called away,—farewell!

Your Faithful.

1655

THE AGE IN EPITOME

John Milton

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

SONG ON A MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
  Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
  Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
  Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
  Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

1645

ON SHAKESPEARE

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics [1] should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers [2] flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued [3] book
Those Delphic [4] lines with deep impression took,

[1] remains [2] metrical lines [3] invaluable
[4] oracular, inspired

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;[1]
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

1632, 1645

[ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE]

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance[2] might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy[3] spirits endu'th.[4]
Yet be it[5] less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still[6] in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of heaven:
All[7] is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

1645

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce:
And to our high-raised phantasy[8] present

[1] thinking, imagining [2] outward appearance
[3] fortunate in the seasonable maturing of his powers
[4] endows [5] inward ripeness [6] ever [7] all life, all ability
[8] imagination

That undisturbèd Song of pure content,[1]
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored Throne [2]
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning [3] row
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:[4]
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer [5] that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned Sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason,[6] whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort [7] us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!
1645

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth [8] cell,

[1] harmony [2] Ezek. 1.26 [3] shining [4] Isa. 35.10
[5] sing in accord with [6] whole octave of harmonious sounds
[7] company (of musicians) [8] unknown, uncanny

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept [1] Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces [2] more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether—as some sager [3] sing—
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips [4] and cranks [5] and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as ye go,
On the light, fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

[1] called [2] Aglaia, Thalia [3] wiser poets; cf. *Il. P.* 117
[4] witty remarks [5] odd turns of speech

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd [1] pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbriar or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear [2] of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar [3] hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right [4] against [5] the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,[6]
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight; [7]
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells [8] his tale [9]
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures

[1] unreprovable [2] rear-guard [3] gray with frost
[4] straight [5] toward [6] stately progress
[7] clothed [8] counts [9] flock, number of sheep

Whilst the landskip [1] round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied; [2]
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure [3] of neighboring eyes.
Hard [4] by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses; [5]
And then in haste her bower she leaves;
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks [6] sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy, nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How faery Mab the junkets [7] eat;

[1] landscape [2] variegated [3] pole-star, center of attraction
[4] near [5] prepares [6] fiddles [7] delicacies, sweetcurds

She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's [1] lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin [2] sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber [3] fiend,[4]
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin [5] rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds [6] of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store [7] of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen [8] oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry:
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon
If Jonson's learnèd sock [9] be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

[1] Friar Rush's, Will-o'-the Wisp's [2] Robin Goodfellow
[3] clumsy, drudging [4] goblin [5] morning song [6] robes
[7] abundance [8] god of marriage [9] comedy

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting [1] soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout [2]
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

1645

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain, deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,[3]
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond [4] with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners [5] of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!

[1] responsive [2] turn, passage [3] bestead, avail [4] foolish [5] retinue

Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit [1] the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,[2]
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,[3]
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole [4] of cypress lawn
Over thy decent [5] shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted [6] state,[7]
With even step and musing gait
And looks commercing [8] with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad,[9] leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

[1] be endurable to [2] befit [3] color [4] shawl [5] comely
[6] accustomed [7] stateliness [8] communing [9] serious

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist[1] along,
'Less[2] Philomel[3] will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia[4] checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat[5] of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,

[1] bring silently [2] unless [3] the nightingale [4] the moon
[5] plot

Some still, removèd [1] place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth
Save the cricket on the hearth
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere [2]
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent [3]
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall [4] come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined [5] stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warblèd to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him [6] that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,

[1] secluded [2] bring from its sphere [3] agreement
[4] mantle, robe, [5] tragic [6] Chaucer

Of Cambell, and of Algarsife,
And who [1] had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous [2] ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited [3] Morn appear,
Not tricked [4] and frounced,[5] as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed [6] in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops [7] from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,

[1] him who [2] magic [3] soberly-clad [4] adorned [5] becurled [6] covered [7] drops falling a minute apart

And the waters murmuring,
With such consort [1] as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his [2] wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due [3] feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,[4]
And love the high embowèd [5] roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,[6]
And storied [7] windows richly dight,[8]
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell [9]
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

[1] company [2] Sleep's [3] accustomed, expected [4] enclosure [5] arched [6] strong, proof against massive weight [7] ornamented with biblical story [8] adorned [9] read diligently, study

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

1645

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,[1]
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,[2]
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew[3]
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter[4] to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain and coy[5] excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard

[1] withered [2] grievous [3] knew how [4] roll about
[5] modest

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening [1] our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered [2] to the oaten flute:
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding [3] vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn [4] blows,
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep [5]
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona [6] high,
Nor yet where Deva [7] spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly [8] dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse [9] herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

[1] feeding [2] modulated [3] straying [4] hawthorn [5] mountain [6] isle of Anglesey [7] Dee [8] foolishly [9] Calliope

Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots [1] it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate [3] the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,[4]
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear [5] spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon [6] when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury [7] with the abhorrèd shears
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil [8]
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat [9] proceeds,
And listens to the Herald [10] of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.[11]
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,

[1] profits [3] practise, cultivate [4] are accustomed to do [5] pure, noble [6] reward [7] Atropos [8] tinsel [9] oat-straw pipe, pastoral strain [10] Triton [11] behalf

"What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?"
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades [1] their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope, with all her sisters, played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the èclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus,[2] reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower [3] inscribed with woe.
"Ah, who hath reft," [4] quoth he, "my dearest pledge?" [5]
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot [6] of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain [7]).
He shook his mitered [8] locks and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow [9] of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks [10] it [10] them? What need they? They are sped; [11]

[1] Æolus [2] god of the river Cam, Cambridge [3] the hyacinth [4] snatched away [5] child [6] St. Peter [7] with force [8] wearing a miter [9] enough [10] matters it to [11] provided for

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel [1] pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf [2] with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use [3]
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart [4] star [5] sparely [6] looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers:
Bring the rathe [7] primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate [8] hearse [9] where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail [10] thoughts dally with false surmise;

[1] harsh [2] Catholic Church [3] are accustomed to haunt [4] blackening, blasting [5] dog-star [6] rarely [7] early [8] strewn with laurel [9] bier [10] reluctant to face facts

Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled:
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous [1] world;
Or whether thou, to our moist [2] vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.[3]
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth; [4]
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star [5] in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks [6] his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him That walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive [7] nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

[1] inhabited by monsters [2] tearful [3] stronghold [4] pity
[5] sun [6] decks [7] inexpressible

Thus sang the uncouth [1] swain to the oaks and rills.
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

1638, 1645

TO MY FRIEND, MR. HENRY LAWES

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span [2]
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing [3] short and long.
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humor best our tongue.
Thou honor'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella,[4] whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder [5] shades of Purgatory.

1646 1648, 1673

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,

[1] unknown, rustic [2] measure, fit [3] "misjoining," setting at variance [4] Florentine musician [5] milder than the shades of the Inferno

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned [1] Fortune [1] proud
Has reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes [2] arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.[3]

1652 1694

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth [4] so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,[5]
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple [6] Tyrant,[7] that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.[8]

1655? 1673

[1] Stuart regime [2] Presbyterian clergy [3] stomach [4] simplicity in worship [5] images of wood and stone [6] with three-crowned tiara [7] the Pope [8] Catholicism

[ON HIS BLINDNESS]

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent [1] which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly [2] ask. But Patience, to prevent [3]
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands [4] at His bidding speed,
And post [5] o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

1655? 1673

[TO MR. LAWRENCE]

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste [6] a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius [7] reinspire
The frozen earth and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan [8] air?

[1] Matt. 25:14-30 [2] foolishly [3] check, counteract [4] angelic messengers [5] speed [6] pass [7] the soft west wind of spring [8] Italian

He who of those delights can judge,[1] and spare[2]
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

1656? 1673

[ON HIS DECEASED WIFE]

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son[3] to her glad husband[4] gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law[5] did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

1658? 1673

PARADISE LOST

THE VERSE

Iambic pentameter blank verse

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin—rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to

[1] partake discriminately [2] forbear [3] Hercules [4] Admetus, king of Thessaly [5] Lev. 12

their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings—a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect, then, of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

1668

Book I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell—described here not in the Center (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls

up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers, array of battle; their chief leaders named, acccording to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal [1] taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,[2]
Sing, Heavenly Muse,[3] That, on the secret [4] top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd [5] who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight Thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast [6] by the oracle [7] of God, I thence
Invoke Thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount,[8] while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, That dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first

[1] deadly; cf. II. 653 [2] abode [3] Holy Spirit [4] lonely [5] Moses, Ex. 3.1 [6] close [7] Temple [8] Mt. Helicon, home of the muses

Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,[1]
I may assert[2] Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand[3] Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For[4] one restraint, lords of the World besides.[5]
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what[6] time[6] his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,[7]
If He opposed, and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming[8] from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine[9] chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,

[1] subject, theme [2] vindicate [3] first, original [4] because of [5] in all other respects [6] at the time when [7] Isa. 14.13 [8] Luke 10.18 [9] unbreakable

Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded,[1] though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful[2] eyes,
That witnessed[3] huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angel's ken,[4] he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible[5]
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter[6] darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering[7] by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence[8] in Heaven called Satan,[9] with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

[1] overwhelmed [2] woeful, evil [3] gave proof of [4] see [5] Job 10.22 [6] outer [7] rolling about [8] therefore [9] adversary

"If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved
He [1] with His thunder: [2] and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in His rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike His reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious [3] battle on the plains of Heaven
And shook His throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost,—the unconquerable will,
And study [4] of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify His power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted [5] His empire [6]—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath

[1] God [2] thunderbolts [3] doubtful [4] constant pursuit, L. *studium* [5] feared for [6] supremacy: cf. I 38

This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—[1]

"O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof His high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event[2]
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences[3]
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror—whom I now
Of force[4] believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours—
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice His vengeful ire,
Or do Him mightier service as His thralls

[1]associate [2]outcome [3]beings [4]necessity

By right of war, whate'er His business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do His errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—
"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering:[1] but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If then His providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, if I fail[2] not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid[3]
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his[4] shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip[5] the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate[6] fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat[7] of desolation, void of light,

[1] enduring [2] mistake, L. *fallor* [3] stilled [4] its [5] let slip
[6] satiated [7] abode

Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted [1] powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend [2]
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom [3] the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered [4] skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee,[5] while night
Invests [6] the sea, and wishèd morn delays:
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might

[1] overthrown [2] harm [3] those whom [4] benighted [5] sheltered side [6] covers, clothes

Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires,[1] and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent[2] on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed[3] with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved[4]
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance[5] of supernal power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat[6]
That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid

[1] tongues [2] leaning [3] vaporized by heat, turned to flame
[4] enveloped [5] permission [6] abode

What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above His equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest[1] Hell,
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished[2] on the oblivious[3] pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"
So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies bright,
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie

[1] lowest [2] thunder-struck, stupefied [3] producing forgetfulness

Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile,[1] astounded and amazed;[2]
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious[3] highth!"
He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal[4] temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference[5]
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass[6] the Tuscan artist[7] views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral,[8] were but a wand—
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle,[9] not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless[10] he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd[11] sea he stood, and called
His legions—angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa,[12] where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion[13] armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris[14] and his Memphian[15] chivalry,[16]
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners[17] of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses

[1] a while ago [2] utterly undone [3] destructive [4] of heavenly; cf. II. 813 [5] disk [6] telescope [7] Galileo [8] flagship [9] soil [10] not the less, nevertheless [11] flaming [12] "Shady Valley," near Florence [13] storm-brewing constellation [14] Pharaoh [15] Egyptian [16] cavalry [17] Israelites, Ex. 14

And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue,[1] for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix[2] us to the bottom of this gulf?—
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son,[3] in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy[4] cloud
Of locusts, warping[5] on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile:

[1] valor, L. *virtus* [2] pierce and pin [3] Moses [4] dark as pitch [5] undulating

So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope[1] of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene[2] or the Danaw,[3] when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath[4] Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander—godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human; princely Dignities;
And Powers that erst[5] in Heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in Heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased[6]
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions[7] full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,

[1] cap, dome [2] Rhine [3] Danube [4] southward from [5] formerly [6] erased, Ps. 9.5 [7] rites, ceremonies

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats,[1] long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront His light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice,[2] and parents' tears;
Though, for [3] the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill,[4] and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called,[5] the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread [6] of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond

[1] temples [2] Kings 22.10 [3] because of [4] Mt. of Olives, 1 Kings 11.7 [5] 2 Kings 23.13 [6] god

The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Elealè to the Asphaltic Pool:[1]
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites,[2] which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard[3] by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated[4] or condensed, bright[5] or obscure,[6]
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads, as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte,[7] queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood

[1] Dead Sea [2] Num. 25 [3] near [4] expanded [5] visible [6] invisible [7] Phœnician moon goddess, Gr. Aphrodite

Her temple on the offensive mountain,[1] built
By that uxorious [2] king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz [3] came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel [4] saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark [5] idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest when the captive Ark
Maimed his brute image,[6] head and hands lopt off,
In his own temple, on the grunsel [7] edge,
Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded [8] through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper [9] once he lost, and gained a king—
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace

[1] cf. l. 403 [2] wife-loving, 1 Kings 11.3 [3] Phœnician god of the year, Gr. Adonis [4] Ezek. 8.12 [5] secret [6] 1 Sam. 5.4 [7] ground-sill, threshold [8] worshipped [9] Naaman, 2 Kings 5

For one of Syrian mode,[1] whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown—
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—
With monstrous [2] shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection when their borrowed gold [3] composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king [4]
Doubled that sin [5] in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
Jehovah, Who, in one night, when he [6] passed
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke [7]
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons,[8] who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial flown [9] with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah,[10] when the hospitable door

[1] 2 Kings 16:11-13 [2] animal [3] Ex. 12.35 [4] Jereboam [5] made two golden calves, 1 Kings 12.28 [6] Israel [7] Ex. 12.29 [8] Sam. 2:12-17 [9] overflown, flushed [10] Gen. 19:1-11

Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime [1] in order and in might.
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned
The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue [2] held [3]
Gods, yet confessed later [4] than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents:—Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure [5] found;
So Jove, usurping, reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric [6] land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria [7] to the Hesperian fields,[8]
And o'er the Celtic [9] roamed the utmost Isles.[10]
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; [11] yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting,[12] with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting [13] courage, and dispelled their fears:
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled

[1] first, chief [2] Greeks, offspring of Javan, son of Japhet [3] considered [4] to be later [5] treatment [6] Grecian [7] Adriatic Sea [8] Italy [9] France and Spain [10] Britain [11] depressed [12] re-collecting [13] fainted

The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,[1]
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave,[2] and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient[3] colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried[4] shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood[5]
Of flutes and soft recorders[6]—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed, firm, and unmoved[7]
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage[8]
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid[9] front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files

[1] emblazoned [2] dome [3] bright [4] interlocked [5] mode
[6] flageolets [7] immovable [8] assuage [9] bristling

Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse [1]
The whole battalion views—their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such embodied [2] force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry [3]
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race [4] were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable [5] or romance of Uther's son,[6]
Begirt [7] with British and Armoric [8] knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed [9]
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her [10] original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous [11] twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change

[1] crosswise [2] assembled [3] pigmies
[4] race of heroes, as Achilles [5] chronicle [6] Arthur
[7] surrounded by [8] of Brittany [9] obeyed [10] its
[11] portending disaster

Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched,[1] and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate[2] pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain—
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced[3]
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
Hath scathed[4] the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted[5] heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed[6] and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such an Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—

"O myriads of immortal Spirits! O powers
Matchless but[7] with the Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event[8] was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,

[1] furrowed [2] thoughtful [3] punished by loss
[4] damaged [5] withered [6] essayed [7] except [8] outcome

That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different,[1] or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But He who reigns
Monarch in Heaven till then as One secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and His regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength concealed—
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked; our better part[2] remains
To work[3] in close[4] design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that He no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife[5]
There went a fame[6] in Heaven that He ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom His choice regard
Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption—thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;[7]
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood,[8] must be resolved."

He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs

[1] conflicting [2] task [3] accomplish [4] secret
[5] prevalent [6] rumor [7] despaired of [8] covert

Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose griesly [1] top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf [2]—undoubted sign
That in his [3] womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers,[4] with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench [5] a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected [6] Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked [7] the Center [8] and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid.[9] Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire [10]
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.[11] And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian [12] kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

[1] hideous [2] incrustation [3] its [4] engineers [5] entrench
[6] elevated [7] dug into [8] the earth [9] better hid than found
[10] wonder [11] blight [12] Egyptian

And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded [1] the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.[2]
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy [3] sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted [4] gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed [5] her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover,[6] wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendent [7] by subtle magic, many a row

[1] melted [2] slag [3] in relief [4] embossed
[5] completed [6] reveal [7] hanging

Of starry lamps and blazing cressets,[1] fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect.[2] His hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptered Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian[3] land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout[4]
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines,[5] but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful[6] ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came

[1] cup-like lamps [2] Mammon [3] Italian [4] crew [5] contrivances [6] awe-inspiring

Attended. All access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont [1] ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim [2] chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In springtime, when the Sun with Taurus [3] rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate,[4] and confer [5]
Their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; [6] till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless—like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress,[7] and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at [8] large,[8]
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,

[1] were wont to [2] pagan [3] in the sign of the Bull [4] wander about [5] discuss [6] crowded [7] witness [8] uncrowded

And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent [1] and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult [2] began.

Book II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan—to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus [3] and of Ind,[4]
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric [5] pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires

[1] crowded [2] consultation [3] diamond mart in Persian Gulf
[4] India [5] barbarously resplendent; cf. *Æneid* 2.504: *barbaricum aurum*

Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success[1] untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
"Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give[2] not Heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread[3] than from no fall,
And trust[4] themselves to[5] fear no second fate!—
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader—next, free choice,
With what besides in council or in fight
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity,[6] might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom[7] the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity

[1] ill success, experience [2] concede, give up [3] to be dreaded
[4] so trust [5] as to [6] high position [7] him whom

Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise may speak."
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; and with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—
"My sentence [1] is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures [2] into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of His almighty engine,[3] He shall hear
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among His Angels, and His throne itself
Mixed [4] with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe!

[1] opinion, vote L. *sententia* [2] elements that torture [3] cf. I. 174 [4] filled

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy [1] drench [2]
Of that forgetful [3] lake [3] benumb not still,
That in our proper [4] motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse.[5] Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;
The event [6] is feared! Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way His wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise [7] us without hope of end,
The vassals of His anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What [8] fear we then? what [8] doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential [9]—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb His Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, His fatal [10] throne:

[1] sleep-producing [2] drink [3] Cf. "oblivious pool," I. 26 [4] natural [5] unnatural [6] outcome [7] torment [8] why [9] essence, substance [10] fated

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounced [1]
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low—
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:—
"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged [2]
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact [3] of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds [4] his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure [5] wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest [6] insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,

[1] threatened [2] urged as [3] feat [4] bases [5] invisible
[6] Cf. II. 65-70

All incorruptible, would on His throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,[1]
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief,[2] and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all His rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure—
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion. And who knows,
Let[3] this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How He can
Is doubtful; that He never will is sure.
Will He, so wise, let loose at once His ire,
Belike[4] through impotence[5] or unaware,[6]
To give His enemies their wish, and end
Them in His anger whom His anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we, then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then, worst—
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain,[7] pursued and strook
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.

[1] substance [2] annoyance [3] grant [4] no doubt (ironical)
[5] inability to restrain himself [6] ignorant of his enemies' wish
[7] with all haste

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted [1] vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent [2] horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking [3] whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse [4] with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions [5] vain sees and derides,
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer,[6] as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe

[1] suspended [2] overhanging [3] driving [4] dwell with [5] proposals [6] endure

Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.[1]
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow—to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken if His breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper [2] and in nature, will receive
Familiar [3] the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting,[4] since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—
"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues [5] as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us

[1] befall [2] temperament [3] familiarly, in welcome fashion
[4] waiting for [5] proves

Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme
We overpower? Suppose He should relent,
And publish [1] grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in His presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to His Godhead sing
Forced Halleluiahs, while He lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and His altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,[2]
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark [3] doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, His glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers His throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light

[1] proclaim [2] seek to regain [3] Ps. 97.2; 18:11-13

Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants [1] not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements,[2] these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible [3] of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched,[4] whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence [5] pleased,
Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell, so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived—than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat—with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front [6] engraven

[1] lacks [2] congenial atmosphere [3] sense [4] worn-out with watching [5] opinion, advice [6] countenance

Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean [1] shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience [2] and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—
"Thrones and Imperial Powers, offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines—here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
Beyond His potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against His throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
In highth [3] or depth,[4] still first and last [5] will reign
Sole king, and of His kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with His golden those in Heaven.
What [6] sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined [7] us and foil'ed with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved but custody severe
And stripes and arbitrary punishment

[1] mighty, like the shoulders of Atlas [2] attention [3] Heaven
[4] Hell [5] Rev. 1.11 [6] why [7] undone

inflicted? and what peace can we return
But, to [1] our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance,[2] and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap His conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place—
If ancient and prophetic fame [3] in Heaven
Err not—another World, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power
And where their weakness: how attempted [4] best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In His own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire
To waste [5] His whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny [6] habitants; or, if not drive,

[1] to the extent of [2] resistance [3] report [4] attacked [5] lay waste [6] younger, weaker

Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their Foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish His own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance; when His darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail originals,[1] and faded bliss—
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound[2] the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews:—
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,

[1] first parents [2] ruin utterly

Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send
In search of this new World? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt [1] with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure [2] find out
His uncouth [3] way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast Abrupt,[4] ere he arrive [5]
The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries [6] and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice [7] in our suffrage; [8] for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense,[9] awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer [10] or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—
"O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur [11]
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way

[1] attempt [2] "darkness which may be felt," Ex. 10.21 [3] unknown [4] abyss [5] arrive at [6] guards [7] care [8] selection [9] fixed in suspense, L. *suspensum* [10] offer [11] hesitation

And hard that out of Hell leads up to Light.
Our prison strong, this huge convex [1] of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential [2] Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend [3] at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery and render Hell
More tolerable, if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive,[4] or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose

[1] dome [2] without substance [3] consider [4] beguile

The Monarch, and prevented [1] all reply;
Prudent [2] lest, from his resolution [3] raised,[4]
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst [5] they feared,
And, so refused, might in opinion [6] stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious [7] deeds on earth, which glory [8] excites,
Or close [9] ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As, when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element [10]
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower,
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope

[1] forestalled [2] watchful [3] fortitude [4] encouraged [5] before [6] public regard [7] seemingly good [8] love of glory [9] secret [10] air, sky

Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow [1] besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand Infernal Peers.
Midst came their mighty Paramount,[2] and seemed
Alone [3] the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry and horrent [4] arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,[5]
By harald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues,[6] as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime [7]
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal

[1] enough [2] king [3] worthy in himself to be [4] bristling
[5] brass trumpets [6] seeks [7] aloft

With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van [1]
Prick [2] forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin [3] burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan [4] rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:—
As when Alcides,[5] from Œchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated [6] in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall [7] to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial; [8] but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took [9] with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,

[1] van-guard [2] spur [3] vault of the sky [4] Cf. I. 199
[5] Hercules, grandson of Alceus [6] withdrawn [7] make subject
[8] biassed, imperfect [9] enchanted

Passion and apathy,[1] and glory and shame:
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd[2] breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover[3] wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams—
Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile;[4] all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore,[5] and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed[6] Furies haled,[7]

[1] want of feeling [2] hardened [3] explore [4] building
[5] frozen [6] talon-footed [7] dragged

At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt,
Medusa [1] with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,[2]
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious [3] things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,

[1] snaky-headed Gorgon [2] mountain [3] portentous, unnatural

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close [1] sailing from Bengala,[2] or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,[3]
Through the wide Ethiopian [4] to the Cape,[5]
Ply stemming [6] nightly toward the pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled [7] with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous [8] and vast—a serpent armed
With mortal sting.[9] About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;

[1] in close formation [2] Bengal [3] sea [4] Indian Ocean [5] Cape of Good Hope [6] pressing forward [7] enclosed [8] coiled [9] 1 Cor. 15.36

Nor uglier follow the night-hag,[1] when, called[2]
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring[3] moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired[4]—
Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),
And with disdainful look thus first began:—

"Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven."

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—
"Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third[5] part of Heaven's sons
Conjured[6] against the Highest—for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned

[1] Hecate [2] invoked [3] suffering eclipse [4] wondered
[5] Rev. 12.4 [6] leagued

To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed,[1] and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform.[2] On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus[3] huge
In the arctic sky and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught,[4] come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood;
For never but once more[5] was either like
To meet so great a foe.[6] And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

[1] Cf. I. 687 [2] deformed [3] constellation [4] laden [5] Heb. 2.14, I Cor. 15.26 [6] Christ

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom?
For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordained His drudge to execute
Whate'er His wrath, which He calls justice, bids—
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!"
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore; then these [1] to her Satan returned:—
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee."
To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied—
"Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul?—once deemed so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid
At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign

[1] these words

Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamored, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch [1] of Heaven, down
Into this Deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hands was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed; but he, my inbred enemy,
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*
I fled; but he pursued,—though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage,—and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot

[1] height

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me: for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; [1] for that mortal [2] dint,[2]
Save He who reigns above, none can resist."
She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore [3]
Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:
"Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge [4]
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go

[1] hardened by heavenly process; cf. I. 285 [2] deadly blow [3] lesson [4] child

This uncouth errand sole,[1] and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded [2] Deep, and through the void immense
To search,[3] with wandering quest, a place foretold
Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round—a place of bliss
In the purlieus [4] of Heaven; and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest Heaven, surcharged [5] with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom [6] air, embalmed
With odors. There ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine [7] should be filled,[8] and blessed his maw [9]
Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—

"The key of this infernal Pit, by due
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
But what owe I to His commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,

[1] alone [2] bottomless [3] search for [4] outskirts [5] overcrowded [6] yielding, buoyant [7] hunger [8] appeased [9] stomach

To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-born—
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compassed round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis [1] high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings [2] a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding [3] smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark

[1] sliding vertical door [2] right and left wings [3] excessive, overflowing

Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms: they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered [1] as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied [2] to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in their pregnant [3] causes [4] mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds—
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith [5]
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed [6]
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona [7] storms
With all her battering engines, bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame

[1] innumerable [2] raised [3] potential [4] elements [5] estuary
[6] deafened [7] goddess of war

Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans [1]
He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke
Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity. All unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct [2] with fire and niter, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence,[3] half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryfon through the wilderness
With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold, so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies

[1] wings [2] filled [3] mixture

Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,[1]
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—"Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine[2] with Heaven, or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound.[3] Direct my course:
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,—
Which is my present journey,[4]—and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!"
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,[5]
Answered:—"I know thee, stranger, who thou art—

[1] mixed together [2] border [3] deep [4] mission [5] discomposed

That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroached on still [1] through our intestine [2] broils
Weakening the scepter of old Night: first, Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain."
He ceased; and Satan staid not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renewed
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way; harder beset
And more endangered than when Argo passed
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks,
Or when Ulysses on the larboard [3] shunned
Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool steered.
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on. With difficulty and labor he;
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,[4]

[1] constantly [2] civil [3] left [4] with speed

Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb [1]
Of this frail [2] World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds [3]
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs [4] his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And, fast [5] by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursèd hour, he hies.

[1] outermost sphere [2] ill-protected [3] makes for [4] poises
[5] near

From Book IV

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her amorous descant[1] sung;
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind[2] us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring[3] and require

[1] variation [2] remind [3] cultivation

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:—
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time.
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient [1] beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird,[2] nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:—
"Daughter of God and man, accomplished [3] Eve,
Those have their course to finish round the Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land

[1] bright [2] nightingale [3] perfect in beauty; cf. l. 634

In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten,[1] but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment[2] and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven[3] would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole,[4] or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator; oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding[5] walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide[6] the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower.

From Book XII

He ended; and thus Adam last[7] replied:—
"How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,

[1] illumine [2] cherish [3] the heavens [4] single [5] making their rounds [6] divide into watches [7] finally, for the last time

Measured[1] this transient World, the race of Time,
Till Time stand fixed! Beyond is all abyss—
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have[2] my fill
Of knowledge, what[3] this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,[4]
And love with fear[5] the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on Him sole depend.[6]
Merciful over all His works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things—by things deemed weak
Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life:
Taught this by His example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the Angel last[7] replied:—
"This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire. Only add[8]
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess

[1] scanned, surveyed [2] having [3] all that [4] 1 Sam. 15.62
[5] Ps. 2.11 [6] 1 Pet. 5.7 [7] finally, for the last time [8] Pet. 1:5-7

A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation; [1] for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard—
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind—
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous; though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered
With meditation on the happy end."
He ended, and they both descend the hill.
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:—
"Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,

[1] observation, both literal and prophetic, L. *specula,* watch-tower

Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous,[1] as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish[2] glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,[3]
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected[4] plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,[5]
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

1667

[1] like meteors, above the ground [2] marsh [3] scorched, L. *adustus* [4] lying below [5] home

From AREOPAGITICA

A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions [1] of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill [2] that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and

[1] cycles [2] waste, destroy

if it extend to the whole impression,[1] a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge[2] the universal diet of man's body, saving[3] ever the rules of temperance, He then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein[4] every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity.[5] How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanor[6] of every grown man. And, therefore, when He Himself tabled[7] the Jews from heaven, that omer, which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not,[8] God uses not to captivate[9] under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon[10] informs us that much reading is a weariness to the flesh, but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful; yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome.

[1] total number printed [2] explain, define [3] except for [4] a matter in which [5] reason [6] management [7] fed, Ex. 16 [8] Matt. 15:17-20 [9] hold captive [10] Eccl. 12:12

As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts,[1] 'tis replied the books were magic; the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation. The men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate[2] by this example is not appointed.[3] These men practised[4] the books; another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully.

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive[5] and cloistered[6] virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for,[7] not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is con-

[1] Acts 19.19 [2] licenser [3] called for [4] practised magic with [5] fleeing [6] sheltered [7] Philip. 3:13-14; 1 Cor. 9.27

trary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank [1] virtue, not a pure; [2] her whiteness is but an excremental [3] whiteness, which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon,[4] and the bower of earthly bliss,[5] that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout [6] into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read. . . .

To sequester [7] out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian politics,[8] which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain [9] wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; [10] but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining, laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in

[1] colorless, F. *blanc* [2] genuine [3] superficial [4] *F.Q.* 2.7 [5] *F. Q.* 2.12 [6] explore [7] retire, seclude [8] schemes of government [9] legislate [10] baffled

such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a commonwealth; but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years, were to be under pittance [1] and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what gramercy [2] to be sober, just, or continent?

Many there be that complain of divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! when God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions.[3] We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift which is of force; God, therefore, left him free, set before him a provoking [4] object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered [5] are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasures, he has yet one jewel left: ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any

[1] meager allowance [2] thanks [3] puppet-shows [4] inciting [5] mingled, moderated

hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though He commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect [1] a rigor [2] contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth?

1644

[1] adopt [2] strictness

THE RESTORATION

DIARISTS

SAMUEL PEPYS

JOHN EVELYN

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

DIARY

[The Happy Return]

May 23rd, 1660. The Doctor and I waked very merry, only my eye was very red and ill in the morning from yesterday's hurt. In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord,[1] Mr. Crew, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where, Sir R. Stayner bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, came on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but lords and persons of honor on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royal company by themselves in the coach,[2] which was a blessed sight to see. I dined with Dr. Clerke, Dr. Quarterman, and Mr. Darcy in my cabin. This morning Mr. Lucy came on board, to whom and his company of the King's Guard in another ship my Lord did give three dozen of bottles of wine.

[1] Sir Edward Montagu, joint-admiral of the navy [2] captain's apartment

He made friends between Mr. Pierce and me. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz. the *Nazeby* into *Charles;* the *Richard, James;* the *Speaker, Mary;* the *Dunbar* (which was not in company with us), the *Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert,* the *Henrietta; Cheriton,* the *Speedwell; Bradford,* the *Success.* That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the *London,* and the Duke of Gloucester, the *Swiftsure.* Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. . . .

May 24th. Up, and make myself as fine as I could, with the linning[1] stockings on and wide canons[2] that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press[3] of noble company, and great mirth all the day. There dined with me in my cabin (that is, the carpenter's) Dr. Earle and Mr. Hollis, the King's chaplains, Dr. Scarborough, Dr. Quarterman, and Dr. Clerke, physicians, Mr. Darcy and Mr. Fox, both very fine gentlemen, the King's servants, where we had brave[4] discourse. Walking upon the decks, were persons of honor all the afternoon; among others, Thomas Killigrew, a merry droll,[5] but a gentleman of great esteem with the King, who told us many merry stories: one, how he wrote a letter three or four days ago to the Princess Royal about a Queen Dowager of Judæa and Palestine, that was at the Hague *incognita,* that made love to the King, etc., which was Mr. Cary, a courtier's, wife that had been a nun, who are all married to Jesus. At supper the three Drs. of Physic again at my cabin; where I

[1] linen [2] ornamental rolls at the bottom of the trousers [3] crowd [4] excellent [5] jester

put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say about the use of the eyes, which he owned, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes till custom teaches them otherwise. And that we do now see but with one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lines. After this discourse I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name, and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship *Charles*. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

May 25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork and boiled beef. I had Mr. Darcy in my cabin and Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given 50 pounds to Mr. Sheply for my Lord's servants, and 500 pounds among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favor. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon, though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him, yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare [1] with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, with a dog that the King loved, . . . in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the

[1] bareheaded

land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat and so into his barge, whither Mr. John Crew stepped and spoke a word or two to my Lord, and so returned we back to the ship, and going did see a man almost drowned that fell out of his boat into the sea but with much ado was got out. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world that could give an offense to any, and with the great honor he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten and the Vice and Rear-Admirals. At night my Lord supped and Mr. Thomas Crew with Captain Stoakes; I supped with the Captain, who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded and a Crown and "C. R." to be made at the head of the coach table where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do and is now done, as is to be seen.

1825

[The London Fire]

September 2, 1666. (Lord's day.) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the Bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the Bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat and through Bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as

far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters [1] that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down. Having stayed and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire; and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches; and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top and there burned till it fell down, I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless His Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him and command him to spare no houses but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here

[1] barges

meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a hankercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it"; that he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet [1] and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was

[1] private chamber of valuables or rarities

wholly disappointed. for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner. and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned. and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another. and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lumbard Street, and further: and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's, he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above Bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below Bridge at the waterside; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below Bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the waterside, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in but

there was a pair of virginals [1] in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire three or four, nay, five or six houses one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the Bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods and

[1] keyed musical instrument

prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave,[1] dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies[2] into a box by themselves. So great was our fear that Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house taking down of goods.

3d. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money and plate and best things to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green, which I did, riding myself in my nightgown, in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people laboring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbor's wife, Mrs. ——, with her pretty child and some few of her things, which I did willingly give away

[1] beautiful [2] notched-stick duplicate records

to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with anything through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York come this day by the office and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General and having the care of all. This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, beat her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry; and, when she come home, did bid her begone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

4th. Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron Gate; and my hands so full that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovels, etc., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow street on both sides with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening

Sir W. Pen and I did dig another and put our wine in it; and I my parmazan[1] cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden and thinking of the certain burning of this office without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, none whereof yet appeared, and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business but received no answer. This night, Mrs. Turner, who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them, and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses

[1] made in Parma, Italy

to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and to the Old Bailey,[1] and was running down to Fleet Street; and Paul's [2] is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350, W. Hewer, and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut but no guard kept at all; which troubled me because of discourses now begun that there is a plot in it and that the French had done it. I got the gates open and to Mr. Sheldon's, where I locked up my gold and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for

[1] *Vetus Ballium*, area of Central Criminal Court [2] St. Paul's

my confidence of finding our office on fire was such that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us till I come and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours; it having only burned the dial of Barking Church and part of the porch and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that ever I saw: everywhere great fires, oil-cellars and brimstone and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see; and to Sir W. Pen's and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and, having removed all my things and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lumbard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moore Fields, our feet ready to burn walking through the town among the hot coals, and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves; and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day; drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire, and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the

fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavors of watching all night and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight; though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarm of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

1825

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706)

DIARY

[The London Fire]

2nd September, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London.

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night,—if I may call

that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward, Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a

burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles roundabout for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom,[1] or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage,[2]—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem;* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned.

4th September. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward, nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5th September. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased His Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to pre-

[1] Gen. 19.24 [2] Heb. 13.14

serve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part and some at another,—for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across,—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines.[1] This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commended to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward nor than the entrance of Smithfield north, but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair. It also brake out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal- and wood-wharfs and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective[2] which a

[1] machines [2] denunciatory or critical composition

little before I had dedicated to His Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City, was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields as far as Highgate and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed, or board who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot,[1] in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

1819

[His Daughter Mary]

March 7th, 1685. My daughter, Mary, was taken with the smallpox, and there soon was found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me; but God's holy will be done!

10th March. She received the blessed Sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction, and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person,

[1] Gen. 19.23

comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinary beautiful, were the least of her ornaments compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises, she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of commonplace,[1] as out of Dr. Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thoroughbass[2] on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection that of the scholars of those two famous masters, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteemed the best; for the sweetness of her voice and management of it added such an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or concern, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the ear. This I rather note because it was a universal remark, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in music desired to hear her, the last being at Lord Arundel's of Wardour.

What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humor?[3] Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect without the least pride. She

[1] commonplace-book [2] accompaniment [3] temperament

would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. Piety was so prevalent an ingredient in her constitution, as I may say, that even amongst equals and superiors she no sooner became intimately acquainted but she would endeavor to improve them by insinuating something religious and that tended to bring them to a love of devotion; she had one or two confidants with whom she used to pass whole days in fasting, reading, and prayers, especially before the monthly communion and other solemn occasions. She abhorred flattery, and, though she had abundance of wit, the raillery was so innocent and ingenious that it was most agreeable; she sometimes would see a play, but since the stage grew licentious, expressed herself weary of them, and the time spent at the theater was an unaccountable vanity. She never played at cards without extreme importunity and for the company; but this was so very seldom that I cannot number it among anything she could name a fault.

No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and as she read, so she wrote, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods,[1] choice of expressions, and familiarity of style that some letters of hers have astonished me and others to whom she has occasionally written. She had a talent of rehearsing any comical part or poem as,[2] to them she might be decently free with, was more pleasing than heard[3] on the theater. She danced with the greatest grace I had ever seen, and so would her master say, who was Monsieur Isaac; but she seldom showed that perfection save in the gracefulness of her carriage, which was with an air of sprightly modesty not easily to be de-

[1] sentences [2] such as [3] those heard

scribed. Nothing affected, but natural and easy as well in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always material, not trifling, and to which the extraordinary sweetness of her tone, even in familiar speaking, was very charming. Nothing was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caress and humor with great delight. But she most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learn something and improve herself. I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me; comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing everything to some excess, had I not sometimes repressed it. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my Study, where she would willingly have spent whole days: for, as I said, she had read abundance of history and all the best poets, even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex.

But all these are vain trifles to the virtues which adorned her soul. She was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation; she was kind to her sisters, and was still [1] improving them by her constant course of piety. Oh, dear, sweet, and desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctancy of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was

[1] always

unparalleled, nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! To the grave shall we both carry thy memory! God alone, in whose bosom thou art at rest and happy, give us to resign thee and all our contentments—for thou indeed wert all in this world—to His blessed pleasure! Let Him be glorified by our submission, and give us grace to bless Him for the graces He implanted in thee, thy virtuous life, pious and holy death, which is indeed the only comfort of our souls, hastening through the infinite love and mercy of the Lord Jesus to be shortly with thee, dear child, and with thee and those blessed saints like thee, glorify the Redeemer of the world to all eternity! Amen.

1819

SATIRISTS

SAMUEL BUTLER

JOHN OLDHAM

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680)

HUDIBRAS

[The Presbyterian Knight]

When civil dudgeon[1] first grew high
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk,[2]
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;—
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,[3]
Either for chartel[4] or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,

[1] fury [2] bawdry [3] wandering [4] challenge

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle:[1]
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled[2] of[3] war as well as peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout.[4]
Some hold the one and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with called a fool.
For 'thas been held by many that,
As Montaigne,[5] playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much:
'Tis plain enough he was no such;
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile[6]
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted

[1] beat soundly [2] titled [3] by [4] brave [5] Cf. Walton, *Compleat Angler*, p. 179 [6] *difficile*, difficult

His bounty unto such as wanted,[1]
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so perhaps he was,—
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic:[2]
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men or trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism true,
In mood[3] and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;[4]
And when he happened to break off
In the middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why
And tell what rules he did it by.
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules

[1] lacked [2] analysis [3] mode [4] figure of speech

Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleased to show 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect
Which learnèd pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colored [1] dress
Of patched and piebald [2] languages:
'Twas English cut [3] on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian [4] heretofore on satin.
It had an odd, promiscuous tone
As if he had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They had heard three laborers of Babel,[5]
Or Cerberus [6] himself pronounce
A leash [7] of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard no stone
Was hard enough to touch [8] them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator,[9] who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,

[1] variegated [2] spotted [3] slashed, like sleeves [4] coarse cloth [5] Gen. 11.7 [6] hell-hound [7] trio (of dogs) [8] strike [9] Demosthenes

Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss [1] over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st [2] author hath,
He understood by implicit faith;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for;
For every WHY he had a WHEREFORE;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go:
All which he understood by rote
And, as occasion served, would quote,
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For the other, as great clerks [3] have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity [4] and Quiddity,[5]
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight [6] Irrefragable; [7]
A second Thomas,[8] or at once

[1] marginal comment [2] abstrusest [3] scholars [4] being [5] essence [6] was called [7] Alexander of Hales (d. 1245) [8] Thomas Aquinas (d. 1274)

To name them all, another Duns:[1]
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a hand
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;[2]
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full,
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishèd.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,[3]
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catched
The itch on purpose to be scratched,
Or like a mountebank did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat[4] of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch[5] interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;[6]
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet or none at all:
All this without a gloss or comment
He could unriddle in a moment,

[1] Duns Scotus (d. c. 1308) [2] Cf. Herbert, *The Collar*, l. 22, p. 100 [3] subtle, delicate [4] site [5] German [6] made by percussion

In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right, way;
Compound [1] for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way and long another for.

[1] condone

Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly:
Quarrel with minced pies and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

1662, 1663

[To His Muse]

But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved and bold,
We should, as learnèd poets use,[1]
Invoke the assistance of some Muse;
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to a familiar:[2]
We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost:—
  Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grained works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penned
By himself or wit-insuring friend;

[1] do [2] sorcerer's assisting spirit

The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left of the Forked Hill [1]
To make men scribble without skill,
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech:
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

1662, 1663

JOHN OLDHAM (1653-1683)

From A SATIRE ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ABOUT TO LEAVE THE UNIVERSITY AND COME ABROAD IN THE WORLD

If you're so out of love with happiness
To quit a college life and learnèd ease,
Convince me first, and some good reasons give,
What methods and designs you'll take to live;
For such resolves are needful in the case
Before you tread the world's mysterious maze:
Without the premises, in vain you'll try
To live by systems of philosophy;
You Aristotle, Cartes,[2] and Legrand,[3]
And Euclid too in little stead will stand.

How many men of choice and noted parts,
Well fraught with learning, languages, and arts,
Designing high preferment in their mind,

[1] Mt. Parnassus, with cloven top [2] Descartes (1596-1650), French mathematician and philosopher [3] Antony Legrand, of Douay, French Cartesian philosopher active at Oxford about 1676

And little doubting good success to find,
With vast and towering thoughts have flocked to Town,
But to their cost soon found themselves undone,
Now to repent and starve at leisure left,
Of misery's last comfort, hope, bereft?
"These failed for want of good advice," you cry,
"Because at first they fixed on no employ."
Well, then, let's draw the prospect and the scene
To all advantage possibly we can:
The world lies now before you; let me hear
What course your judgment counsels you to steer,—
Always considered that your whole estate
And all your fortune lies beneath your hat.
Were you the son of some rich usurer
That starved and damned himself to make his heir
Left naught to do but to inter the sot
And spend with ease what he himself had got,
'Twere easy to advise how you might live,
Nor would there need instruction then to give.
But you that boast of no inheritance
Save that small stock which lies within your brains,
Learning must be your trade, and therefore weigh
With heed how you your game the best may play;
Bethink yourself awhile, and then propose
What way of life is fittest for you to choose.
If you for Orders and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear friend of mine:
The Church is grown so overstocked of late
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet
More porters now than parsons in the street.
At every corner they are forced to ply
For jobs of hawkering [1] divinity;
And half the number of the sacred herd
Are fain to stroll and wander unpreferred.[2]

[1] peddling [2] without benefice

If this, or thoughts of such a weighty charge,
Make you resolve to keep yourself at large [1]
For want of better opportunity,
A school must your next sanctuary be.
Go, wed some Grammar Bridewell,[2] and a wife,
And there beat Greek and Latin for your life;
With birchen scepter, there command at will,
Greater than Busby's self, or Dr. Gill.
But who would be to the vile drudgery bound
Where there so small encouragement is found;
Where you, for recompense of all your pains,
Shall hardly reach a common fiddler's gains?
For when you've toiled and labored all you can
To dung and cultivate a human brain,
A dancing-master shall be better paid,
Though he instructs the heels and you the head.
To such indulgence are kind parents grown
That naught costs less in breeding than a son;
Nor is it hard to find a father now
Shall more upon a setting-dog allow,
And with a freer hand reward the care
Of training up his spaniel than his heir.
Some think themselves exalted to the sky
If they light in some noble family:
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides the advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,[3]
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienced wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo,
Who, though in silken scarf and cassock dressed,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement [4] must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat;

[1] free [2] a London prison [3] dignity [4] hired clergyman

But hold it for a favor seldom known
If he be deigned the honor to sit down:
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape,[1] withdraw!
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand;
There for diversion you may pick your teeth
Till the kind voider[2] comes for your relief.
For mere board-wages such their freedom sell,
Slaves to an hour and vassals to a bell;
And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,
They are but prisoners out upon parole:
Always the marks of slavery remain,
And they, though loose, still drag about their chain.
  And where's the mighty prospect after all?
A chaplainship served up, and seven years' thrall.
The menial thing perhaps, for a reward,
Is to some slender benefice preferred,
With this proviso bound, that he must wed
My Lady's antiquated serving-maid,
In dressing only skilled and marmalade.
  Let others, who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to every great man's look;
Let those that have a mind turn slaves to eat,
And live contented by another's plate:
I rate my freedom higher, nor will I
For food and raiment truck my liberty. . . .
  'T has ever been the top of my desires,
The utmost height of which my wish aspires,
That Heaven would bless me with a small estate
Where I might find a close, obscure retreat;
There, free from noise and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice books and fewer friends;

[1] hired clergyman [2] servant who clears away scraps of food; also basket for such scraps

Lord of myself, accountable to none
But to my conscience and my God alone:
There live unthought of and unheard of die,
And grudge mankind my very memory.
But since the blessing is, I find, too great
For me to wish for, or expect of fate,
Yet, maugre [1] all the spite of destiny,
My thoughts and actions are, and shall be, free.

c. 1678

From A SATIRE AGAINST VIRTUE

Pindarique, in Imitation of Mr. Cowley

Hence, hated Virtue, from our goodly Isle,
No more our joys beguile,
No more with thy loathèd presence plague our happy state,
Thou enemy to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or great.
Be gone with all thy pious meager train
To some unfruitful, unfrequented land,
And there an empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illiberal nature's niggardise [2]
Has set a tax on vice;
Where the lean, barren region does enhance
The worth of dear intemperance,
And for each pleasurable sin exacts excise.
We, thanks to Heaven, more cheaply can offend
And want no tempting luxuries,
No good, convenient sinning opportunities
Which nature's bounty could bestow or Heaven's kindness lend.

[1] notwithstanding [2] niggardliness

Go follow that nice [1] Goddess to the skies
Who here, too sore disgusted at increasing vice,
Disliked the world and thought it too profane
And timely hence retired, and kindly ne'er returned again.
Hence to those airy mansions rove,
Converse with saints and holy folks above;
Those may thy presence woo
Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to do:
Where haughty, scornful I
And my great friends will ne'er vouchsafe thee company.
Thou'rt now a hard, unpracticable good,
Too difficult for flesh and blood:
Were I all soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to practise thee.

1679

[1] over-scrupulous, prudish

BIOGRAPHERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHERS

Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson

Thomas Ellwood

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON (1620-1675)

THE LIFE OF MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON, WRITTEN BY HERSELF. A FRAGMENT

The almighty Author of all beings, in His various providences whereby He conducts the lives of men from the cradle to the tomb, exercises no less wisdom and goodness than He manifests power and greatness in their creation; but such is the stupidity of blind mortals that, instead of employing their studies in these admirable books of providence wherein God daily exhibits to us glorious characters of His love, kindness, wisdom, and justice, they ungratefully regard them not, and call the most wonderful operations of the great God the common accidents of human life, especially if they be such as are usual, and exercised towards them in ages wherein they are not very capable of observation, and whereon they seldom employ any reflection; for in things great and extraordinary, some, perhaps, will take notice of God's working who either forget or believe not that He takes as well a care and account of their smallest concernments, even the hairs of their heads.

Finding myself in some kind[1] guilty of this general neglect, I thought it might be a means to stir up my thankfulness for things past, and to encourage my faith for the future, if I recollected as much as I have heard or can remember of the passages of my youth and the general and particular providences exercised[2] to me, both in the entrance and progress of my life. Herein

[1] degree [2] extended

I meet with so many special indulgences as require a distinct consideration, they being all of them to be regarded as talents entrusted to my improvement for God's glory. The parents by whom I received my life, the places where I began and continued it, the time when I was brought forth to be a witness of God's wonderful workings in the earth, the rank that was given me in my generation, and the advantages I received in my person, each of them carries along with it many mercies which are above my utterance, and as they give me infinite cause of glorifying God's goodness, so I cannot reflect on them without deep humiliation for the small improvement I have made of so rich a stock; which, that I may yet by God's grace better employ, I shall recall and seriously ponder: and, first, as far as I have since learnt, set down the conditions of things in the place of my nativity at that time when I was sent into the world.

It was on the 29th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1619-20, that in the Tower of London, the principal city of the English Isle, I was, about four of the clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower of London; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregooze, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a son and a daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter. The land was then at peace,—it being towards the latter end of the reign of King James,—if that quietness may be called a peace which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea whose dark womb is already impregnated with a horrid tempest. . . .

The privilege of being born of, and educated by, such excellent parents, I have often revolved with great

thankfulness for the mercy, and humiliation that I did no more improve it. After my mother had had three sons, she was very desirous of a daughter, and when the women at my birth told her I was one, she received me with a great deal of joy; and the nurses fancying, because I had more complexion and favor than is usual in so young children, that I should not live, my mother became fonder of me and more endeavored to nurse me. As soon as I was weaned, a French woman was taken to be my dry-nurse and I was taught to speak French and English together. My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency; which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought as far as it could its own accomplishment; for my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive,[1] applied all their cares and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By the time I was four years old, I read English perfectly; and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities,[2]—languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it;

[1] intelligent [2] accomplishments

yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstripped by brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father; though my mother would have been contented if I had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities. As for music and dancing, I profited very little in them, and would never practice my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it. Play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company; to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all and gathered up things that I would utter again to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that, through the good instructions of my mother and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it and to practice as I was taught.

I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidant in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women; and there was none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends beloved above the rest. . . .

Before 1675 1806

MRS. HUTCHINSON TO HER CHILDREN CONCERNING THEIR FATHER

"To My Children"

They who dote on mortal excellencies, when by the inevitable fate of all things frail their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow, whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost; and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view which may with their remembrance renew the grief; and in time these remedies succeed, and oblivion's curtain is by degrees drawn over the dead face, and things less lovely are liked while they are not viewed together with that which was most excellent. But I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe and if it

were possible to augment my love, can for the present find out none more just to your dear father nor consolatory to myself than the preservation of his memory; which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers do equally give to the truly and titularly honorable. A naked, undressed narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men.

Indeed, that resplendent body of light, which the beginning and ending of his life made up to discover the deformities of this wicked age and to instruct the erring children of this generation, will, through my apprehension and expression, shine as under a very thick cloud which will obscure much of their luster; but there is need of this medium to this world's weak eyes, which I fear hath but few people in it so virtuous as can believe, because they find themselves so short,[1] that any other could make so large a progress in the race of piety, honor, and virtue; but I am almost stopped before I set forth to trace his steps, finding the number of them, by which he still outwent himself, more than my imperfect arithmetic can count and the exact figure[2] of them such as my unskillful pen cannot describe. I fear to injure that memory which I would honor, and to disgrace his name with a poor monument; but when I have beforehand laid this necessary caution, and ingenuously confessed that through my inability either to receive or administer much of that wealthy stock of his glory that I was entrusted with for the benefit of all, and particularly his own posterity, I must withhold a great part from them, I hope I shall be pardoned for drawing an imperfect image of him; especially when

[1] wanting in virtue [2] pattern

even the rudest draft that endeavors to counterfeit him will have much delightful loveliness in it.

Let not excess of love and delight in the stream make us forget the fountain: he and all his excellencies came from God, and flowed back into their own spring. There let us seek them; thither let us hasten after him; there having found him, let us cease to bewail among the dead that which is risen, or rather was immortal. His soul conversed with God so much when he was here that it rejoices to be now eternally freed from interruption in that blessed exercise; his virtues were recorded in heaven's annals, and can never perish; by them he yet teaches us and all those to whose knowledge they shall arrive. It is only his fetters, his sins, his infirmities, his diseases that are dead never to revive again, nor would we have them; they were his enemies and ours; by faith in Christ he vanquished them. Our conjunction, if we had any with him, was indissoluble: if we were knit together by one spirit into one body of Christ, we are so still; if we were mutually united in one love of God, good men, and goodness, we are so still. What is it, then, we wail in his remove? the distance? Faithless fools! sorrow only makes it. Let us but ascend to God in holy joy for the great grace given His poor servant and he is there with us. He is only removed from the malice of his enemies, for which, in being afflicted, we should not express our love to him: we may mourn for ourselves that we come so tardily after him; that we want his guide and assistance in our way; and yet if our tears did not put out our eyes, we should see him even in heaven holding forth his flaming lamp of virtuous examples and precepts to light us through the dark world. It is time that I let in to your knowledge that splendor which, while it cheers and enlightens your

heavy senses, should make us remember to give all his and all our glory to God alone, who is the father and fountain of all light and excellence.

Desiring, if my treacherous memory have not lost the dearest treasure that ever I committed to its trust, to relate to you his holy, virtuous, honorable life, I would put his picture in the front of his book, but my unskillful hand will injure him. Yet to such of you as have not seen him to remember his person, I leave this—

His Description

He was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hair of light brown, very thick-set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, and curling into loose great rings at the ends; his eyes of a lively gray, well-shaped, and full of life and vigor, graced with many becoming motions; his visage thin, his mouth well-made, and his lips very ruddy and graceful, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming; his teeth were even and white as the purest ivory; his chin was something long, and the mould of his face; his forehead was not very high; his nose was raised and sharp; but withal he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him. His skin was smooth and white, his legs and feet excellently well-made. He was quick in his pace and turns, nimble and active and graceful in all his motions; he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him: he could dance admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it; he had skill in fencing, such as became a gentleman. He had a great

love of music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly; and he had an exact ear and judgment in other music. He shot excellently in bows and guns, and much used them for his exercise. He had great judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds; he took great delight in perspective glasses, and for his other rarities was not so much affected with the antiquity as the merit of the work. He took much pleasure in improvement of grounds, in planting groves, and walks, and fruit-trees, in opening springs and making fish-ponds. Of country recreations he loved none but hawking, and in that was very eager and much delighted for the time he used it, but soon left it off. He was wonderfully neat, cleanly, and genteel in his habit, and had a very good fancy [1] in it, but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much a gentleman. He had more address [2] than force of body; yet the courage of his soul so supplied his members that he never wanted strength when he found occasion to employ it. His conversation was very pleasant, for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension; he was eager in everything he did, earnest in dispute, but withal very rational, so that he was seldom overcome. Everything that it was necessary for him to do, he did with delight, free and unconstrained; he hated ceremonious compliment, but yet had a natural civility and complaisance to all people. He was of a tender [3] constitution, but through the vivacity of his spirit could undergo labors, watchings, and journeys as well as any of stronger compositions; he was rheumatic, and had a long sickness and distemper occasioned

[1] taste [2] adroitness [3] delicate

thereby, two or three years after the war ended, but else, for the latter half of his life, was healthy though tender. In his youth and childhood he was sickly, much troubled with weakness and toothaches, but then his spirits carried him through them. He was very patient under sickness or pain, or any common accidents; but yet, upon occasions, though never without just ones, he would be very angry, and had even in that such a grace as made him to be feared; yet he was never outrageous in passion. He had a very good faculty in persuading, and would speak very well, pertinently, and effectually without premeditation upon the greatest occasions that could be offered, for indeed his judgment was so nice that he could never frame any speech beforehand to please himself; but his invention was so ready, and wisdom so habitual in all his speeches, that he never had reason to repent himself of speaking at any time without ranking the words beforehand. He was not talkative, yet free of discourse; of a very spare diet, not given to sleep, and an early riser when in health. He never was at any time idle, and hated to see any one else so. In all his natural and ordinary inclinations and composure, there was something extraordinary and tending to virtue beyond what I can describe or can be gathered from a bare dead description: there was a life of spirit and power in him that is not to be found in any copy drawn from him. To sum up, therefore, all that can be said of his outward frame and disposition, we must truly conclude that it was a very handsome and well-furnished lodging prepared for the reception of that prince who in the administration of all excellent virtues reigned there awhile till he was called back to the palace of the universal Emperor.

Between 1664 and 1675 1806

THOMAS ELLWOOD (1639-1713)

THE HISTORY OF THOMAS ELLWOOD WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

[A Quaker Convert]

Next day we parted, he for London, I for home, under a very great weight and exercise[1] upon my spirit. For I now saw, in and by the farther openings of the Divine Light in me, that the enemy, by his false reasonings, had beguiled and misled me with respect to my carriage towards my father. For I now clearly saw that the honor due to parents did not consist in uncovering the head and bowing the body to them, but in a ready obedience to their lawful commands, and in performing all needful services unto them. Wherefore, as I was greatly troubled for what I already had done in that case, though it was through ignorance, so I plainly felt I could no longer continue therein without drawing on myself the guilt of willful disobedience, which I well knew would draw after it divine displeasure and judgment.

Hereupon the enemy assaulted me afresh, setting before me the danger I should run myself into of provoking my father to use severity towards me, and perhaps to the casting me utterly off. But over this temptation the Lord, whom I cried unto, supported me, and gave me faith to believe that He would bear me through whatever might befall me on that account. Wherefore I resolved, in the strength which He should give me, to be faithful to His requirings, whatever might come of it.

Thus laboring under various exercises on the way, I

[1] anxiety

at length got home, expecting I should have but a rough reception from my father. But when I came home, I understood my father was from home; wherefore I sat down by the fire in the kitchen, keeping my mind retired to the Lord, with breathings of spirit to Him that I might be preserved from falling.

After some time I heard the coach drive in, which put me into a little fear, and a sort of shivering came over me. But by that time he was alighted and come in, I had pretty well recovered myself; and as soon as I saw him, I rose up and advanced a step or two towards him, with my head covered, and said, "Isaac Penington and his wife remember their loves to thee."

He made a stop to hear what I said, and observing that I did not stand bare and that I used the word *thee* to him, he, with a stern countenance, and tone that spake high displeasure, only said, "I shall talk with you, sir, another time"; and so hastening from me went into the parlor, and I saw him no more that night.

Though I foresaw there was a storm arising, the apprehension of which was uneasy to me, yet the peace which I felt in my own breast raised in me a return of thanksgiving to the Lord for His gracious supporting hand, which had thus far carried me through this exercise, with humble cries in spirit to Him that He would vouchsafe to stand by me in it to the end, and uphold me, that I might not fall.

My spirit longed to be among friends, and to be at some meeting with them on the first day, which now drew on, this being the sixth-day night. Wherefore I purposed to go to Oxford on the morrow, which was the seventh day of the week, having heard there was a meeting there. Accordingly, having ordered my horse to be made ready betimes, I got up in the morning and made myself ready also. Yet before I would go, that

I might be as observant to my father as possibly I could, I desired my sister to go up to him in his chamber and acquaint him that I had a mind to go to Oxford and desired to know if he pleased to command me any service there. He bid her tell me he would not have me go till he had spoken with me; and getting up immediately, he hastened down to me before he was quite dressed.

As soon as he saw me standing with my hat on, his passion transporting him, he fell upon me with both his fists, and having by that means somewhat vented his anger, he plucked off my hat and threw it away. Then stepping hastily out to the stable and seeing my borrowed nag stand ready saddled and bridled, he asked his man whence that horse came; who telling him he fetched it from Mr. Such-an-one's, "Then ride him presently back," said my father, "and tell Mr. ——— I desire he will never lend my son a horse again unless he brings a note from me."

The poor fellow, who loved me well, would fain have made excuses and delays; but my father was positive in his command, and so urgent that he would not let him stay so much as to take his breakfast, though he had five miles to ride, nor would he himself stir from the stable till he had seen the man mounted and gone.

Then coming in, he went up into his chamber to make himself more fully ready, thinking he had me safe enough now my horse was gone; for I took so much delight in riding that I seldom went on foot.

But while he was dressing himself in his chamber, I, who understood what had been done, changing my boots for shoes, took another hat, and acquainting my sister, who loved me very well, and whom I could confide in, whither I meant to go, went out privately and walked away to Wycombe, having seven long miles thither,

which yet seemed little and easy to me from the desire I had to be among friends.

As thus I travelled all alone, under a load of grief from the sense I had of the opposition and hardship I was to expect from my father, the enemy took advantage to assault me again, casting a doubt into my mind whether I had done well in thus coming away from my father without his leave or knowledge.

I was quiet and peaceable in my spirit before this question was darted into me; but after that, disturbance and trouble seized upon me, so that I was at a stand what to do—whether to go forward or backward. Fear of offending inclined me to go back, but desire of the meeting, and to be with friends, pressed me to go forward.

I stood still awhile to consider and weigh as well as I could the matter. I was sensibly satisfied that I had not left my father with any intention of undutifulness or disrespect to him, but merely in obedience to that drawing of spirit which I was persuaded was of the Lord, to join with His people in worshipping Him; and this made me easy.

But then the enemy, to make me uneasy again, objected, "But how could that drawing be of the Lord which drew me to disobey my father?"

I considered thereupon the extent of paternal power, which I found was not wholly arbitrary and unlimited, but had bounds set unto it; so that as in civil matters it was restrained to things lawful, so in spiritual and religious cases it had not a compulsory power over conscience, which ought to be subject to the heavenly Father. And therefore, though obedience to parents be enjoined to children, yet it is with this limitation [*in the Lord*]: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right" (I Pet. 6.1).

This turned the scale for going forward, and so on I went. And yet I was not wholly free from some fluctuations of mind, from the besettings of the enemy. Wherefore, although I knew that outward signs did not properly belong to the gospel dispensation, yet for my better assurance I did, in fear and great humility, beseech the Lord that he would be pleased so far to condescend to the weakness of His servant as to give me a sign by which I might certainly know whether my way was right before Him or not.

The sign which I asked was, "That if I had done wrong in coming as I did, I might be rejected or but coldly received at the place I was going to; but if this mine undertaking was right in His sight, He would give me favor with them I went to, so that they should receive me with hearty kindness and demonstrations of love." Accordingly, when I came to John Rance's house (which, being so much a stranger to all, I chose to go to, because I understood the meeting was commonly held there), they received me with more than ordinary kindness, especially Frances Rance, John Rance's then wife, who was both a grave and motherly woman and had a hearty love to truth and tenderness towards all that in sincerity sought after it. And this so kind reception, confirming me in the belief that my undertaking was approved of by the Lord, gave great satisfaction and ease to my mind; and I was thankful to the Lord therefor.

Thus it fared with me there; but at home it fared otherwise with my father. He, supposing I had betaken myself to my chamber when he took my hat from me, made no inquiry after me till evening came; and then, sitting by the fire and considering that the weather was very cold, he said to my sister, who sat by him: "Go up to your brother's chamber, and call him down;

it may be he will sit there else in a sullen fit till he has caught cold." "Alas! sir," said she, "he is not in his chamber, nor in the house neither." At that my father, startling, said: "Why, where is he then?"—"I know not, sir," said she, "where he is; but I know that when he saw you had sent away his horse, he put on shoes and went out on foot, and I have not seen him since. And indeed, sir," added she, "I don't wonder at this going away, considering how you used him." This put my father into a great fright doubting I was gone quite away; and so great a passion of grief seized on him that he forebore not to weep and to cry out aloud, so that the family heard him: "Oh, my son! I shall never see him more; for he is of so bold and resolute a spirit that he will run himself into danger and so may be thrown into some gaol [1] or other, where he may lie and die before I can hear of him." Then bidding her light him up to his chamber, he went immediately to bed, where he lay restless and groaning, and often bemoaning himself and me, for the greatest part of the night.

Before 1684 1714

[Ellwood and Milton]

After I was well enough to go abroad with respect to my own health and the safety of others, I went up, in the beginning of the twelfth month, 1661, to my friend Isaac Penington's at Chalfont, and abode there some time for the airing [2] myself more fully that I might be more fit for conversation.

I mentioned before that when I was a boy I had made some good progress in learning and lost it all again before I came to be a man; nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein until I came amongst the Quakers. But

[1] jail [2] reinvigorating with pure air

then I both saw my loss and lamented it, and applied myself with utmost diligence at all leisure times to recover it; so false I found that charge to be which in those times was cast as a reproach upon the Quakers that they despised and decried all human learning because they denied it to be essentially necessary to a gospel ministry, which was one of the controversies of those times.

But though I toiled hard and spared no pains to regain what once I had been master of, yet I found it a matter of so great difficulty that I was ready to say as the noble eunuch to Philip in another case, "How can I, unless I had some man to guide me?" [1]

This I had formerly complained of to my especial friend, Isaac Penington, but now more earnestly, which put him upon considering and contriving a means for my assistance.

He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he, with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning.

Thus by the mediation of my friend Isaac Penington with Dr. Paget and of Dr. Paget with John Milton was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, which at that time he needed not, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and to read to him what

[1] Acts 8.31

books he should appoint me, which was all the favor I desired.

But this being a matter which would require some time to bring it about, I in the meanwhile returned to my father's house in Oxfordshire.

I had before received direction by letters from my eldest sister, written by my father's command, to put [1] off [1] what cattle [2] he had left about his house and to discharge his servants; which I had done at the time called Michaelmas before. So that all that winter, when I was at home, I lived like an hermit, all alone, having a pretty large house and nobody in it but myself, a [3] nights especially; but an elderly woman, whose father had been an old servant to the family, came every morning and made my bed, and did what else I had occasion for her to do, till I fell ill of the smallpox, and then I had her with me and the nurse. But now, understanding by letter from my sister that my father did not intend to return to settle there, I made off those provisions which were in the house that they might not be spoiled when I was gone; and because they were what I should have spent if I had tarried there, I took the money made of them to myself for my support at London if the project succeeded for my going thither.

This done, I committed the care of the house to a tenant of my father's who lived in the town, and taking my leave of Crowell, went up to my sure friend Isaac Penington again; where understanding that the mediation used for my admittance to John Milton had succeeded so well that I might come when I would, I hastened to London and in the first place went to wait upon him.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of

[1] sell [2] chattel, property [3] of

Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Penington, who recommended me; to both whom he bore a good respect. And having inquired divers things of me with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went therefore and took myself a lodging as near to his house—which was then in Jewyn Street—as conveniently I could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first days of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors but to converse with foreigners either abroad or at home, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels; so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, who speak Anglice [1] their Latin, that—with some few other variations in sounding some consonants in particular cases, as *c* before *e* or *i* like *ch*, *sc* before *i* like *sh*, etc.—the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered, as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar, in which I had once been very ready, that I could both read a Latin author and after a sort hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now

[1] in English manner

harder to me to read than it was before to understand when read. But

> *Labor omnia vincit*
> *Improbus:*
> Incessant pains,
> The end obtains.

And so did I. Which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement but all the help he could; for, having a curious [1] ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not, and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open [2] the most difficult passages to me.

Thus went I on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons; and exercising myself with my own books in my chamber in the forenoons, I was sensible of an improvement.

But, alas! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health; my lungs, as I suppose, were too tender to bear the sulphurous air of that city, so that I soon began to droop; and in less than two months' time I was fain to leave both my studies and the city and return into the country to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither. . . .

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam [3] master, Milton, to take an house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box [4] for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled in it but was prevented by that imprisonment.

[1] delicate, nice [2] explain [3] former [4] cottage

But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled "Paradise Lost." After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, "Thou hast said much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'?" He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over and the City well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called "Paradise Regained," and in a pleasant tone said to me, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of." But from this digression I return to the family I then lived in.

Before 1684 1714

LYRISTS

CHARLES COTTON
CHARLES SACKVILLE
SIR CHARLES SEDLEY
JOHN WILMOT

CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687)

THE MORNING QUATRAINS

The cock has crowed an hour ago;
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego:
Tired nature is by sleep redressed,[1]
And labor's overcome by rest.

We have outdone the work of night;
'Tis time we rise t'attend the light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new business for the day.

None but the slothful or unsound
Are by the sun in feathers[2] found;
Nor, without rising with the sun,
Can the world's business e'er be done.

Hark, hark! the watchful chanticleer
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills to awe
And warn night's sovereign to withdraw.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn;
Aurora has her roses shed
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

[1] restored [2] bed

Xanthus and Æthon harnessed are
To roll away the burning car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

The sable cheeks of sullen Night
Are streaked with rosy streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear
To shade the other hemisphere.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
And longed-for day's loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight
As if she meant to meet the light.

Now doors and windows are unbarred;
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about "good-morrows" fly
As if day taught humanity.

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Mull's swollen and straddling paps to strip.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio with his bugle horn
Winds an imprime [1] unto the morn.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phœbus, arrayed in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all-enlightening rays.

[1] salute, rousing blast

Now each one to his work repairs:
All that have hands are laborers,
And manufactures of each trade
By opening shops are open laid.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team;
The angler goes unto the stream;
The woodman to the purlieus [1] hies,
The laboring bees to load their thighs.

Fair Amaryllis drives her flocks,
All night safe folded from the fox,
To flowery downs, where Colin stays
To court her with his roundelays.

The traveller now leaves his inn
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post [2] it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

The slick-faced schoolboy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance [3] makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

The fore-horse jingles on the road;
The waggoner lugs on his load;
The field with busy people snies; [4]
And city rings with various cries.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good or doing harm;
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For heaven's eye sees all we do.

[1] forests [2] speed [3] progress [4] swarms

None can that piercing sight evade:
It penetrates the darkest shade;
And sin, though it should 'scape the eye,
Would be discovered by the cry.

1689

RONDEAU.

Forbear, fair Phyllis, oh forbear
Those deadly, killing frowns, and spare
A heart so loving and so true,
By none to be subdued but you,
Who my poor life's sole princess are.
You only can create my care;
But offend you, I all things dare:
Then, lest your cruelty you rue,
Forbear;
And lest you kill that heart, beware,
To which there is some pity due,
If but because I humbly sue.
Your anger, therefore, sweetest fair,
Though mercy in your sex is rare,
Forbear.

1689

VIRELAY

Thou cruel fair, I go
To seek out any fate but thee;
Since there is none can wound me so,
Nor that has half thy cruelty.
Thou cruel fair, I go.

For ever, then, farewell!
'Tis a long leave I take; but oh,
To tarry with thee here is hell,
And twenty thousand hells to go;
For ever, though, farewell!

1689

SONG

Join once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
Which, though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss;
That is, as soon can taste a kiss,
As thine of softer touch.

Each kiss of thine creates desire;
Thy odorous breath inflames love's fire
And wakes the sleeping coal:
Such a kiss to be I find
The conversation of the mind
And whisper of the soul.

Thanks, sweetest; now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone:
Thou breathest silent darts;
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

1689

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1638-1706)

SONG

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ENGAGEMENT[1]

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you, —
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way;
The tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold,

[1] June 3

Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used[1] of old;
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy[2] Opdam[3] chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapor,[4] Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend or who's our foe,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,[5]
Or else at serious ombre[6] play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But now our fears tempestuous grow
And cast our hopes away,

[1] did [2] befuddled [3] Dutch admiral [4] boast [5] a number, from 5 to 9, in the game of hazard [6] card game

Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan, —
With a fa, la, la, la la!

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you when all those tunes were played,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy;
We have too much of that at sea, —
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

1665 1749

SONG

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,

Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
  Smooth are his looks and soft his pace:
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy
  That runs his link[1] full in your face.

1701

SONG

Phyllis, for shame! let us improve
  A thousand different ways
Those few short moments snatched by love
  From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
  The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
  Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
  Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
  In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
  Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
  And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
  To fools who thus advise,

[1] torch

May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise!

1750

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701)

SONG

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour like them
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see;
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why, then, should I seek further store,[1]
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

1702

SONG

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother[2] rose;

[1] abundance [2] Venus

No time his slaves from doubt can free,
  Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
  And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
  Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port;
  Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
  The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
  Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear
  In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
  And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
  It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
  And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
  Offends the wingèd boy

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
  Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
  I could no deeper love.

1702

PHYLLIS KNOTTING

"Hears not my Phyllis how the birds
  Their feathered mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words:
  Must I alone be mute?"
    Phyllis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

"The god of love in thy bright eyes
  Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies
  Without his dart or flame."
    Phyllis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

"So many months in silence past,
  And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
  My passion should approve."
    Phyllis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

"Must then your faithful swain expire
  And not one look obtain,
Which he to soothe his fond desire
  Might pleasingly explain?"
    Phyllis, without frown or smile,
    Sat and knotted all the while.

1702

SONG

Phyllis is my only joy!
  Faithless as the winds or seas,

Sometimes coming,[1] sometimes coy;
Yet she never fails to please:
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling
And beguiling
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy[2] fix,[3]
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free:
She deceiving,
I believing,—
What need lovers wish for more?

1702

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680)

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor used of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,—
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea may swim.

[1] forward [2] love [3] make secure or steadfast

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've naught to do;
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,[1]
Nor *Yarmouth*[2] leaguer[3] knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fixed stars or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,[4]
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are;
May Drink and Love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

1680

CONSTANCY

A Song

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born:
No, Phyllis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try,
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, and die.

[1] taken by the French and English, 1673 [2] an English man-of-war [3] besieging force [4] mock astrologer, *Hudibras* 2.3

When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall,—
That welcome hour that ends his smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful, tender heart
Can never break in vain.

1680

A SONG

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
When with love's restless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

1680

LOVE AND LIFE

All my past life is mine no more:
The flying hours are gone

Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got;
Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

1680

A SONG

Absent from thee, I languish still;[1]
Then ask me not when I return:
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove[2]
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed heart from my love.

When, wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I, contented, there expire;

[1] continually [2] experience

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

1680

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

1707

PROSE ALLEGORIST

JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

[The Slough of Despond]

Now I saw in my dream that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry Slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here therefore they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, "Ah! neighbor Christian, where are you now?"

Chr. "Truly, " said Christian, "I do not know."

Pli. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angerly said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave [1] country alone for me." And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two and got out of the mire on that side of the Slough which was next to his own house. So away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone. But still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the Slough that was still further from

[1] beautiful

his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

CHR. "Sir," said Christian, "I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come. And as I was going thither, I fell in here."

HELP. "But why did not you look for the steps?" [1]

CHR. "Fear followed me so hard that I fled the next way, and fell in."

HELP. Then said he, "Give me thy hand." So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out [2] and set him upon sound ground and bid him go on his way.

1678

[THE FOUL FIEND]

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him. His name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; "for," thought he, "had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 't would be the best way to stand."

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish, and they are his pride. He had wings like

[1] the Promises—B (Bunyan's note) [2] Ps. 40.2—B.

a dragon, feet like a bear; and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance and thus began to question with him.

APOLLYON. "Whence come you, and whither are you bound?"

CHR. "I am come from the city of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the city of Zion."

APOL. "By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground."

CHR. "I was born indeed in your dominions; but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; [1] for the wages of sin is death. Therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out if perhaps I might mend myself."

APOL. "There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects; neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back. What our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee."

CHR. "But I have let myself to Another, even to the King of princes; and how can I with fairness go back with thee?"

APOL. "Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves His servants after a while to give him the slip and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well."

CHR. "I have given Him my faith, and sworn my al-

[1] Rom. 6.23—B.

legiance to Him. How, then, can I go back from this and not be hanged as a traitor?"

Apol. "Thou didst the same to me; and yet I am willing to pass by all if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back."

Chr. "What I promised thee was in my nonage;[1] and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me, yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee. And besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like His service, His wages, His servants, His government, His company, and country better than thine. Therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am His servant, and I will follow Him."

Apol. "Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part His servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! And besides, thou countest His service better than mine, whereas He never came yet from the place where He is to deliver any that served Him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me from Him and His, though taken by them! And so I will deliver thee."

Chr. "His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to Him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account. For, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it when their Prince comes in His and the glory of the angels."

[1] minority

APOL. "Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to Him; and how doest thou think to receive wages of Him?"

CHR. "Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to Him?"

APOL. "Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond. Thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice things. Thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions. And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest."

CHR. "All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful and ready to forgive. But besides, these infirmities possessed [1] me in thy country, for there I suckt them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince."

APOL. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate His person, His laws, and people. I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

CHR. "Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness. Therefore take heed to yourself."

APOL. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way and said, "I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further. Here will I spill thy soul." And with that he threw a flaming

[1] got possession of

dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield[1] in his hand, with which he caught it and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail, by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back. Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain; and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now!" and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise";[2] and with that gave him a deadly thrust which made him give back as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."[3] And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

1678

[1] Eph. 6.16 [2] Ps. 37.24 [3] Rom. 8.37

[Doubting Castle]

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds; and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say; for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant therefore drove them before him and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirit of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did. They were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow because 'twas through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled

him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to beating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves either with knife, halter, or poison; "for why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshine weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether 'twas best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse.

CHR. "Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether is best to live thus or to die out of

hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,[1] and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. "Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus for ever to abide; but yet let us consider the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, 'Thou shalt do no murder,'[2] no, not to another man's person. Much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for 'no murderer hath eternal life,'[3] etc. And let us consider again that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows but that God, that made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die, or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in, or but he may, in short time, have another of his fits before us and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let's be patient and endure a while. The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother. So they continued together in the dark that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the

[1] Job 7.15—B [2] Ex. 20.13 [3] 1 John 3.15

dungeon again to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But when he came there, he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swound; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

Hope. "My brother," said he, "remembrest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear or see or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through; and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let's exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us, at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in, bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now night being come again and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to

bear all hardship than to make away themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again and takes them into the castle-yard and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go get you down to your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in a lamentable case as before. Now when night was come and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant. "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then

said Hopeful, "That's good news. Good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard and with his key opened the door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went damnable hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on and came to the King's highway, and so were safe because they were out of his jurisdiction.

1678

[The River]

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over. The river was very deep. At the sight thereof of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate. The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, "Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch [1] and Elijah,[2] been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world; nor shall until the last trumpet [3] shall sound." The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in his mind and looked this way and that, but no way could be found

[1] Gen. 5.24 [2] Kings 2.11 [3] 1 Cor. 15:51, 52—B

by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, "No"; yet they could not help them in that case; "for," said they, "you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place."

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all His waves go over me. Selah." [1] Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother. I feel the bottom; and it is good." Then said Christian, "Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about.[2] I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey." [3] And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind and hearty fears that he should die in that river and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. 'Twas also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words.

Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water. Yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down; and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also would endeavor to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by it to receive us"; but Christian would

[1] Ps. 69.2, Jonah 2.3 [2] Ps. 116.3 [3] Josh. 5.6

answer, "'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for; for you have been hopeful ever since I knew you." "And so have you," said he to Christian. "Ah! brother," said he, "surely if I was right, He would now arise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare and hath left me." Then said Hopeful, "My brother, you have quite forgot the text where it is said of the wicked, 'There is no band in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not troubled as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.'[1] These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of His goodness and live upon Him in your distresses."

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh! I see Him again; and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"[2] Then they both took courage; and the enemy was after that as still as a stone until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon; and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

1678

[The City]

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they

[1] Ps. 73:4, 5—B [2] Isa. 43.2—B

saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms. Also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for, though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river and had such glorious companions to attend them. . . .

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb."[1] There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side.

[1] Rev. 19.9—B

Some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left, as 'twere to guard them through the upper regions, continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high, so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as 'twere, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view; and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever! Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed? Thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they were come up to the gate, there were written over it, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."[1]

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place"; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate which

[1] Rev. 22.14—B

they had received in the beginning. Those therefore were carried into the King, who, when He had read them, said, "Where are the men?" To whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate." The King then commanded to open the gate, "that the righteous nation," said He, "that keepeth truth may enter in." [1]

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of our Lord." I also heard the men themselves say that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, honor, glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." [2]

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them; and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord." [3] And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them. 1678

[1] Isa. 26.2—B
[2] Rev. 5:13, 14—B
[3] Rev. 4.8

ESSAYISTS

Sir William Temple

John Locke

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699)

OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

I CAN truly say that of all the paper I have blotted, which has been a great deal in my time, I have never written anything for the public without the intention of some public good. Whether I have succeeded or no is not my part to judge; and others, in what they tell me, may deceive either me or themselves. Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether they come up or no and whether he or any other gather the fruit.

I have chosen those subjects of these essays wherein I take human life to be most concerned, and which are of most common use or most necessary knowledge; and wherein, though I may not be able to inform men more than they know, yet I may perhaps give them the occasion to consider more than they do.

This is a sort of instruction that no man can dislike, since it comes from himself and is made without envy or fear, constraint or obligation, which makes us commonly dislike what is taught us by others. All men would be glad to be their own masters, and should not be sorry to be their own scholars when they pay no more for their learning than their own thoughts, which they have commonly more store of about them than they know what to do with, and which, if they do not apply to something of good use nor employ about something of ill, they will trifle away upon something vain or im-

pertinent: their thoughts will be but waking dreams, as their dreams are sleeping thoughts. Yet of all sorts of instructions, the best is gained from our own thoughts as well as experience; for, though a man may grow learned by other men's thoughts, yet he will grow wise or happy only by his own. The use of other men's towards these ends is but to serve for one's own reflections; otherwise they are but like meat swallowed down for pleasure or greediness, which only charges [1] the stomach or fumes into the brain if it be not well digested and thereby turned into the very mass or substance of the body that receives it.

Some writers, in casting up the goods [2] most desirable in life, have given them this rank: health, beauty, and riches. Of the first I find no dispute, but to the two others much may be said; for beauty is a good that makes others happy rather than one's self; and how riches should claim so high a rank I cannot tell, when so great, so wise, and so good a part of mankind have in all ages preferred poverty before them. The Therapeutæ [3] and Ebionites [4] among the Jews, the primitive monks and modern friars among Christians, so many dervishes among the Mahometans, the Brachmans [5] among the Indians, and all the ancient philosophers, who, whatever else they differed in, agreed in this of despising riches, and at best esteeming them an unnecessary trouble or encumbrance of life: so that whether they are to be reckoned among goods or evils is yet left in doubt.

When I was young and in some idle company, it was proposed that every one should tell what their three wishes should be if they were sure to be granted. Some

[1] loads [2] good things, ends [3] Judæo-Christian ascetics of Alexandria, 1st century A. D. [4] Judæo-Christian sect, 2nd to 4th centuries A. D. [5] Brahmins, priestly class of Hindoos

were very pleasant, and some very extravagant; mine were health, and peace, and fair weather; which, though out of the way among young men, yet perhaps might pass well enough among old. They are all of a strain, for health in the body is like peace in the state and serenity in the air; the sun, in our climate at least, has something so reviving that a fair day is a kind of a sensual pleasure, and of all others the most innocent.

Peace is a public blessing without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life: neither innocence or laws are a guard of defense; no possessions are enjoyed but in danger or fear, which equally lose the pleasure and ease of all that fortune can give us. Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it: a man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is old and impotent in seraglios [1] of the most sparkling beauties, poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortune. With common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance [2] are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden. But if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects. . . .

The two great blessings of life are, in my opinion, health and good humor; and none contribute more to one another: without health, all will allow life to be but a burden; and the several conditions of fortune to be

[1] harems [2] retinue

all wearisome, dull, or disagreeable without good humor; nor does any seem to contribute towards the true happiness of life but as it serves to increase that treasure or to preserve it. Whatever other differences are commonly apprehended in the several conditions of fortune, none perhaps will be found so true or so great as what is made by those two circumstances, so little regarded in the common course or pursuits of mortal men.

Whether long life be a blessing or no, God Almighty only can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run and how it is like to be attended. Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason. A man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad who used to say a man must be a mean wretch that desired to live after three score years old. But so much, I doubt,[1] is certain, that in life, as in wine, he that will drink it good must not draw it to dregs.

Where this happens, one comfort of age may be that whereas younger men are usually in pain when they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain. And as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyment by raving after what is to come, by vain hopes or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore men, in the health and vigor of their age, should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in their public or private stations, that they may have something agreeable left to feed on, when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

But as they are only the clean beasts which chew the

[1] doubt not

cud when they have fed enough, so they must be clean and virtuous men that can reflect, with pleasure, upon the past accidents or courses of their lives. Besides, men who grow old with good sense, or good fortunes and good nature, cannot want[2] the pleasure of pleasing others by assisting with their gifts, their credit, and their advice such as deserve it; as well as their care of children, kindness to friends, and bounty to servants. But there cannot indeed live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others; and, in such a condition, it is time to leave them.

Thus have I traced in this essay whatever has fallen in my way or thoughts to observe concerning life and health, and which I conceived might be of any public use to be known or considered. The plainness wherewith it is written easily shows there could be no other intention. And it may at least pass like a Derbyshire charm, which is used among sick cattle, with these words: if it does thee no good, it will do thee no harm.

To sum up all, the first principle of health and long life is derived from the strength of our race or our birth, which gave occasion to that saying, *Gaudeant bene nati:* Let them rejoice that are happily born. Accidents are not in our power to govern; so that the best cares or provisions for life and health that are left us consist in the discreet and temperate government of diet and exercise; in both which all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine; whereof the first glass may pass for health, the second for good humor, the third for our friends, but the fourth is for our enemies.

For temperance in other kinds, or in general, I have

[2] lack, miss

given its character and virtues in the essay of moxa, so as to need no more upon that subject here.

When, in default or despite of all these cares, or by effect of ill airs and seasons, acute or strong diseases may arise, recourse must be had to the best physicians that are in reach, whose success will depend upon thought and care as much as skill. In all diseases of body or mind, it is happy to have an able physician for a friend, or discreet friend for a physician; which is so great a blessing that the wise man will have it to proceed only from God, where he says, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and he that fears the Lord shall find him." [1]

1692

[OF THE PRETENSIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE]

The greatest modern inventions seem to be those of the loadstone and gunpowder: by the first whereof navigation must be allowed to have been much improved and extended, and by the last the art military, both at sea and land, to have been wholly changed. Yet it is agreed, I think, that the Chineses have had the knowledge and use of gunpowder many ages before it came into Europe; and besides, both these have not served for any common or necessary use to mankind: one having been employed for their destruction, not their preservation, and the other only to feed their avarice or increase their luxury. Nor can we say that they are the inventions of this age, wherein learning and knowledge are pretended to be so wonderfully increased and advanced.

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind by all the airy speculations of those

[1] Cf. Prov. 17:17; 27:6,9

who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years, which is the date of our modern pretenders, I confess I am yet to seek[1] and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences on foot in this age and the progress they are like to make in the next: as, the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone,[2] which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lambs from which it is to be derived: an universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying till a man happens to fall down and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away, besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto,[3] but without half so much wit or so much instruction; for there these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials, with those of Orlando.

One great difference must be confessed between the ancient and modern learning: theirs led them to a sense

[1] at a loss, uninformed [2] an imaginary stone thought capable of transmuting base metals into gold [3] Italian poet (1474-1533), author of *Orlando Furioso*

and acknowledgement of their own ignorance, the imbecility of human understanding, the incomprehension even of things about us, as well as those above us; so as the most sublime wits among the ancients ended in their Ακαταληψια;[1] ours leads us to presumption, and vain ostentation of the little we have learned, and makes us think we do or shall know not only all natural, but even what we call supernatural, things; all in the heavens as well as upon earth; more than all mortal men have known before our age; and shall know in time as much as angels.

Socrates was by the Delphic oracle pronounced the wisest of all men because he professed that he knew nothing: what would the oracle have said of a man that pretends to know everything? Pliny the elder, and most learned of all the Romans whose writings are left, concludes the uncertainty and weakness of human knowledge with, *"Constat igitur inter tanta incerta, nihil esse certi; præterquam hominem, nec miserius quicquam nec superbius."* But sure our modern learned, and especially the divines of that sect among whom it seems this disease is spread, and who will have the world "to be ever improving," and that nothing is "forgotten that ever was known among mankind," must themselves have forgotten that humility and charity are the virtues which run through the scope of the Gospel; and one would think they never had read, or at least never minded, the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, which is allowed to have been written, not only by the wisest of men, but even by divine inspiration, where Solomon tells us,

"The thing that has been, is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It has been already of old time which was before us: there is no

[1] incomprehensibleness

remembrance of former things, neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after." [1]

These, with many other passages in that admirable Book, were enough, one would think, to humble and mortify the presumption of our modern sciolists,[2] if their pride were not as great as their ignorance, or if they knew the rest of the world any better than they know themselves. 1692

OF POETRY

[Poetry and Music]

But to spin off this thread, which is already grown too long: what honor and request the ancient poetry has lived in may not only be observed from the universal reception and use in all nations from China to Peru, from Scythia to Arabia, but from the esteem of the best and the greatest men as well as the vulgar.[3] Among the Hebrews, David and Solomon, the wisest kings, Job and Jeremiah, the holiest men, were the best poets of their nation and language. Among the Greeks, the two most renowned sages and lawgivers were Lycurgus and Solon, whereof the last is known to have excelled in poetry, and the first was so great a lover of it that to his care and industry we are said—by some authors—to owe the collection and preservation of the loose and scattered pieces of Homer in the order wherein they have since appeared. Alexander is reported neither to have travelled nor slept without those admirable poems always in his company. Phalaris,[4] that was inexorable

[1] Eccl. 1:9, 10 [2] pretenders to scientific attainments [3] common [4] tyrant of Agrigentum, Sicily, 6th century B.C.

to all other enemies, relented at the charms of Stesichorus [1] his muse. Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio [2] passed the last hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Caesar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his muse. Augustus [3] was not only a patron but a friend and companion of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too as far as his genius would reach or his busy scene [4] allow. It is true, since his age we have few such examples of great princes favoring or affecting poetry, and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humors [5] or noise of their perpetual wars frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it, certain it is that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are among us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds; they serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the

[1] Sicilian lyric poet and leader of choruses [2] Scipio Africanus, the Younger, d. 129 B.C. [3] Augustus Caesar (63 B.C.-A.D. 14) [4] theater of life [5] dispositions

voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel for fear of reproaching their own temper and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too, and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men because they cannot be quiet themselves though nobody hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

1692

JOHN LOCKE (1632-1704)

AN ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

Of Ideas in General and Their Original [1]

Idea Is the Object of Thinking. Every man being conscious to himself that he thinks, and that which his

[1] Origin

mind is applied about whilst thinking being the ideas that are there, it is past doubt that men have in their minds several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness, and others. It is in the first place, then, to be inquired how he comes by them. I know it is a received doctrine that men have native ideas and original characters stamped upon their minds in their very first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and I suppose what I have said in the foregoing book will be much more easily admitted when I have shown whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind; for which I shall appeal to every one's own observation and experience.

All Ideas Come from Sensation or Reflection. Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas. How comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word: from experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge from whence all the ideas we have or can naturally have do spring.

The Objects of Sensation, One Source of Ideas. First, our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct per-

ceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities, which when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses and derived by them to the understanding, I call Sensation.

The Operations of Our Minds, the Other Source of Them. Secondly, the other fountain from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas is the perception of the operations of our own mind within us as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds; which we, being conscious of and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense. But as I call the other Sensation, so I call this Reflection, the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, in the following part of this discourse, I would be understood to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations and the manner of them, by reason whereof there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I

say, *viz.*, external material things, as the objects of sensation; and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection, are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term operations here I use in a large sense as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

All Our Ideas Are of the One or the Other of These. The understanding seems to me not to have the least glimmering of any ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us; and the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations.

These, when we have taken a full survey of them and their several modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas, and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways. Let any one examine his own thoughts and thoroughly search into his understanding, and then let him tell me whether all the original ideas he has there are any other than of the objects of his senses, or of the operations of his mind considered as objects of his reflection: and how great a mass of knowledge soever he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see that he has not any idea in his mind but what one of these two have imprinted; though, perhaps, with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding, as we shall see hereafter.

Observable in Children. He that attentively considers the state of a child at his first coming into the world, will have little reason to think him stored with

plenty of ideas that are to be the matter of his future knowledge: it is by degrees he comes to be furnished with them. And though the ideas of obvious and familiar qualities imprint themselves before the memory begins to keep a register of time or order, yet it is often so late before some unusual qualities come in the way that there are few men that cannot recollect the beginning of their acquaintance with them; and if it were worth while, no doubt a child might be so ordered as to have but a very few, even of the ordinary ideas, till he were grown up to a man. But all that are born into the world being surrounded with bodies that perpetually and diversely affect them, variety of ideas, whether care be taken of it or no, are imprinted on the minds of children. Light and colors are busy at hand everywhere when the eye is but open; sounds and some tangible qualities fail not to solicit their proper senses and force an entrance to the mind; but yet, I think, it will be granted easily that if a child were kept in a place where he never saw any other but black and white till he were a man, he would have no more ideas of scarlet or green than he that from his childhood never tasted an oyster or a pineapple has of those particular relishes. . . .

The Original of All Our Knowledge. In time the mind comes to reflect on its own operations about the ideas got by sensation, and thereby stores itself with a new set of ideas, which I call ideas of reflection. These are the impressions that are made on our senses by outward objects that are extrinsical to the mind, and its own operations proceeding from powers intrinsical and proper to itself; which, when reflected on by itself, becoming also objects of its contemplation, are, as I have said, the original of all knowledge. Thus the first capacity of human intellect is that the mind is

fitted to receive the impressions made on it, either through the senses by outward objects or by its own operations when it reflects on them. This is the first step a man makes towards the discovery of anything, and the groundwork whereon to build all those notions which ever he shall have naturally in this world. All those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds and reach as high as heaven itself take their rise and footing here: in all that good extent wherein the mind wanders, in those remote speculations it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas which sense or reflection have offered for its contemplation.

1690

OF THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING

Of Practice and Habits

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can easily be imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well-proportioned and his joints as supple and his natural parts[1] not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master and the fingers of a musician fall as it were naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavor to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What

[1] faculties, abilities

incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! Not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because on that very account they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind: practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery; others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true that at first some lucky hit, which took with somebody and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it, but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind, as well as those of the body, to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade and never produces anything for want of improvement

We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and yet one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns [1] of [1] court.[1]

To what purpose all this but to show that the difference so observable in men's understandings and parts does not arise so much from their natural faculties as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger [2] at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavor at that age to make a man reason well or speak handsomely who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules or laying them up in his memory: practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician extempore by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting as a coherent thinker or a strict reasoner by a set of rules showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so that defects and weakness in men's understanding, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dextrous and sharp enough in making

[1] law students' lodgings [2] farm laborer

a bargain who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

c. 1697 1762

Fundamental Verities

The mind of man being very narrow, and so slow in making acquaintance with things and taking in new truths that no one man is capable, in a much longer life than ours, to know all truths, it becomes our prudence, in our search after knowledge, to employ our thoughts about fundamental and material questions, carefully avoiding those that are trifling and not suffering ourselves to be diverted from our main, even [1] purpose by those that are merely incidental. How much of many young men's time is thrown away in purely logical inquiries, I need not mention. This is no better than if a man who was to be a painter should spend all his time in examining the threads of the several cloths he is to paint upon and counting the hairs of each pencil and brush he intends to use in the laying on of his colors. Nay, it is much worse than for a young painter to spend his apprenticeship in such useless niceties; for he, at the end of all his pains to no purpose, finds that it is not painting nor any help to it and so is really to no purpose; whereas men designed for scholars have often their heads so filled and warmed with disputes on logical questions that they take those airy,[2] useless notions for real and substantial knowledge, and think their understandings so well furnished with science that they need not look any further into the nature of things or descend to the mechanical drudgery of experiment and inquiry. This is so obvious a mismanagement of the understanding, and that in the professed way to

[1] unvarying [2] fantastic

knowledge, that it could not be passed by; to which might be joined abundance of questions, and the way of handling of them in the schools. What faults in particular of this kind every man is or may be guilty of would be infinite to enumerate; it suffices to have shown that superficial and slight discoveries, and observations that contain nothing of moment in themselves nor serve as clues to lead us into further knowledge, should not be thought worth our searching after.

There are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in which they have their consistency. These are teeming truths, rich in store,[1] with which they furnish the mind, and, like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and entertaining in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things that without them could not be seen or known. Such is that admirable discovery of Mr. Newton that all bodies gravitate to one another, which may be counted as the basis of natural philosophy; which, of what use it is to the understanding of the great frame of our solar system, he has to the astonishment of the learned world shown; and how much further it would guide us in other things, if rightly pursued, is not yet known. Our Savior's great rule, that "we should love our neighbors as ourselves," is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society that I think by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. These and such as these are the truths we should endeavor to find out and store our minds with

c. 1697 1762

[1] abundance of instruction or ideas

THE AGE IN EPITOME

John Dryden

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

From ASTRÆA REDUX

A Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty Charles the Second

And welcome now, great Monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
It is no longer motion cheats your view:
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too,
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in His name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause;
Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odors, lose their spite.
And as those lees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine,

So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds [1] on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Choked up the beach with their still growing store [2]
And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurred with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those who had seen you court a second sight,
Preventing [3] still your steps and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you pass'd.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day
When you renewed the expiring pomp of May!
A month that owns an interest in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright
It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds that overcast your morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-loved fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land;
And as old Time his offspring swallowed down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be,
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear

[1] Cf. Pepys' account, p. 357 [2] abundance, numbers
[3] running ahead of

Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
For what the powerful takes not he bestows;
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
But most your life and blest example win.
Oh happy Prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone
By Fate reserved for great Augustus' throne,
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you!

1660

SONG

Ah, fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new;
And follow fate, that does too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness.
They all enjoy and nothing spare,
But on their mother nature lay their care:
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know
As none of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash, upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

1665

SONG

You pleasing dreams of love and sweet delight,
Appear before this slumbering virgin's sight;
Soft visions set her free
From mournful piety.
Let her sad thoughts from heaven retire;
And let the melancholy love
Of those remoter joys above
Give place to your more sprightly fire.
Let purling streams be in her fancy seen,
And flowery meads, and vales of cheerful green;
And in the midst of deathless groves
Soft sighing wishes lie,
And smiling hopes fast by,
And just beyond 'em ever-laughing loves.

1670

From ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

The Jews,[1] a headstrong, moody, murmuring race
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace;
God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,
No king could govern nor no God could please
(Gods they had tried of every shape and size
That godsmiths could produce or priests devise),—
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;

[1] English people

And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscribed and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul [1] was dead, without a blow
Made foolish Ishbosheth [2] the crown forego;
Who banished David [3] did from Hebron [4] bring,
And with a general shout proclaimed him king;
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
Their humor more than loyalty expressed,
Now wondered why so long they had obeyed
An idol-monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf,[5] a state.
But these were random bolts; no formed design
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel,[6] free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight,
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They cursed the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,[7]
Inclined the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness managed it so well
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biassed nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means,
And providently pimps [8] for ill desires:
The Good Old Cause [9] revived, a plot requires;
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.

[1] Oliver Cromwell [2] Richard Cromwell [3] Charles II
[4] Scotland, perhaps Flanders [5] Ex. 32:1-6 [6] England
[7] tempered, dispositioned [8] panders [9] that of the Commonwealth

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem [1]
Were Jebusites; [2] the town so called from them;
And theirs the native right.
But when the chosen [3] people [3] grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong,
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weakened, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverished and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins,[4] though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise;
For 'twas their duty, all the learnèd think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot,[5] the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse,
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,
Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:
Succeeding times did equal folly call
Believing nothing or believing all.

[1] London [2] Roman Catholics [3] Protestants [4] Anglican doctors [5] alleged Popish Plot, 1678

The Egyptian [1] rites the Jebusites embraced,
Where gods were recommended by their taste;
Such savory deities must needs be good
As served at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods,
For ten to one in former days was odds;
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade—
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews
And raked for converts even the Court and stews; [2]
Which Hebrew priests [3] the more unkindly took
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed [4] meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?

This plot, which failed for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humor which before
Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er,
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and, thrown from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

[1] French [2] brothels [3] Anglican clergy [4] the King

Of these the false Achitophel [1] was first;
A name to all succeeding ages cursed:
For close [2] designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blessed,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son,
Got [3] while his soul did huddled [4] notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this, the triple bond [5] he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

[1] Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury [2] secret [3] begot [4] confused, turbulent [5] alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden against France, 1668, broken 1670 by Charles

How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge:
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin [1]
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean;
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch and easy of access.
Oh, had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,[2]
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle [3] that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted [4] one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest [5] of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the plot he takes:
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.

[1] head of the Jewish court, here Chief Justice (Lord Chancellor) [2] judge [3] weeds [4] lacked [5] L. *manifestus*, convicted

Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel:
For, governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom. . . .

He said, and this advice above the rest
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblamed of life (ambition set aside),
Not stained with cruelty nor puffed with pride.
How happy had he been if destiny
Had higher placed his birth or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne
And blessed all other countries but his own:
But charming greatness[1] since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love,
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites,
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best (and of the princes some were such),
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts;—
By these the springs of property were bent
And wound so high they cracked the government.
The next for interest sought to embroil the state,

[1] high position or honor

To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne,
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless, heavy load,
Who cost too much and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them joined all the haranguers of the throng
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the King:
The Solymæan [1] rout,[2] well versed of old
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty [3] to a lawful Prince restored;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic [4] plot begun,
And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites [5] headed these; who, pulled before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old beloved theocracy,
Where Sanhedrim [6] and priest enslaved the nation
And justified their spoils by inspiration;
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race [7]
If once dominion they could found in grace!
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest-mouthed against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed;
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build and all things to destroy.

[1] London (Solyma, Jerusalem) [2] rabble [3] haughty
[4] heathen, gentile [5] priests, here Presbyterian ministers
[6] Parliament [7] the clergy

But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.
These [1] out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Adored their fathers' God and property,
And by the same blind benefit of fate
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be saved, even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra [2] more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri [3] stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blessed madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent or over-civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;

[1] believers in election and predestination [2] many-headed water serpent [3] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel . . .

1681

MAC[1] FLECKNOE,[2]

[OR, A SATIRE ON THE TRUE BLUE PROTESTANT POET, T.S.[3]]

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long:
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This agèd prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval,
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;

[1] son of [2] Richard Flecknoe, obscure Irish poet [3] Thomas Shadwell, Whig dramatist and poet, Dryden's successor as laureate

His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology!
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget,[1] came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host.—
The like was ne'er in Epsom[2] blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar. . . .
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not even the feet of thy own *Psyche's*[3] rhyme,
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell
That, pale with envy, Singleton[4] forswore

[1] inferior woollen cloth [2] allusion to Shadwell's play, *Epsom Wells* [3] *Psyche*, an opera, 1674 [4] a singer and actor

The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius [1] more."
Here stopped the good old sire and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
That for anointed dullness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta [2] bind,
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclined,)
An ancient fabric, raised t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight: [3]
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains. . . .
Near these a nursery [4] erects its head,
Where queens are formed and future heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry, . . .
And little Maximins [5] the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin [6] just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanished minds:
Pure clinches [7] the suburbian Muse affords,
And Pânton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
To whom true dullness should some *Psyches* owe,
But worlds of *Misers* [8] from his pen should flow;
Humorists [8] and hypocrites it should produce,

[1] character in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* [2] London [3] was called [4] The Nursery, a theater for training child actors [5] Maximin, defiant character in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love* [6] a clown [7] puns [8] Shadwell plays

Whole Raymond[1] families and tribes of Bruce.[1]
Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of Fame, the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watling Street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay.
From dusty shops neglected authors come: . . .
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilked[2] stationers for yeomen stood prepared,
And Herringman[3] was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared.
High on a throne of his own labors reared;
At his right hand our young Ascanius[4] sate.
Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dullness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office and as priest by trade.
In his sinister[5] hand, instead of ball,[6]
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom[7] to his right he did convey,
At once his scepter and his rule of sway,

[1] characters in Shadwell's play [2] cheated by the unsalableness of Shadwell's works [3] prominent publisher [4] son of Æneas, here Shadwell [5] left [6] royal emblem of earthly dominion [7] play by Flecknoe

Whose righteous lore the prince had practised young,
And from whose loins recorded [1] *Psyche* sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dullness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!"
He paused, and all the people cried "Amen!"
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George [2] in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage,
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling charm the pit
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence
And justify their author's want of sense.

[1] sung, rendered [2] George Etherege, dramatist

Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dullness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley [1] interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull.
Trust nature: do not labor to be dull,
But write thy best, and top; and in each line
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal,[2] though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications [3] fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby [4] thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his [5] wit on learning fix a brand
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's [6] vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain? . . .
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil and waters flow:
His always floats above; thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,

[1] Earl of Dorset, who wrote the prologue to Shadwell's *Epsom Wells* [2] Sedley, also a character in Shadwell's play *The Virtuoso* [3] dedications to the northern Duke of Newcastle [4] Scotch poetaster; cf. l.101 [5] Jonson's [6] Nicander, character in *Psyche*

New humors to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dullness 'tis inclined;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness;[1] thine's a tympany[2] of sense.
A tun[3] of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin[4] of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep:
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep;
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite;
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land:
There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
Or if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said; but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce[5] and Longville[5] had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget[6] robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind:
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

1682

[1] resemblance to Jonson's [2] drum [3] barrel [4] cask
[5] characters in *The Virtuoso* [6] coarse

From THE HIND [1] AND THE PANTHER [2]

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian [3] shafts; and many wingèd wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die,
Not so her young,[4] for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine:
Their earthly mould obnoxious [5] was to fate;
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian [6] wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed, the mother viewed
Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt,[7] though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,

[1] Roman Catholic Church [2] Church of England [3] sharp and poisoned [4] Catholic priests since the Reformation [5] subject to injury [6] Scottish, perhaps British [7] Protestant sects, hunters of a common quarry

Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear,[1] an independent beast,
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare[2]
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape,[3] as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to choose;
Still when the Lion[4] looked, his knees he bent
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar,[5] impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place
And mountains levelled in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But, since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard[6] fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end. . . .

[1] Independents [2] Quakers [3] atheists [4] King of England
[5] Anabaptists [6] Arians, Unitarians

The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf [1] begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell:
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run
Since the new honors of her blood begun.

1687

A SONG

FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame [2] began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,

[1] Presbyterians [2] the world

The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead!"
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason [1] closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal [2] struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum,
Cries, "Hark! the foes come:
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

[1] whole octave of musical sounds [2] Jubal Cain, Gen. 4.21

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pains and height of passion
For the fair, disdainful dame.
But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus [1] could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
Sequacious [2] of [2] the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

1687

[1] legendary musician of Thrace, reputed inventor of the lyre
[2] inclined to follow

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT[1] OF MILTON

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first[2] in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next[3] in majesty, in both the last.[4]
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

1688

SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING

ASK not the cause why sullen spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye,
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?

[1] in Tonson's Folio Edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1688
[2] Homer [3] Virgil [4] Milton

Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
  Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
  And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love designed
To be the victim for mankind.

1693

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

An Ode in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697

I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
  By Philip's warlike son:[1]
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
  On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
  (So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais,[2] by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
    Happy, happy, happy pair!
      None but the brave,
      None but the brave,
    None but the brave deserves the fair.

[1] Alexander [2] Greek courtezan

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus,[1] placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from[2] Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love):
A dragon's fiery form belied[3] the god;
Sublime on radiant spires[4] he rode,
When he to fair Olympia[5] pressed;
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

[1] musician of Bœotia [2] with, about [3] concealed [4] coils
[5] Olympias, mother of Alexander

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys [1] breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young.
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,

[1] oboes, wood wind-instruments

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his [1] pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius [2] great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

[1] Alexander's [2] King of Persia, defeated at Marathon

For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian [1] measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
"War," he sung, "is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee."
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

[1] soft, languishing; opposed to the martial or Dorian music

Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries;
"See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal [1] frame; [1]
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal [2] to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

1697

[1] organ [2] Alexander

HUNTING SONG

DIANA

With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe and am buskined [1] soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing [2] moon;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er the summits of rocks;
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter and doubles the cry.

CHORUS

With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter and doubles [3] the cry.

1700

From AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

It was that memorable day,[4] in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch—a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of His Royal Highness,[5] went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the City; so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful sus-

[1] booted [2] waxing [3] repeats [4] June 3, 1665 [5] James, Duke of York

pense of the event,[1] which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him. And leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the River, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the fortune of Eugenius,[2] Crites,[3] Lisideius,[4] and Neander,[5] to be in company together: three of them persons whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town, and whom I have chosen to hide under these borrowed names that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideius had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge,[6] and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired; after which, having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favoring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney; those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets.

After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound by little and little went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our

[1] outcome [2] Charles Sackville. Cf. his *Song Written at Sea*, p. 428 [3] Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law [4] Sir Charles Sedley. [5] Dryden [6] London Bridge

nation's victory; adding that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

When the rest had concurred in the same opinion, Crites, a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a taste in wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill nature, said, smiling to us, that if the concernment [1] of this battle had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wished the victory at the price he knew he must pay for it in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made on it; adding that no argument could 'scape some of those eternal rimers, who watch a battle with more diligence than the ravens and birds of prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry; while the better able either out of modesty writ not at all or set that due value upon their poems as to let them be often desired and long expected.

"There are some of those impertinent people of whom you speak," answered Lisideius, "who, to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a panegyric upon the victory but, if need be, a funeral elegy upon the Duke, wherein, after they have crowned his valor with many laurels, they will at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding, that his courage deserved a better destiny." . . .

"There are so few who write well in this age," said Crites, "that methinks any praises should be welcome. They neither rise to the dignity of the last age nor to any of the ancients; and we may cry out of the writers of this time, with more reason than Petronius of his, *'Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis':* You have debauched the true old poetry so

[1] importance

far that Nature, which is the soul of it, is not in any of your writings!"

"If your quarrel," said Eugenius, "to those who now write be grounded only upon your reverence to antiquity, there is no man more ready to adore those great Greeks and Romans than I am; but, on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the age in which I live, or so dishonorably of my own country, as not to judge we equal the ancients in most kinds of poesy and in some surpass them. Neither know I any reason why I may not be as zealous for the reputation of our age as we find the ancients themselves were in referenc to those who lived before them. For you hear your Horace saying,

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassé
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.

And after:

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

"But I see I am engaging in a wide dispute, where the arguments are not like to reach close on either side; for poesy is of so large an extent, and so many, both of the ancients and moderns, have done well in all kinds of it that in citing one against the other we shall take up more time this evening than each man's occasions will allow him. Therefore I would ask Crites to what part of poesy he would confine his arguments, and whether he would defend the general cause of the ancients against the moderns or oppose any age of the moderns against that of ours."

Crites, a little while considering upon this demand told Eugenius that if he pleased he would limit their dispute to dramatic poesy; in which he thought it not difficult to prove either that the ancients were superior to the moderns or the last age to this of ours.

Eugenius was somewhat surprised when he heard Crites make choice of that subject. "For aught I see," said he, "I have undertaken a harder province than I imagined; for, though I never judged the plays of the Greek or Roman poets comparable to ours, yet, on the other side, those we now see acted come short of many which were written in the last age. But my comfort is, if we are overcome, it will be only by our own countrymen; and if we yield to them in this one part of poesy, we more surpass them in all the other; for in the epic or lyric way, it will be hard for them to show us one such amongst them as we have many now living, or who lately were. They can produce nothing so courtly writ, or which expresses so much the conversation of a gentleman, as Sir John Suckling; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing as Mr. Waller; nothing so majestic, so correct as Sir John Denham; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of spirit as Mr. Cowley. As for the Italian, French, and Spanish plays, I can make it evident that those who now write surpass them; and that the drama is wholly ours."

All of them were thus far of Eugenius his opinion, that the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers; even Crites himself did not much oppose it. And every one was willing to acknowledge how much our poesy is improved by the happiness of some writers yet living, who first taught us to mold our thoughts into easy and significant words, to retrench the superfluities of expression, and to make our rime so properly a part of the verse that it should never mislead the sense but itself be led and governed by it. . . .

"But to return whence I have digressed: I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English drama:—first, that we have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs, and which, besides, have more variety of plot and

characters; and, secondly, that in most of the irregular plays of Shakespeare or Fletcher (for Ben Jonson's are for the most part regular), there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the writing than there is in any of the French. I could produce even in Shakespeare's and Fletcher's works some plays which are almost exactly formed, as the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'The Scornful Lady': but because, generally speaking, Shakespeare, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the laws of comedy, and Fletcher, who came nearer to perfection, yet through carelessness made many faults, I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws; and from all his comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*, of which I shall make a short examen[1] according to those rules which the French observe."

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him, "I beseech you, Neander," said he, "gratify the company, and me in particular, so far as, before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?"

"I fear," replied Neander, "that in obeying your commands I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

"To begin, then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not

[1] critical examination

laboriously but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it; you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches,[1] his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

"The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

"Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure and, 't is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it.

[1] puns

The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster;* for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson before he writ *Every Man in his Humor*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor,[1] which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's. The reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakepeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

"As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language and humor also in some measure we had before him, but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to

[1] eccentricity, peculiar disposition

more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic [1] people.[1] He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially. Perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father, of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing. I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and

[1] common people, tradesmen

profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any where with the French can furnish us." . . .

Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly tha Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the barge stood still and that they were at th foot of Somersetstairs, where they had appointed it t land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon though a great part of the evening was already spent and stood awhile looking back on the water, upon which the moonbeams played and made it appear like floating quicksilver. At last they went up through a crowd o French people, who were merrily dancing in the open air and nothing concerned for the noise of guns which had alarmed the Town that afternoon. Walking thence together to the Piazze, they parted there; Eugenius and Lisideius to some pleasant appointments they had made and Crites and Neander to their several lodgings.

1668

From THE PREFACE TO "FABLES"

It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as th Grecians held Homer or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As h knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off a continence which is practised by few writers, an scarcely by any of the ancients excepting Virgil an Horace. One [1] of our late great poets is sunk in hi reputation because he could never forego any conce which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, gree

[1] Cowley

and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelve-month; for as my last Lord Rochester [1] said, though somewhat profanely, "Not being of God, he could not stand."

Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta,* if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us, but is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends: it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata.* They who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error that common sense—which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation—must convince the

[1] Wilmot.

reader that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic was either not known or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. . . .

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humors, as we now call them, of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta [1] could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales and of their telling are so suited to their different educations, humors and callings that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before

[1] Italian physiognomist

me that I am distracted in my choice and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grandames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and lady Abbesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though everything is altered.

May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savor nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the Prologue to her *Tale,* would have procured me as many friends and readers as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings, and make what reparation I am able by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature or of profaneness be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it that I disown it.

1700

NOTES

Matters requiring only brief glossarial comment have usually been dealt with on the pages where they occur.

WILLIAM BROWNE

William Browne was born at Tavistock, Devonshire, in 1591. Entering Oxford at an early age, he withdrew to the Inner Temple in 1611, and there found time for poetry as well as law. In 1624 he re-entered Oxford as tutor to Robert Dormer, and in that year received the master's degree. Honored with the patronage of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, he retired to the Herbert home at Wilton, prospered, married Timothy Eversfield in 1628, his first wife having died in 1614, was residing on his own estate at Dorking, Surrey, in 1640, and died in 1643. Delight in nature, constancy in friendship, and love of poets dead and gone—particularly of Chaucer, Sidney, and Spenser—were conspicuous elements of this gentle and learned man. His best-known literary productions are *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613, 1616, 1852), *The Shepherd's Pipe* (1614), *The Inner Temple Masque* (1615), and the famous epitaph, of uncertain date, *Upon the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.*

The text here followed is that of W. C. Hazlitt's *The Whole Works of William Browne*, 1868.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS

Britannia's Pastorals is a romantic English pastoral allegory in three books. Its materials are mainly drawn from classical poetry and mythology, the *Arcadia*, *The Faerie Queene*, and the author's intimate knowledge of his native Devonshire. Its main narrative thread, the love-tale of Marina and Celandine, is quite as hazy and meandering as that of Gloriana and Arthur in *The Faerie Queene*. Its compensating merits have been briefly mentioned in the Introduction (p. xxvii).

["Divinest Spenser"]

(Book II, Song 1, Lines 985–1004)

"Fair silver-footed Thetis," daughter of Nereus, having heard from the naiades of English shepherds' songs, has come from her Ægean home to hear them sing. When all are seated about her upon dolphin backs, Spenser begins.

Page 5, l. 2. **quill.** A fancied pastoral pipe or flute made of a hollow reed or oaten straw. Cf. p. 11, l. 36.

Page 5, l. 4. **Apollo.** God of poetry and music, who contended in musical skill with Marsyas and won by combining voice and cithara against his opponent's flute, but lost to Pan. He was not especially successful in love.

l. 10. **Eurydice.** See *L'Allegro*, l. 150, p. 266, and note, p. 576.

[Marina's Restoration by the River-God]

(Book I, Song 1, Lines 740–758)

Marina, deserted by Celandine, has cast herself into the river, but is rescued from death by the River-God. Cf. *The Faerie Queene* 2. 10. 19, and *Comus*, ll. 824–842.

[Fishing and Hunting]

(Book I, Song 5, Lines 643–668, 697–716)

This passage is included for its realistic portrayal of the author's brookside and woodland exploits in Devonshire.

8, l. 47. **Riot.** A vile and blasphemous character who, having affrighted and then devoured the constant Fida, through the aid of Humblessa (Humility) makes difficult ascent to the house of Metanoia (Repentance), and is there transformed into Amintas and united with Aletheia (Truth).

[A Lament]

(Book II, Song 1, Lines 242–280)

This "shepherd's moan," which Marina finds engraven upon a rock, is probably a tribute to William Ferrar, who had entered the Middle Temple in 1610 and had lately died at sea. A finer but much longer pastoral elegy is the author's lament over the death of Philip Manwood, which constitutes the Fourth Eclogue of *The Shepherd's Pipe* (1614). Both elegies have left obvious traces upon *Lycidas*.

8, l. 9. **Thetis' train.** The Nereides, who dwelt with Thetis beneath the waves.

9, l. 25. **Arion-like.** Arion (seventh century B. C.), a Greek poet and musician of Lesbos, escaped from his captors upon the back of a dolphin attracted by his musical art.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE

The Shepherd's Pipe is a Spenserian pastoral in seven eclogues, to which were appended *Other Eclogues*, by Wither, Brooke, and Davies, and *An Other Eclogue by Mr. George Wither*. It was first published in 1614. In substance, verse-form, and style it is indistinguishable from *The Shepherd's Hunting* (p. 12) of his collaborator and friend.

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE

This masque was written during Browne's residence in the Inner Temple and was performed by the Society of Lawyers on January 13, 1614. It presents dramatically the story of Ulysses and Circe and is based in part upon versions found in Homer's *Odyssey*, Book X, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book XIV.

The Charm

Ulysses, drawn ashore and lulled asleep by Circe's art, is here released by the enchantress from her potent spell.

11, l. 1. **Erebus and Night.** Erebus (Darkness) and Nyx (Night), offspring of Chaos, became in turn the parents of Æther (Air) and Hemera (Day), but are here conceived to be the parents of Sleep.

GEORGE WITHER

Born at Bentworth, Hampshire, on June 11, 1588, George Wither early acquired the love of nature which pervades delightfully much of his finest lyric verse. In 1603 he entered Oxford, was recalled "to the plow" in 1605, wrote *Fair Virtue* at eighteen, settled in London in 1606 to study law, and, like Browne, gave chief attention to the muse. His long list of a hundred publications began in 1611 with *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, a mild satire, subsequent editions of which in 1613 landed Wither in the Marshalsea. Here he collaborated with Browne upon *The Shepherd's Pipe* (1614) and composed a similar pastoral, *The Shepherd's Hunting* (1615). In this year also appeared *Fidelia*, which charmed Puritan and Cavalier alike. His *Motto* (1621) sold to thirty thousand copies and secured for its author another term in jail. A pirated edition of his works in 1620 led to an authorized collection, *Juvenilia* (1622). Here his youthful production, *Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete*, first appeared in print. His subsequent publications, other than ephemeral controversy, were *Hymns and Songs of the Church* (1623), *The Scholar's Purgatory* (1624), an eloquent appeal for the freedom of authors, *Britain's Remembrancer* (1628), a vivid description of the recent plague, and *Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer* (1641). During the civil war Wither attained the rank of major on the Parliamentary side. He died, still prophesying and protesting, on May 2, 1667, his upright but contentious life having thus extended from the Armada to *Paradise Lost* and linked together six political régimes.

The text here used follows that of the editions of 1622 and 1641.

THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING

The Shepherd's Hunting, written in 1614 during Wither's first sojourn in the Marshalsea, is a pastoral poem consisting of five Spen-

serian eclogues, the fourth and fifth of which first appeared as ap
pendices to Browne's *The Shepherd's Pipe* (1614). The four friend
that here converse in pastoral song are Philarete (Wither), formerly
Roget, Willie (Browne), Alexis (William Ferrar), and Cuddy (Chris
topher Brooke).

[True Freedom]

(Eclogue III, Lines 222–246)

When Charles Lamb, in his essay *On the Poetical Works of Georg
Wither*, remarked that "the prison notes of Wither are finer tha
the wood notes of most of his poetical brethren," he was thinking
of course, of *The Shepherd's Hunting* as a whole and not of thes
uneven quatrains. Here, however, is obviously the prototype an
primary source of Lovelace's more famous prison song, *To Althe
from Prison* (p. 72).

[Sweet Poesy]

(Eclogue IV, Lines 294–408)

Referring to the following pæan, Swinburne speaks appreciativel
of "the rapturous melody of praise and thanksgiving to Poetry whic
has made the modest name and gentle genius of Wither immorta
in the loving memory of all who know and cherish that 'best earthl
bliss' that filled his prison-house with 'comfort and delight.'" (*Mis
cellanies*, 1886, p. 169). For simplicity, variety, and unfailing har
mony Wither's heptasyllabic verse has hardly been excelled.

14, l. 16. **gross conceits.** Evil thoughts.

SONNET

This, the most famous of Wither's lyrics, first appeared in prin
as an appendix to *Fidelia* (1615). It was later incorporated, wit
modifications, in *Fair Virtue* (1622) as Sonnet 4, ll. 3373–3418. Her
it is sung by a bashful shepherd swain and is heard by nymphs, wh
listen unobserved. The term "sonnet" is here, and elsewhere fre
quently in Elizabethan verse, used in its etymological sense of "littl
song" (Italian *sonetto*).

The later form has been preferred. Important variants from th
earliest edition are as follows:

Page 17, Title: The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet.
l. 7: If she think not well of me.
l. 9: Shall my seely heart be pined.
l. 19: Or her well-deservings known.
l. 22: Which may merit name of best.
l. 27: She that bears a noble mind.
l. 28: If not outward helps she find.
l. 32: What care I how great she be.

HALLELUJAH

The full title of this volume of verse, in which the author's youthful love of nature and felicity in song momentarily revive, is *Hallelujah, or, Britain's Second Remembrancer, Bringing to Remembrance, in Praiseful and Penitential Hymns, Spiritual Songs, and Moral Odes, Meditations Advancing the Glory of God and the Practice of Piety and Virtue. The First Part Consisting of Occasional Hymns.* 1641.

OWEN FELLTHAM

Owen Feltham, traveller, moralist, and author of two of the most popular books of the seventeenth century, was born at Mitford, Suffolk, in 1602. It is known that he became secretary or chaplain to the Earl of Thomond, of Great Billing, Northamptonshire. To Mary, daughter of the Earl, he dedicated his first century of essays, the *Resolves* (1620). A second century appeared in 1628. The collection had passed through twelve editions by 1709. In 1637 he wrote, "My books have been my delight and recreation, though not my trade." Like most other literary Royalists, Fellltham lived abroad during the period of the civil war. His observations upon the Netherlands were published as *A Brief Character of the Low Countries* (1652), a book which long vied in popularity with the *Resolves*. Fellltham was buried at Great Billing in 1668.

The text is that of the complete edition of 1628.

RESOLVES

For the nature and position of the *Resolves*, see Introduction, p. xxix. The author's own introductory comment is as follows:

"To the Peruser:

"He is not a good man that lives perfect; but he that lives as well as he can, and as human frailties will let him. He that thus far strives not, never began to be virtuous; nor knows he those transcending joys that continually feast in the noble-minded man. All the external pleasures that mortality is capable of can never unkindle a flame that shall so bravely warm the soul as the love of virtue and the certain knowledge of the rule we have over our own wild passions. That I might curb those, I have writ these; and if in them thou findest a line may mend thee, I shall think I have divulged it to a purpose. Read all, and use thy mind's liberty. How thy suffrage fall, I weigh not; for it was not writ so much to please others as to profit myself."

Of Losses

Page 26. **He spake well**, etc. Cf. *Of Age and Ignorance*, p. 27, and the following note; also Lovelace, *The Grasshopper*, l. 40, p. 77.

Of Age and Ignorance

Page 27. **Antisthenes.** An Athenian philosopher of the fifth century B. C.; founder of the Cynic school.

Of Puritans

Page 27. **our divine assemblies.** Supreme ecclesiastical convocations.

28. **Laertius.** Diogenes Laertius, of Laerte, Cilicia, third century A. D., wrote the *Lives of Philosophers.*
quickened. Animated, living.

29. **Dutch parlors.** Dutch conference rooms, public or private; also conversations carried on therein.

Of Poets and Poetry

Felltham's *Lusoria*, a collection of some forty miscellaneous poems, was appended to later editions of the *Resolves.*

Page 30. **Plato never meant to banish.** In the tenth book of Plato's *Republic*, it is argued at length that poets are undesirable in an ideal republic inasmuch as they are imitators who know little of reality and who make for lawlessness and passion rather than for reason and restraint.
Antimachus. A Greek poet of the fifth century B. C. whose verse was characterized by dignity and strength. Plutarch (*Life of Lysander*, ch. xviii) reports the incident mentioned.

31. **Antigonus.** One of Alexander's generals who aspired to be king of Asia.
Sempronia. The accomplished and beautiful wife of Junius Brutus, consul 79 B. C., and a participant in Catiline's conspiracy.
Potuit, etc. *Bellum Catilinæ*, ch. 25.
Philoxenus. A Greek poet of Cythera, born 435 B. C., who satirized Dionysius I, tyrant of Syracuse, for his bad verses by representing him in *Cyclops* as the one-eyed Polyphemus who made love to Galatea.
does lose of the gloss. Does lose, as it were, its glossarial comment.
Priscian. Priscianus Cæsariensis, sixth century A. D., author of *Institutiones Grammaticæ* and most noted of Latin grammarians.

32. **Calpurnius.** Titus Calpurnius, Roman bucolic poet, first century A. D.
Frange, etc. *Eclogues*, 4. 3.

Page 34. **Tristia.** Ovid (43 B. C.–17 A. D.), banished from Rome by Augustus, consoled himself by lamenting his sorrows in *Tristia*.

JOHN EARLE

JOHN EARLE, clergyman, traveller, scholar, and essayist, was born at York in 1601. He received from Oxford the B.A. degree in 1619 and the M.A. in 1624, became chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of Oxford, was given by him a Wiltshire living, and in 1641 was made tutor to Prince Charles. Made Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral in 1643, he was soon ejected by the Puritans, went abroad, and served as chaplain to the Prince. Returning in 1660, he became bishop of Winchester and of Salisbury. During the plague year he joined once more the royal household at Oxford, where he died on November 16, 1665. His conversation, says Anthony à Wood, was "so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent, and so very facetious that no man's company was more desired or more loved." His *Microcosmographie*, published anonymously in 1628, was in its fifth edition by 1629.

The text here followed is that of the Arber reprint (1868) of the edition of 1628.

MICROCOSMOGRAPHIE

See Introduction, p. xxix. The title has obvious relation to Sir Walter Raleigh's statement (*History of the World*, 1614, 1. 2. 5): "Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts thereof, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world." Rev. Peter Heylan, of Oxford, had also published *Microcosmos* in 1622. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, p. 137, l. 6.

A CHILD

Page 35. **one heaven for another.** Cf. Vaughan, p. 119, and Traherne, pp. 127–134.

A DOWNRIGHT SCHOLAR

a man's total. A man's entire character and equipment. The Temple Edition (J. M. Dent, 1899) has here "*imprimis* and all the item."

Page 36. **wants the logic of a capon.** Lacks capacity to carve a chicken.

one-and-thirty. A card game.

tables. A game of chance played by two persons on folding tables or leaves. Backgammon.

A Mere Young Gentleman at the University

Page 37. **Euphormio.** The hero of John Barclay's satirical romance, *Euphormionis Satyricon* (1603, 1607), who relates a series of picaresque exploits.

A Plodding Student

Page 39. **six lines.** Six lines of Latin.
Lycosthenes. The Greek name of Conrad Wolffhart, born in Alsace in 1518, pastor at Bâle in 1545, author of a book on prodigies, *Prodigiorum Chronicon* (1561).

A Plain Country Fellow

Page 39. **manures.** Cultivates by hand; also manages.
the judgment of Nebuchadnezzar. The judgment pronounced upon Nebuchadnezzar. See Daniel 4: 31–33.
40. **rashers.** Thin slices of bacon.

ROBERT BURTON

Robert Burton, eminent scholar and essayist and minor ecclesiastic, was born at Lindley, Leicestershire, on February 8, 1577. He entered Oxford in 1593, received the B.D. degree in 1614, and spent by far the greater part of his "silent, sedentary, solitary" life in and around the libraries of that University. Of his small parsonage at Oxford and rectorship at Segrave he did not live quite long enough to be deprived. A Latin comedy by Burton was performed at Oxford in 1618. *The Anatomy of Melancholy* was first published in 1621 and was reissued by the author with constant alterations and augmentations in 1624, 1628, 1632, and 1638. Except the writing of this book, nothing afforded him greater relief from melancholy or more delight than to stand by London Bridge and listen toArgeman ribaldry and oaths. According to Oxford undergraduate rumor, Burton "sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck," on January 25, 1640, lest his calculation of his own nativity prove inexact.

The text here followed is that of the fourth (1632) edition except in the abridgment of *Exercise Rectified*, where the briefer form of the first (1621) edition has been preferred.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

See Introduction, p. xxx. As to his purpose, the author states, "I write of melancholy, by being busy, to avoid melancholy." The project may have been suggested to him by T. Bright's *A Treatise of Melancholy* (1586). Cf. also the title with Lyly's *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* (1519) and S. Grahame's *The Anatomy of Humours*

(1609). The plan of the book is sufficiently indicated by the full title: *The Anatomy of Melancholy: What It Is. With All the Kinds, Causes, Symptoms, Prognostics, and Several Cures of It. In Three Partitions, with Their Several Sections, Members, and Subsections Philosophically, Medically, and Historically Opened and Cut Up. By Democritus Junior. With a Satirical Preface Conducing to the Following Discourse.* Samuel Johnson, said Boswell, declared that *The Anatomy of Melancholy* "was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise."

The Author's Abstract of Melancholy

Of this poem Thomas Warton remarks: "It will be no detraction from the powers of Milton's original genius and invention to say that he seems to have borrowed the subject of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penserso*, together with . . . particular thoughts, expressions, and rhymes, more especially the idea of a contrast between the two dispositions, from a forgotten poem prefixed to the first edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, entitled *The Author's Abstract of Melancholy; or, a Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain.* Here pain is melancholy. It was written, as I conjecture, about the year 1600." The *Abstract*, however, was not prefixed to the first edition. It first appeared in the third (1628) edition.

[The Author's Style]

In the introductory essay, *Democritus Junior to the Reader*, from which this extract is taken, Burton thus apologizes for his enforced abandonment of Latin: "It was not my intent to prostitute my muse in English, or to divulge *secreta Minerva*, but to have exposed this more contract in Latin if I could have got it printed."

Page 44. **Seneca.** Lucius Annæus Seneca (3 B. C.–65 A. D.), brilliant writer and stoic.

When you see, etc. *Epistles* 1. 2.

Non est, etc. Fastidiousness is not a manly quality of style.

vox es, etc. You are a voice and nothing more.

disciple of Apollonius. Burton cites Philostratus, *Life of Apollonius*, Book 8.

45. **per ardua,** etc. Over steep mountains and slippery valleys and moist turf and clodded fields.

Melancholy in Disposition

(Partition 1, Section 1, Member 1, Subsection 5)

Page 45. **character of mortality.** A characteristic of mortals.

Zeno. Zeno (350–268 B. C.) of Cyprus, philosopher and founder of the Stoic school.

Cato. Cato the Censor (234-149 B. C.), author of *De Re Rustica*, orations, etc.

Ælian. Claudius Ælianus (second century A. D.), Greek Sophist, and author of Letters, Miscellanies, and *De Natura Animalium*.

Page 46. **Q. Metellus.** Quintus Cæcilius Metellus Macedonicus, successful general, consul in 143 B. C., social reformer, and model of a happy man.

Valerius. Valerius Maximus, Roman historian of the first century A. D. and compiler of a book of extracts from Livy, Cicero, Sallust, etc., entitled *Factorum et Dictorum Memorabilium Libri*.

Polycrates Samius. Polycrates (sixth century B. C.), Greek tyrant of Samos, friend of Anacreon. Burton takes the famous story from Ælian.

as their own poets. Homer. *Ibid.* (Burton's note).

as the heaven, etc. Burton here translates the Latin passage "*ut cælum, sic nos homines sumus*," etc. from the works of Justus Lipsius (1547-1606), *cent.* 3, *ep.* 5.

Austin. St. Augustine.

47. **As one condoles our time.** Burton here translates a passage from Lorchanus Gallobelgicus, *lib.* 3, 1598.

exi è mundo. Quit the world.

as Seneca notes. *Epis.* 96, *lib.* 10.

48. **crudity.** Indigestible material. Milton (*Of Education*, 1644) would have his students learn "how to manage a crudity."

qua data porta ruunt. When the gate is opened, all rush in (*Æneid* 1. 83).

eight degrees, etc. *Calidum ad octo; frigidum ad octo* (Burton's note).

49. **Aurelianus.** Cælius Aurelianus, Latin physician of the second century A. D. The reference is to his work on chronic diseases, *Chronicarum Passionum, lib.* 1, *c.* 6.

Of the Inward Senses

(Part 1, Sec. 1, Member 2, Subsec. 7)

This passage is a subdivision of "The Anatomy of the Soul."

Page 49. **Fernelius.** Jean Fernel (1497-1558), French physician, author of *Consilionum Medicinalium Liber*.

50. **Ovid's house of sleep.** The house of Morpheus (*Metamorphoses*, Book xi).

Psyche's palace in Apuleius. Lucius Apuleius, Roman traveller and romancer of the second century A. D., tells of Psyche and Cupid's magic palace and ideal love in his delightful story, *De Asino Aureo* (*The Golden Ass*).

Scaliger. Julius Cæsar Scaliger (1484–1558) Italian poet and philologist.

Artemidorus. Ephesian writer of the second century A. D., author of *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

Cardanus. Girolamo Cardano (1501–1576), celebrated Italian physician, mathematician, and astrologer, who journeyed to Scotland in 1551 to attempt to cure Archbishop Hamilton of consumption.

Sambucus. Jean Sambucus (1531–1584), French humanist.

From EXERCISE RECTIFIED OF BODY AND MIND

Page 51. **Hierome.** Hieronymus (Jerome), St. Jerome, biblical scholar and translator of Bethlehem, fourth century A. D., author of a life of St. Paul.

Galen. Claudius Galenus, of Pergamus, second century A. D., most celebrated medical writer and healer of ancient times.

ludum parvæ pilæ. To play with a little ball.

52. **Firmicus.** Maternus Julius Firmicus, Latin writer of the fourth century A. D., author of *De Erroribus Profanorum Religionum.*

gins. Snares.

stalking horses. Horses used to conceal the sportsman's approach to wild fowl or other game.

Henry the Third. King of Spain who lived from 1379 to 1406.

Mariana. Juan de Mariana (1536–1634), famous Spanish historian, author of *Historiæ de Rebus Hispaniæ.*

Plutarch. Celebrated Greek prose writer of the first century A. D., author of *Parallel Lives* and of a treatise (*De Sollertia Animalium*) on *Whether Land Animals or Water Animals Are the Cleverer.*

53. **Areteus.** Physician of Cappadocia, second century B. C.

deambulatio per amœna loca. Strolling among pleasant places.

masking. Enacting masques, spectacular amateur dramatic entertainments.

mumming. Crude entertainments, folk plays or dumb shows.

54. **Melius,** etc. "It is better to dig than to dances."

Nemo saltat sobrius. "No sensible man dances."

illico nasci senes. (They expect young folks) to be born old men upon the spot.

King's Declaration. *The King's Majesty's Declaration to His Subjects Concerning Lawful Sports to Be Used* (1618). See Introduction, p. xix.

Amadis, etc. Famous medieval romances popular dur-

ing the Renaissance: *Amadis de Gaul*, Spanish romance of the fourteenth century; *Palmerin de Oliva*, Spanish romance of the sixteenth century; *Huon of Bordeaux*, a French prose romance of the fifteenth century; *The Seven Champions*, a popular collection of medieval tales published in London in 1592.

Page 55. Plutarch observes. *Tom.* 1 *De Sanit. Tuend.* (On Preserving Health).

THOMAS CAREW

Thomas Carew, of West Wickham, Kent, entered Oxford on June 10, 1608, at the age of thirteen. He was therefore born in 1594 or 1595. He received the B.A. degree in 1611 and left Oxford for the Middle Temple in 1613. Caring little for the law, he became secretary to Sir Dudley Carleton in 1614 and accompanied him to Venice and The Hague. Losing that position in 1618, he attached himself in 1619 to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Ambassador to France. Soon thereafter he joined the royal household as sewer in ordinary to Charles I and gentleman of the privy chamber. Here he won renown through his brilliant wit, loose morals, and exquisitely polished verse. Many of his songs were set to music by Henry Lawes. In his gorgeous masque, *Cœlum Britannicum* (1634), even the King and Queen delighted to have parts. Carew died in 1639. *Poems, by Thomas Carew, Esquire*, was published the following year.

The text here followed is that of "The Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged" (1642).

The Spring

Though marred by conceits and inexact in descriptive details, these lines are somewhat more than the conventional lover's plaint. The identity of the cruel fair that inspired the extraordinary close is unknown. Arthur Vincent (Muses' Library Edition) finds a possible source in Ronsard's *Les Amours de Marie*.

59, l. 3. **candies the grass.** Cf. Drayton, *The Quest of Cynthia*:

> Since when those frosts that winter brings,
> Which candy every green.

l. 8. **drowsy cuckoo and the humblebee.** "The verses entitled *The Spring* are graceful and harmonious; but the extent of his [Carew's] acquaintance with the ways of nature may be judged by the fact that he represents the 'drowsy cuckoo' hibernating, along with the humblebee, in some hollow tree" (F. W. Moorman, *Camb. Hist. of Eng. Lit.* 7. 23).

l. 13. **lower.** Lour, frown.

A Song

In these lines grace, symmetry, and beauty make amends for extravagant conceits.

60, l. 6. **golden atoms.** Particles of golden light.

l. 16. **as in their sphere.** As the stars in the firmament, or starry sphere.

l. 18. **the phœnix.** An imaginary bird that was said to fly from Arabia to Egypt every five hundred years, immolate itself upon a nest of spices, and arise from its ashes young and beautiful again; a symbol of immortality.

Song: Would You Know What's Soft?

Here Carew shows himself to be of the tribe of Ben. Cf. the close of Jonson's *The Triumph of Charis* (1616):

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or the swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she.

61, l. 6. **orbs.** The Ptolemaic spheres, which, revolving at different speeds, produce a harmony too fine for mortal ears to perceive.

Celia Singing

61, l. 11. **curious mould.** Exquisitely-fashioned body.

Disdain Returned

The first two stanzas of this poem appeared in Walter Porter's *Madrigals and Ayres* (1632). The stanza added in the later edition, though it doubtless made a necessary application, detracts somewhat from an originally perfect and universal song.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers

This simple and exquisite epitaph seems to have been entirely an imaginary lament. Lady Mary Villers (Villiers), daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, made three fine marriages and outlived Carew some fifty years.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Sir John Suckling, in life and in verse the most typical of Cavalier poets, was born at Whillon, Middlesex, in 1609. Educated by his father, a wealthy and learned lawyer who had been secretary of state under James I, Suckling entered Gray's Inn in 1627 but retired from the law within a month, having inherited his father's estate, and at once assumed a prominent position at Court. He was knighted in 1630. Desiring adventure, he travelled in Germany from July, 1631, to May, 1632, and later took part, under the Marquis of Hamilton, in many battles and sieges in support of Gustavus Adolphus. On returning, he enjoyed unparalleled popularity at Court for several years as an experienced, wealthy, gay, and brilliant Cavalier. In 1637 he produced *Aglaura*, a tragedy, and wrote *A Session of the Poets* and *An Account of Religion by Reason*. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1639 he equipped at his own expense a company of a hundred horse. Implicated in a plot to free Strafford from the Tower, he fled abroad in 1641. Here he lost the remnant of his fortune and died, or suicided, in 1642. His poems were published as *Fragmenta Aurea* in 1646.

The text here followed is that of *The Works of Sir John Suckling*, 1696.

Song: Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?

This song is introduced in *Aglaura*, Act IV, Scene 1, by Orsames as "a little foolish counsel I gave a friend of mine four or five years ago when he was falling into a consumption." Cf. Wither's *Sonnet* (p. 17).

Song: I Prithee Send Me Back My Heart

This song and *Constancy* were first published in *The Last Remains of Sir John Suckling* (1659).

The Metamorphosis

68, l. 2. **Turned Io to a cow.** Io, beloved by Zeus, was transformed into a white heifer to deceive the jealous Hera. **Narcissus.** Having rejected Echo, Narcissus was made by Venus to fall in love with his own image and to waste away into a flower.

l. 3. **Apollo.** Scorning the puny bow of Eros, Apollo was forthwith pierced by the Love-God's golden dart. Failing to win Daphne, Marpessa, and Cassandra, he married the faithless nymph, Coronis. Banished by Zeus for destroying the Cyclops, he fed the flocks of Admetus, King of Thessaly, for nine years.

l. 4. **Jove.** Descending upon her in a shower of gold, Zeus won Danaë for his bride.

A Song to a Lute

This song from Suckling's unfinished play, *The Sad One*, follows Carew and Jonson. Cf. *Would You Know What's Soft* (p. 60) and note (p. 543).

A Ballad upon a Wedding

The wedding here recounted, that of Roger Boyle, Baron Broghill, and Lady Margaret Howard, occurred in 1641.

68, l. 1. **Dick.** Richard Lovelace.

69, l. 8. **Where we . . . do sell our hay.** Near the Haymarket, London.

l. 19. **course-a-park.** "A country game in which a girl called out one of the other sex to chase her" (*New English Dictionary*).

l. 22. **lusty Roger, etc.** Though these proper names doubtless refer to individuals, they seem also to be used in a popular or folk sense. Thus "Roger" had long been used in varying senses of "rogue," "trusty servant," "tricky person," etc. Cf. "old Roger, the Devil" and the pirates' emblem, "The Jolly Roger."

l. 23. **George upon the Green.** George a Green, of the folk plays.

l. 24. **Vincent of the Crown.** A "vincent" was "the dupe in bowling," a game of which Suckling was extremely fond.

l. 32. **Whitsun-ale.** "A parish festival held at Whitsuntide, marked by feasting, sports, and merry making" (*New English Dictionary*).

70, l. 47. **Sun upon an Easter day.** The sun was said to dance upon Easter day with joy over the resurrection.

71, l. 67. **Passion o' me, etc.** This stanza as usually printed (with its first and second halves transposed and three full stanzas farther on) is obviously misplaced and disarranged. As given here and in the edition of 1696, it accords with the context and makes perfect sense.

l. 77. **trained band.** London militia.

l. 83. **Before the parson could say grace.** Cf. Oldham, *Satire Addressed to a Friend*, p. 393, ll. 80–83.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Richard Lovelace, son of a wealthy Kentish family influential at Court, was born at Woolwich, near London, in 1618. In 1636, says Anthony à Wood, "when the King and Queen were for some days entertained at Oxon, he was, at the request of a great lady belonging to the Queen, . . . actually created, among other persons of quality, master of arts, though but of two years' standing." Like Suckling, he set out upon the futile expedition against the Scots in 1639.

As bearer of the Kentish Royalists' petition to Parliament in 1642, he was confined in the Gatehouse prison for seven weeks, during which time he composed his finest poem. Released on heavy bail but not allowed to leave London, at the close of the war in 1646 he went abroad, enlisted for the King of France, and was severely wounded at the siege of Dunkirk. Returning in 1648, he found that Lucy Sacheverell (the Lucasta of his songs) thinking him dead at Dunkirk, had married another man. Once more imprisoned, he consoled himself by collecting and revising his poems, which were published as *Lucasta* in 1649. Having spent himself and his fortune for the Royalist cause, Lovelace died, says Aubrey, "in a cellar at Longacre" in 1657 or 1658. His *Posthumous Poems* was published in 1659.

The text here followed is that of the edition of 1649.

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

Page 72. **Lucasta** is formed from the Latin words *lux* (light) and *casta* (pure) and means *The Light of Virtue*, in compliment to Lucy Sacheverell (see the preceding biographical sketch).

l. 2. **nunnery**, etc. The probable source of the metaphor is Habington's *To Roses in the Bosom of Castara* (1634):

> Ye blushing virgins happy are
> In the chaste nunnery of her breasts.

To Althea from Prison

This fine prison song is Lovelace's most famous lyric. No other Caroline poem quite so well epitomizes Cavalier ideals. It was written in the Gatehouse prison in 1642 (see the preceding biographical sketch). Cf. George Wither's *True Freedom* (p. 12) and note (p. 534).

72, l. 7. **gods.** Five of the six extant seventeenth-century manuscripts have *birds*.

73, l. 14. **healths.** Toasts wishing health.

To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas

"In this poem," says Mr. C. W. Wilkinson (*The Poems of Richard Lovelace*, Oxford, 1925), "Lovelace gives expression to one development of the fashionable theory of 'Platonic love.'" And Professor W. L. Phelps remarks (Caxton Club Edition, Chicago, 1921), "Lovelace was not only a Cavalier poet; he was a 'metaphysical poet,' a true son of Donne, inspired by the great master." See Introduction, p. xxv.

74, l. 10. **foaming blow-god's rage.** The wrath of Æolus, god of the winds.

l. 17. **Above the highest sphere.** Above the tenth sphere (see p. 581 and note, p. 580); that is, above the world, or in heaven.

THE SCRUTINY

The Donnian fancy here is that variety is the necessary spice of love.

75, l. 10. **still.** Always.
l. 14. **mineralists.** Mineralogists.

THE GRASSHOPPER

Page 75. **Mr. Charles Cotton.** See pages 423–427 and biographical sketch, p. 591.
l. 4. **where now,** etc. Whither now thou hast been translated.
l. 7. **poppy.** Sleeping potion.
76, l. 11. **makest merry.** Gladdens, brightens.
l. 14. **Ceres.** Goddess of fruits and harvests.
Bacchus. God of the vine.
l. 17. **green ice.** Green insect frozen to ice.
l. 26. **vestal flames.** Flames sacred to Vesta, goddess of the hearth.
l. 28. **Ætna in epitome.** In this extravagant conceit the comparison is between the heat of Ætna and the warmth of love.
l. 31. **old Greek.** Old Greek wine, like that of Hippocras.
l. 33. **Night,** etc. Our tapers shall banish Night from our windows and replace her darkness with everlasting day.
77, l. 37. **richer than untempted kings.** Professor A. C. Judson (*Seventeenth Century Lyrics*, Chicago, 1927) here cites Seneca, *Thyest.* 389: "*Rex est qui cupiet nihil.*"
l. 40. **wants himself.** Cf. Felltham, *Of Losses*, p. 26, and note, p. 535.

ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK sprang from a London family which had made its fortune in the goldsmith's trade. Born in Goldsmith's Row, Cheapside, in August, 1591, the boy in due time began upon his normal apprenticeship, but after half a dozen years were served, he was released to enter Cambridge, rather late, in 1613. He received, in 1617 and 1620, the customary degrees, become a devoted follower of Ben Jonson, took orders, served as chaplain with Buckingham against the French in 1627, and finally settled, in October, 1629, in a far-away Devonshire living at Dean Prior. Here he remained, preaching wittily, hurling hymn-books at inattentive heads, chafing at his "banishment" among "a people currish, churlish as the seas," but writing verses and really delighting in Devonshire nature and humble rural life, until ejected by the Puritans in 1647. Returning to London, he collected and published in one volume his *Hesperides*

(1648) and *His Noble Numbers, or, His Pious Pieces* (1647). In 1662 Herrick had the satisfaction of ejecting his ejector, the Puritan minister, John Syms, at Dean Prior. Here the poet-pastor died and was buried in October, 1674.

The text here used is that of 1647 and 1648.

The Argument of His Book

Page 77. **Argument.** Subject-matter briefly stated. Cf. p. 282 and p. 284, l. 24.

l. 3. **hock-carts.** See *The Hock-cart*, p. 84, and note, p. 549.
wassails. The wassail bowl of spiced wine or ale was carried from door to door on New Year's Eve by maidens who sang congratulatory verses and accepted small tokens of appreciation in return.
wakes. See *The Wake*, p. 85.

l. 8. **ambergris.** A fragrant substance secreted by the whale and used in perfumes.

l. 12. **Fairy King.** Oberon.

An Ode for Him

This ode was evidently written at Dean Prior soon after Jonson's death in 1637. Of its structure F. W. Moorman (*Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study*, p. 324) remarks: "Here a swelling effect is produced by the gradual lengthening of the line as the stanza advances, the rhythmic waves increasing in volume like the breakers of an incoming tide."

78, l. 5. **the Sun, etc.** London taverns frequented by Jonson and his disciples.

Delight in Disorder

Cf. Jonson's *Simplex Munditiis:*

> Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
> Such sweet neglect more taketh me
> Than all the adulteries of art.

79, l. 3. **lawn.** Linen scarf.

l. 6. **stomacher.** Lower part of the bodice.

To the Virgins to Make Much of Time

Mr. E. E. Hale (*Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick*, p. 165) thinks this poem "to have been the product of Herrick's earlier years, of his life in London or Cambridge." Cf. Jonson's *Song to Celia:*

> Come, my Celia, let us prove,
> While we may, the sports of love;
> Time will not be ours forever,

and Horace (*Odes* 1. 11. 8):

> *Carpe diem, quam minimum credulo postero*
> (Seize the day; trust the future as little as possible).

Corinna's Going A-Maying

81, l. 3. **Aurora.** Goddess of the dawn.
82, l. 1. **Fresh-quilted.** Freshly mingled or variegated, as patches on a quilt.
l. 3. **dew bespangling.** The first edition has "dew-bespangling."
l. 10. **matins.** Morning songs.
l. 22. **against.** Until.
l. 24. **dew-locks.** Dewy locks.
l. 30. **each field,** etc. Each field becomes thronged.
83, l. 51. **green gown.** Grass-stained gown.
l. 52. **odd and even.** Snatched, or given and returned.

The Hock-Cart, or, Harvest Home

The hock-cart was the cart or wagon that brought in the last of the harvest; harvest home, the celebration accompanying that event.

The Wake

The wake was a vigil observed in dedicating churches; also an annual festival in honor of the patron saint of a church.

86, l. 7. **Morris-dancers.** Moorish dancers. The morris-dance was "a grotesque dance performed by persons in fancy costumes, usually representing characters from the Robin Hood legend" (*New English Dictionary*).
l. 8. **Marian.** Maid Marian, of the Robin Hood tales.
l. 16. **cudgel-play.** Fencing with cudgels or quarter-staves.

The Night Piece, to Julia

88, l. 1. **glowworm.** Firefly.
89, l. 7. **slowworm.** A small, snake-like lizard.

Cherry-Ripe

Cf. Campion's *There Is a Garden in Her Face:*

> Those cherries fairly do enclose
> Of orient pearl a double row;
> Which when her lovely laughter shows,

They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet these no peer nor prince can buy
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

[An End-Piece for his Book]

Here Herrick translates Ovid's *Tristia* 2. 354: *Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa mea!*

GEORGE HERBERT

George Herbert was born at Montgomery Castle, Montgomeryshire, April 3, 1593. Entering Cambridge from Westminster School in 1609, he graduated master of arts in 1616 and was appointed to "the finest place in the University," that of public orator, in 1619. This position he retained until 1627. As representative of the University he was thrown into frequent contact with King and Court and naturally looked forward to a brilliant public career. From his youth, however, his religious inclinations had drawn him strongly toward the Church. For years the struggle between secular and sacred claims continued. In his final choice of the holy life the influence of Nicholas Ferrar, Protestant saint of Little Giddings, of Donne, and of Laud doubtless had much weight. His marriage with Jane Danvers (see Walton's account, p. 190) occurred in 1629. Receiving from the King on April 6, 1630, a Wiltshire living, he entered within that month upon his three years' ministry at Bemerton, during which as clergyman, musician, poet, and saint he spent without reserve his remaining strength. He died in 1633 and was buried beneath the altar of the little church which he had beautified and served with rare devotion. *The Temple*, a collection of his sacred poems, was published by Ferrar a few weeks after Herbert's death. His prose-work, *A Priest to the Temple*, or, *The Country Parson, His Character and Rule of Holy Life*, was first published in 1652. Both books were exceedingly popular and influential throughout the century.

The text here followed is that of the third (1634) edition.

THE TEMPLE

The full title of this ingenious but fervent book is *The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert. Psal. 29. "In His Temple doth every man speak of His honour."* It consists of 160 poems, of which, finds Professor G. H. Palmer, "116 are written in meters which are not repeated," arranged under the headings "The Church Porch" and "The Church."

The Altar

The Altar and *Easter Wings* illustrate the influence of the metaphysical conceit upon stanza-form. Such designs as crosses, pyramids, altars, and wings are prevalent from Donne to the Restoration.

Easter Wings

98, l. 1. **store.** See *The Collar*, l. 5, p. 99, and note.
99, l. 12. **sicknesses.** Frail in childhood, Herbert aggravated his weakness by hard study. At forty he died of consumption.

The Collar

The conceit is especially evident in Herbert's titles. Here the collar is God's restraining claim upon him, as finely expressed in the closing lines. The poem effectively depicts the struggle (see biographical sketch) which culminated in Herbert's complete surrender to the spiritual life.

100, l. 22. **rope of sands.** Biblical teaching as it appeared to the poet in rebellious mood.
l. 35. **methoughts.** Cf. the present tense, *methinks*.

The Quip

The poem deals with the author's worldly accomplishments and their corresponding temptations.

101, l. 19. **make an oration.** See biographical sketch.
l. 24. **home.** To the heart.

The Pearl

Here the allusion is particularly to Herbert's brilliance as a scholar. The pearl of price, of course, is Christ.

101, l. 1. **both the head, etc.** Perhaps ancient learning in the original and in modern guise. Beeching (*Lyra Sacra*, p. 342) surmises that a quibble is intended "between the printing-press and some other, such as a wine or olive press."
l. 5. **what the stars conspire.** At the universities astrology was still recognized as a science.
102, l. 16. **a true-love knot.** A complicated knot worn as a token of fidelity in love.
l. 32. **not seelèd.** Not with eyelids sewed shut, as the falcon's sometimes were.
l. 38. **silk twist.** The rope of sands (*The Collar*, l. 22) is here become "good cable."
103, l. 16. **rest.** A triple play upon this word runs through the poem.

The Pulley

Herbert's conceit is a mechanical as well as spiritual one. Restlessness is the pulley that tends to elevate man toward God.

Jordan

Herbert's other poem with this same title begins:

> Who says that fictions only and false hair
> Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
> Is all good structure in a winding stair?

In both, the meandering Jordan symbolizes indirect, ornate, and artificial style.

104, l. 12. **joys which trample on his head.** Heavenly joys above the spheres. Cf. Vaughan, *The World*, ll. 1–7, p. 121, and *Departed Friends*, l. 10, p. 123.

The Elixir

The magic remedy or compound of the alchemists is here identified with the fabulous philosopher's stone, wherewith, it was thought, base metals might be transmuted into gold.

Virtue

105, l. 2. **bridal.** Wedding festival.
5. **angry and brave.** Crimson and beautiful.

RICHARD CRASHAW

Born in London in 1612 or 1613, the son of a Cambridge graduate and minister at Temple Church, Richard Crashaw was prepared at Charterhouse School and entered Cambridge in 1631. Here he mastered classical and modern languages as well as music, painting, and engraving, and received the usual degrees in 1634 and 1638. Transferring to Oxford in 1641, he remained as fellow until ejected by the Puritans in 1644. In the meanwhile the appearance of Herbert's *The Temple* in 1633 fanned Crashaw's poetical talents into flame. His *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber* (185 epigrams) was published in 1634. Distressed at the attitude of Puritans toward the ritualistic and artistic beauty of the Established Church, he fled abroad early in 1644, was introduced by Cowley to Queen Maria in 1645, and, having become a Catholic, was recommended by her for preferment to the Pope. He was made secretary to Cardinal Palotta at Rome; but, criticizing the laxity of the Cardinal's retinue, he was sent on pilgrimage to Loretto. Here he became sub-canon but died of fever or poison within a month, in 1649. His *Steps to the Temple* and *The Delights of the Muses* had been published together by a friend in England in 1646. A revised edition was issued in 1648. *Carmen Deo Nostro*, a second revised collection, was first published in 1652.

The text here used is that of the second (1648) edition, "wherein are added divers pieces not before extant."

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Crashaw's modest but worshipful title claims for his poems only the lowly position of an approach to Herbert's "Porch." In the *Preface to the Reader*, however, the anonymous friend and publisher remarks: "Here's Herbert's second, but equal, who both retrieved poetry of late and returned it up to its primitive use. Let it bound back to heaven gates whence it came. . . . Reader, we style his sacred poems *Steps to the Temple*, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life in St. Marie's Church near St. Peter's College. There he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels. There he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God; where like a primitive saint he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day. There he penned these poems, steps for happy souls to climb heaven by."

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book

106, l. 3. **Expecting.** Awaiting.
l. 14. **smooth-faced kindred.** Angelic beings.

An Hymn of the Nativity

This hymn is notable for its fervor, tenderness, and extravagant conceits. In the edition of 1646 the title is *In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord: A Hymn Sung as by the Shepherds.*

107, l. 7. **heaven's fairer Eye.** The sun is the eye of day; the Son of God, "heaven's fairer Eye."
108, l. 43. **huge birth.** Birth of huge import.
109, l. 47. **the phœnix.** See p. 60, l. 18 and note, p. 543.
l. 48. **Love's architecture is all one.** Divine love builds in the Son by its own plan. Edition 1648 has "is his one (own)."
110, l. 66. **to seek.** At a loss.
111, l. 92. **She sings, etc.** This stanza first appeared in the second (1648) edition.
l. 96. **She 'gainst those mother diamonds, etc.** As the radiance of the sun tests the eaglet's eyes, so the Virgin tests the Infant's by her own.
l. 105. **Maia.** Goddess of spring.

The Flaming Heart

La Vida de la Santa Madre Teresa de Jesus was translated into English by "M. T." in 1642 as *The Flaming Heart, or the Life of the Glorious S. Teresa*, etc. Here doubtless is the source of Crashaw's title. In *An Apology for the Foregoing Poem* the author states that the poem was inspired by Teresa's autobiography and written at Cambridge when he "was yet among the Protestants." Lines 1-84 were

first published in 1648; lines 85–108—an immortal increment—first appeared in the edition of 1652.

Page 112. **Teresa.** Teresa de Capeda, beloved Spanish mystic and saint, was born in 1515, at Avila, Old Castile, entered a convent at eighteen, was vouchsafed a vision of Christ, received the injunction, "I will not have thee converse with men but with angels," and was pierced through the heart by an angel's golden dart, which left her "wholly inflamed with a great love of almighty God." Having founded sixteen convents and fourteen monasteries and endured great hardships for Christ, she died in 1582. She was canonized in 1622.

112, l. 4. **fallacy of fire.** The angel, less glowing than Teresa with heavenly love.

l. 16. **mother seraphim.** The parent flame.

l. 18. **fire-works.** Fires of heavenly love.

l. 20. **kissed her pen.** Read her book.

113, l. 58. **kindly takes the shame.** Acknowledges inferiority to Teresa.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In his *Preface to the Reader* Crashaw's anonymous editor and friend says of these poems, "And those other of his pieces entitled *The Delights of the Muses*, though of a more human mixture, are as sweet as they are innocent."

HENRY VAUGHAN

Henry Vaughan was born at Newton-by-Usk, Brecknockshire, Wales, April 17, 1622. Entering Oxford in 1638, he withdrew to London about 1640 to study law. Changing soon from law to medicine, he returned to Wales in 1645, and in his native region enjoyed renown as physician, mystic, and poet for fifty years. In 1646 appeared his *Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished*; in 1650, *Silex Scintillans* (*Sparkling Flint*); in 1651, *Olor Iscanus* (*The Swan of Usk*); in 1652, the mystic *Mount of Olives*; an enlarged edition of *Silex Scintillans* in 1655; and in 1678, *Thalia Rediviva: The Pass-Times and Diversions of a Country Muse*. Vaughan died April 23, 1695. In his Preface to *Silex Scintillans*, he states: "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of the foul and overflowing stream (of profane poetry) was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many converts, of whom I am the least."

The text here followed is that of Grosart, 1871.

To Amoret Gone from Him

Amoret seems to have been a purely hypothetical mistress. The sunset, the flower, and the brook are much more real.

A Song to Amoret

118, l. 6. **wedded to the sphere.** According to the Ptolemaic system, the sun revolved, inseparably attached to the fourth sphere.

The Retreat

119, l. 13. **weaker glories.** Meaner beauties.
l. 19. **fleshly dress.** Earthly being.
120, l. 22. **ancient track.** Heaven.
l. 23. **that plain.** Childhood. Cf. *Childhood*, ll. 1–8, 31–44, pp. 124–126.

The World

Here Vaughan contrasts temporal life with eternal life. The symbolism employed is the vast ring of unchanging light above and revolving spheres of the Ptolemaic world below, within which both the vanities and the spiritual aspirations of human life are portrayed.

121, l. 16. **The darksome statesman.** Probably Cromwell.
122, l. 27. **Churches and altars fed him.** Episcopacy was abolished by Parliament in 1642.
l. 34. **place one piece above.** Invest one coin in spiritual or unselfish projects.
l. 44. **counting by.** Observing.
l. 46. **some.** The spiritually-minded.
123, l. 60. **His bride.** The Church.

[Departed Friends]

When this poem appeared in 1655, the poet was but thirty-three. Sir Edmund Chambers says that "Vaughan had lost his brother . . . and the friends to whose memory he dedicates poems in *Olor Iscanus* . . . ; possibly also his first wife."

123, l. 10. **doth trample.** Breaks in upon. Cf. *The World*, ll. 1–7, p. 121, and Herbert's *Jordan*, l. 12, p. 104.

The Book

Vaughan's love of books, of nature, and of God is ingeniously revealed in this naturalistic and yet mystical poem.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Thomas Traherne, the son of John Traherne, shoemaker, of Welsh descent, was born at Hereford in 1636. Of his transcendental childhood and youth in Herefordshire his poetry and poetic prose furnish the best, almost the only, account. Entering Oxford in 1652, he received the B.A. degree in 1656, the M.A. in 1661, and the B.D.

in 1669. A ten-years' rectorship at Credenhill, near Hereford, ended in 1667, when he was made private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper of the Seals. Though Sir Orlando lost the Keepership in 1672, he retained Traherne, whom he held in very high regard. His benefactor died in June, 1674; Traherne the following September, at the age of thirty-eight. Except his ecclesiastical treatises, his writings remained in manuscript and unknown until they were retrieved, duly accredited to Traherne, and published by Mr. Bertram Dobell (*The Poetical Works* in 1903 and *Centuries of Meditations* in 1908) and by Mr. H. I. Bell (*Poems of Felicity* in 1910.

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Wonder

Cf. Vaughan's *The Retreat* (p. 119) and *Childhood* (p. 124), and Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

128, l. 31. **trades and poverties.** The social ills of an increasingly industrial age Traherne here contrasts with the ideal life that he perceives and thinks might be for all.

The Salutation

This mystic poem rests upon the poet's belief in the pre-existence of the soul in heaven.

The Rapture

The conception here is the biblical one that the world was made for the glory and benefit of man. The final question anticipates Blake.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Thomas Browne was born in Cheapside, London, October 19, 1605. He was educated at Winchester School and at Oxford. After receiving the B.A. degree in 1626 and the M.A. in 1629, he combined the study of medicine with travel in Italy, France, and Holland. Having received the M.D. degree from the University of Leyden in 1633, he settled permanently at Norwich about 1637. Here he became renowned as a physician, scientist, antiquary, and essayist. In 1641 he married Dorothy Mileham. Twelve children came to enliven the studious doctor's home. Occupied with his family, his profession, and his books, he passed tranquilly through the stormy Puritan and Restoration régimes. Testifying to his belief in witches in 1664 and making the Royal Society a gift of fossil bones in 1666, Browne quaintly mingles the science and the superstition of his times. His position as an essayist and his chief literary productions have been briefly mentioned in the Introduction (p. xxxv). King Charles visited Brown's Norwich home in 1671, found grounds and house "a paradise of rareties," and forthwith

dubbed the doctor a knight. The famous physician died—oddly enough, of colic—on his birthday in 1682.

The text here used is that of *The Works of Sir Thomas Browne*, Bohn Edition, 1852.

RELIGIO MEDICI

The Religion of a Physician was written soon after Browne's completion of his studies abroad, probably between 1633 and 1635. Not intended for publication, but solely for the author's "private exercise and satisfaction," it did not appear in print until 1642. In that year it was issued anonymously and surreptitiously. The first authorized edition followed in 1643. The book was in its twelfth edition by 1685.

[Of Sleep and Waking]

(Part II)

Page 137. **thirty years.** In his Preface to the edition of 1643, Browne says that he wrote the book "about seven years past"; that is, about 1635 or 1636, at the age of thirty or thirty-one. Cf. note above.

the microcosm. Cf. note on *Microcosmographie*, p. 537.

I am above Atlas's shoulders. I am a world (Atlas was said to support the world on his shoulders).

my circle, etc. Not to be measured mathematically and materially.

138. **Ruat cœlum, etc.** Thy will be done though the heavens fall.

conceit of the day. Waking thoughts.

Scorpio. The eighth, or autumnal, and therefore watery, sign of the zodiac.

Saturn. The melancholy god.

139. **tract of sleep.** *Of Sleep and Waking.*

Galen. See note, p. 541.

noctambulos. Nightwalkers.

Morpheus. God of sleep.

Themistocles. Athenian statesman and soldier (514–449 B. C.).

HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR, URN BURIAL

The uncovering of Roman burial urns at Norwich occasioned this somber meditation, ostensibly upon modes of burial, in reality upon the vanity of human hopes of earthly immortality.

[Of Diuturnity and Oblivion]

(Chapter V)

Page 141. **three conquests.** Roman, Saxon, and Norman.

Sic ego, etc. Would that my bones might thus be laid to rest (Tibullus, 3. 2. 26).

Page 142. **common counters.** Ordinary calculators.
Archimedes. A famous mathematician of Syracuse of the third century B. C.
considerable. Worthy of consideration.
one little finger. "According to the ancient arithmetick of the hand, wherein the little finger of the right hand contracted signified an hundred—*Pierius in Hieroglyph.*" (Browne's note).
Alcmena's nights. Each of Jove's nights with Alcmena, mother of Hercules, was lengthened to three.
What song . . . what name. "The puzzling questions of Tiberius unto grammarians—*Marcel. Donatuo in Suet.*" (B). His mother, Thetis, sought in vain to withhold Achilles from the Trojan war by hiding him, disguised as a girl, among the daughters of Lycomedes, King of Scyros.

143. **Atropos.** That one of the Fates who clipped the thread of life.
prophecy of Elias. "That the world may last but six thousand years" (B).
Charles the Fifth, etc. Charles V (1500–1558), emperor of Germany and king of Spain. "Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methusaleh before that famous prince was extant" (B).

144. **Janus.** A two-faced figure that fronted both the future and the past.
Gruter. A Dutch philologist (1560–1627), author of *Inscriptiones Antiquæ* (1607).

145. **Cardan.** See note, p. 541.
Hippocrates' patients. Hippocrates, a famous Greek physician of the fifth century B.C., about whose patients nothing is known.
Achilles' horses. Xanthus and Balius, "fleeter than the winds" (*Iliad*, Bk. XVI).
Herostratus. Herostratus set on fire the temple of Diana at Ephesus in 356 B. C. to make himself immortal. A decree of oblivion against him only served to increase his fame.
Adrian. Hadrian, Emperor of Rome (117–138 A. D.).
Thersites. A bitter-tongued Greek warrior at Troy who criticized Agamemnon and was chastised by Odysseus (Iliad, Bk. II).
Agamemnon. The Greek commander-in-chief at Troy.
everlasting register. The Bible.

146. **Lucina.** Goddess of childbirth. Here death becomes the Lucina that ushers souls into eternal life.
To weep into stones. Niobe, weeping for her children slain by the jealous gods, was turned to stone.

147. **Cambyses.** King of Persia (529–522 B. C.)
Mizraim. Egypt, or the Egyptian dead.

Nimrod. Chaldean name for Orion.
Osiris. Egyptian name for Sirius.
With Phaeton's favor. Upon closer view. Phaeton visited his father, Helios, in the sun.

Page 148. **Sardanapalus.** The last king of Assyria, who, besieged at Nineveh, burned his family and himself.
Gordianus. Emperor of Rome, third century A. D.
Lazarus. John 12.1

149. **Alaricus.** King of the Visigoths, who sacked Rome in 410 A. D.
Sylla. Roman dictator of the first century B. C.
annihilation, ecstasies, etc. Terms descriptive of mystical experience.

150. **St. Innocent's churchyard.** "In Paris where bodies soon consume" (B).
Tabesne, etc. *Pharsalia*, 7: 809–810. Professor Robert Shafer translates: "It matters not whether our bodies rot in the grave or are consumed by the funeral pyre."

THOMAS FULLER

Thomas Fuller was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, June 19, 1608. Entering Cambridge in 1621, he graduated B.A. in 1625, M.A. in 1628, and B.D. in 1635. Various rectorships occupied him from 1630 to 1641, in which latter year, not waiting to be ejected, he abandoned his livings and retired to London. He was soon imprisoned, but was released in 1643. Joining the Royalists at Oxford, he became chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton and was taken at the siege of Basing House in 1644. Partially prohibited, he continued to preach upon occasion, always in behalf of moderation and peace. At the Restoration he was honored by Cambridge with a fourth degree, D.D., and was made chaplain extraordinary to the King. Meanwhile his pen had been as tireless as his voice. A poem upon David and Bathsheba was composed in 1631. Years of literary labor culminated in *The History of the Holy War* in 1640. In 1642 appeared *The Holy State* and *The Profane State; Good Thoughts in Bad Times* in 1645; *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* in 1650; a *Church History of Britain* and a *History of Cambridge University* in 1655; *Mixt Contemplations in Better Times* in 1660; and, finally, his monumental achievement as scholar and antiquary, *The History of the Worthies of England*, posthumously, in 1662. He died in London August 16, 1661.

The texts here used are those of the folio editions of 1642 and 1662.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

Renaissance interest in pedagogy during Elizabethan and Puritan times is evident in such works as Ascham's *The Schoolmaster* (1570) and Milton's *Of Education* (1644). There is hardly anything in Fuller's essay that is not still useful and true.

Page 151. **Cooper's Dictionary.** Cooper's Latin *Dictionarie*, London, 1572.
Scapula's Lexicon. Joannes Scapula's *Lexicon Graco-Latinum Novum*, 1579.

152. **conjunction of two such planets.** Two planets on the same side of the sun, or in conjunction, were thought to be of propitious influence; on opposite sides, of malign.
Bristol diamonds. Diamonds found at Bristol, England. Cf. "Cornish diamonds," p. 160.

154. **de insolenti carnificina.** Of brutal punishment.
conscindebatur, etc. He was lashed seven or eight times a day.
Tusser. Thomas Tusser (c. 1524–1580), minor Elizabethan poet and musician, author of an odd collection of agricultural verse, *A Hundredth Goode Pointes of Husbandrie* (1557), etc.
Paul's. St. Paul's School.
Udal. Nicholas Udall (1505–1556), headmaster at Eton (1534–1541), author of *Ralph Roister Doister* (1553), the first regular English comedy.
Orbilius. Horace's harsh teacher.

155. **Ascham.** Roger Ascham (1515–1568), classical scholar, tutor to Elizabeth, and author of *Toxophilus* (1545) and *The Schoolmaster* (1570).
Dr. Whitaker. William Whitaker (1548–1595), master of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Bishop Andrews. Lancelot Andrews (1555–1626), chaplain to Elizabeth, bishop of Winchester.

PERSONAL MEDITATIONS

For the "meditation" as a type of essay, see Introduction, p. xxix. Like Herrick, Fuller suffuses piety with wit and humor.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORTHIES OF ENGLAND

For this vast work Fuller had been making collections for many years. He had travelled far and wide and had become "a walking encyclopedia" of information. Strangely enough, he seems not to have ascertained the year of Shakespeare's death.

SHAKESPEARE

Page 159. **Martial.** Latin epigrammatist (40–103 A. D.).

160. **Ovid.** Vivacious Roman poet (43 B. C.–17 A. D.).
Plautus. Roman comic dramatist (254–184 B. C.).
Heraclitus. Greek philosopher (fifth century B. C.), called "The Weeping Philosopher."
Democritus. Greek philosopher (fourth century B. C.), called "The Laughing Philosopher."

JEREMY TAYLOR

Jeremy Taylor was born, a barber's son, at Cambridge in 1613. Having finished with distinction his seven years at Cambridge University in 1633, he at once won fame for his eloquence and beauty as lecturer at St. Paul's, and was forthwith invited by Archbishop Laud to preach at Lambeth Palace. He was made chaplain to the Archbishop, and rector of Uppingham and St. Mary's in 1638. Like most Anglican ministers, he lost his livings in 1642 and joined the Royal party at Oxford. Taken at the siege of Cardigan Castle in 1645, he kept a school in 1646 at Newton Hill, Wales. Here Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, of Golden Grove, became his patron. Having lost his first wife in 1642, he now married Joanna Bridges, a natural daughter of Charles I, who brought him a considerable estate. Thus supplied with means and leisure, he brought to completion his *Liberty of Prophesying* in 1647, *The Life of Christ, or The Great Exemplar* in 1648, *Holy Living* in 1650, and *Holy Dying* in 1651. He was thrice imprisoned for the boldness of his utterances and publications, but was settled in a lectureship at Lisburn, Ireland, in 1658. Here he was made bishop in 1660, member of the Irish privy council, and vice-chancellor of the University of Dublin. Having reorganized this University and completed his vigorous anti-Catholic treatise, *Dissuasive from Popery* (1664, 1667,) he died at Lisburn August 13, 1667.

The text here used is that of *The Whole Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D.*, 1850.

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING

Care of Our Time

The author's energetic life of great accomplishments exemplifies the doctrine of this sincere but simple homily.

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY DYING

The Consideration Reduced to Practice

The author's more ornate, imaginative, finely cadenced, yet clear and simple style is well shown in this selection.

Page 166. **Athenæus.** Greek rhetorician of the third century A. D., author of *Deipnosophistæ* ("Feast of the Learned"), translated by Casaubon in 1597.

Ninus. Legendary founder of the Assyrian Empire.

169. **Henry the Third.** Emperor of Germany (1039–1056).

170. **Seize upon the present.** *Carpe diem*, etc. Cf. *To the Virgins*, p. 81, and note p. 548.

THOMAS HOBBES

Thomas Hobbes was born at Westport, Wiltshire, April 5, 1588. Graduated from Oxford in 1608, he went abroad in 1610 as tutor to William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire. Influenced by Continental thought, he turned away from scholasticism and applied himself for a time to ancient classical writers and next to modern science and philosophy. In 1628 he published his first work, a translation of Thucydides. The following year he began, under the influence of Bacon, the study of philosophy and mathematics. Going abroad again as tutor to the younger Cavendish, he visited Galileo and spent much time with Descartes. The eleven years from 1640 to 1651 he spent in Paris, diligently studying and writing, and serving for a time as mathematical tutor to Prince Charles. At the Restoration he was given a pension by his royal pupil and a permanent home with the Cavendishes in London and Devonshire. His chief literary and philosophical productions are *De Corpore Politico* (1640), *Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society* (1650), *A Treatise on Human Nature* (1650), *Leviathan* (1651), *Letters upon Liberty and Necessity* (1654), his *Autobiography* in Latin verse (1672), translations of the *Iliad* and a part of the *Odyssey* (1672), and *Behemoth* (1678). His bold materialistic philosophy, which upheld kingship and accounted for all phenomena, mental and physical, by the fundamental facts of matter and motion, was, of course, anathema to Puritans and Republicans. His significance to English literature has been briefly considered in the Introduction (p. xxxv). Hobbes died at his patron's Devonshire home in 1679.

The text follows that of the Bohn Edition, 1839–1845.

LEVIATHAN

The full title of Hobbes' most famous production is *Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil.* In the Introduction the author explains this title as follows: "Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the art of man, as in many other things, so in this also imitated that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of the limbs the beginning whereof is in some principal part within, why may we not say that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch) hath an artificial life? For what is the heart but a *spring;* and the nerves but so many *strings;* and the *joints* but so many *wheels,* giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer? Art goes yet further, imitating that rational and most excellent work of nature, man. For by art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH, or State, which is but an artificial man; though of greater stature and strength than the natural, for whose protection and defence it was intended, and in which the sovereignty is an artificial soul, as giving life and motion to the whole body."

With its materialistic, if not atheistical, conception of the universe and its defence of warfare, self-interest, and monarchy, the book long continued to make a powerful impression. Pepys records on September 3, 1668: "Hobbes' *Leviathan* is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8*s*. I now give 24*s*. for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30*s*., it being a book the bishops will not let be printed again." It was publicly burnt at Oxford after the author's death.

IZAAK WALTON

Izaak Walton was born in Staffordshire August 9, 1593. Of his youth nothing is known. As early as 1613 he settled in London and engaged in business, variously described as that of iron-monger, linen-draper, or hosier. From his shop, whatever wares it contained, he retired at fifty with a modest fortune and devoted his remaining forty years to friendships, biography, and the simple joys of quiet rural life. His first wife, Rachel Flood, having died in 1640, and his second, Anna Ken ("Kenna" in *The Angler's Wish*) in 1662, Walton spent much time during his later years with fishermen and eminent clergymen, in whose innocent and cheerful temperaments he found peculiar delight. Brief biographies of Donne (1640), Sir Henry Wotton (1651), Richard Hooker (1662), George Herbert (1670) and Bishop Sanderson (1678) make up Walton's charming *Lives*. His *Compleat Angler* was first published in 1653. Walton died at his daughter's home December 15, 1683.

The texts here followed are, for *The Compleat Angler*, the Bohn Edition, 1856, and, for *The Life of George Herbert*, the edition of 1670.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

The Compleat Angler, or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation is the joint-production of Walton and Charles Cotton (see pp. 423 and 591). The first edition (1653) consisted of a dialogue carried on by "Piscator" and "Viator." In the second edition (1656) "Viator" becomes "Venator" and a third character, "Auceps," the falconer, is added. To the fifth edition (1676), a Second Part was appended by the author's friend and pupil, Cotton, which dealt with fly-fishing, a branch of the angler's art in which Walton did not profess to be expert. His familiars were the worm, the grasshopper, and the frog.

["These Poor Rich Men"]

Page 178. **Lucian.** Greek satirist of the second century A. D.

179. **Montaigne.** French philosopher and essayist (1532–1593).

"When my cat," etc. *Essais* 2.12: "Quand je me jouë à ma chatte, qui sait si elle passe son temps de moi plus que je ne fais d'elle? Nous nous entretenons de singeries reciproques. . . ."

["Angling Is an Art"]

Page 180. **Deucalion's flood.** Deucalion, the Greek Noah, and his wife, Pyrrha, alone survived the legendary Greek flood.
Belus. Ancient Assyrian king, father of Ninus (p. 166).
182. **Peter du Moulin.** An Anglican minister (1601–1684), Cambridge D.D., author of some twenty works in English, French, and Latin.

[Trout-Fishing] and the Milk-maid's Song

Page 185. **Kit Marlowe.** Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593), an Elizabethan lyrist and dramatist.
strong lines. Metaphysical poetry.
186. "Come Shepherds," etc. On these old English songs Edward Jesse (Bohn Edition, p. 117) has the following note: "See the songs *As at Noon, Chevy Chace, Johnny Armstrong,* and *Troy Town,* printed, in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. As at Noon* in Durfey's Collection. *Phillida Flouts Me* was printed in the *Theatre of Compliments,* London, 1689, 12 mo., and republished in Ritson's *Ancient Songs,* 1792, p. 235. The song of *Come Shepherds* was not known till discovered in a manuscript belonging to the late Richard Heber, Esq. and recently printed by Mr. Pickering."
188. **Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish.** The passage is from Overbury's *Characters* (see Introduction, p. xxviii) and concludes the sketch. *A Fair and Happy Milkmaid.*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

William Davenant, courtier, dramatist, and poet, was born at the Crown Inn, Oxford, March 3, 1606. Leaving Oxford University in 1621, he became a page at Court, and was subsequently employed by Lord Brooke until the latter's death in 1628. Turning next to the stage, he wrote in all some twenty-five successful plays as well as the first English opera, *The Siege of Rhodes* (1656). He succeeded Jonson as laureate in 1637, published *Madagascar and Other Poems* in 1638, and was knighted for bravery at Worcester in 1643. Retiring to Paris, he became a Catholic and occupied himself with composing part of *Gondibert,* an unfinished epic poem. Setting out in command of a Virginian expedition in 1650, he was seized and sent to the Tower but was soon released through Milton's intercession. After the Restoration he prospered again as theatrical director. He died on April 6, 1668 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works appeared in folio in 1672.

The text here used is that of Chalmers, *English Poets,* 1810.

Song: The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest

Professor F. E. Schelling (*Seventeenth Century Lyrics*, p. 279) cites *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 853 f.:

> Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high.

Cf. also Shakespeare's *Sonnet 29:*

> Haply I think on thee.—and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

and *Comus*, ll. 316–317:

> Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
> From her thatch'd pallet rouse.

195, l. 7. **bows.** Gives heed to the moon that governs the tides.
l. 11. **veils of lawn.** Silken eyelids.
l. 12. **begin the dawn.** Cause the dawn to break.

Against Woman's Pride

195, l. 2. **bright complexion.** Cf. Shakespeare's *Sonnet 18:*

> Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
> And often is his gold complexion dimmed.

l. 6. **big.** Proud.

EDMUND WALLER

Edmund Waller was born, the son of a rich and ancient family, at Coleshill, Hertsfordshire, March 9, 1606. He inherited a fortune at eleven, attended Eton and Cambridge, entered Parliament at sixteen, married an heiress, and settled down at his Beaconsfield estate to literary pursuits about 1632. His first wife having died in 1634, he paid ardent but vain court to Lady Dorothy Sidney ("Saccharissa") but finally married Mary Bracey. A Royalist at heart, he was arrested in Parliament in May, 1643, for some kind of mediation plot, but escaped, by turning informer, with a sentence of banishment and a fine of £10,000. In Paris he supervised the publication of his *Poems* (1645). Allowed to return in 1654, he responded with a *Panegyric to My Lord Protector* (1655). At the Restoration he celebrated in heroic couplets *His Majesty's Happy Return*. Under favor of the King, he re-entered Parliament and became, says Burnet, "the delight of the House." As graceful song-writer, restorer of the heroic couplet, and ready wit he stands much higher than as a man of courage and solid worth. The final collection of his works was published in 1686. He died October 21, 1687.

The text here followed is that of the edition of 1682 except for the *Panegyric*, which follows the edition of 1730, and the *Last Verses*, which is taken from *The Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems* (1690).

Song: Go, Lovely Rose

This song and the following one are Waller's finest lyrics. They exhibit perfectly his minor gifts of smoothness and grace.

On a Girdle

197, l. 5. **extremest sphere.** Outermost of the Ptolemaic spheres.

To Mr. Henry Lawes

Henry Lawes was the foremost musical composer of the age. His peculiar merits consisted, as Milton and Waller state, in wedding music to verse without subordinating meter or sense. In the Preface to the first (1645) edition of his *Poems* Waller states, "All the lyric poems in this book were set to music by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gent." Cf. Milton's later tribute, *To My Friend, Mr. Henry Lawes* (p. 278).

198, l. 15. **Noy.** William Noy (1577–1634) was a learned and successful lawyer who became attorney-general in 1631. These lines were evidently written before Noy's death in 1634.

l. 17. **As a church-window, thick with paint.** Cf. Waller's clumsy line with Milton's exquisite passage, *Il Penseroso*, ll. 159–160, p. 271.

The Battle of the Summer Islands

(Canto I, Lines 5–67)

Page 198. **Summer Islands.** The Bermudas, off which Sir George Somers' Virginian expedition was partially wrecked in 1609; whence "Somers' Islands," "Summers' Islands," and, by romantic transition, "Summer Islands." Waller describes the place as a kind of rock-bound Paradise, the tranquillity of which is disturbed by the battle of two whales. Cf. Marvell's *Bermudas*, p. 233.

199, l. 18. **fierce Cato, etc.** Marcus Portius Cato (234–149 B. C.), Roman censor, who brought about the Third Punic War by insisting, "*Delenda est Carthago*" ("Carthage must be destroyed").

200, l. 66. **Saccharissa.** Lady Dorothy Sidney (see biographical sketch), who married Lord Spencer in 1640 instead of Waller; L. *saccharum*, sugar.

A Panegyric to My Lord Protector

201, l. 9. **As Neptune, etc.** The storm raised by Juno to destroy the fleet of Æneas, Venus' son, was laid by Neptune in the nick of time (*Æneid* 1. 19.)

l. 15. **Irish . . . Scots.** Cromwell's Ironsides subjugated Ireland in 1649 and Scotland in 1651. Cf. Marvell's *Horatian Ode*, ll. 73 ff., p. 228.

To the King

Charles' complaint that this Royal panegyric was not equal to its Cromwellian predecessor called forth the author's witty retort, "Poets, Sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

202, l. 16. **fainting Esther.** Esther trembling with fear as she stood before King Ahasuerus to plead for her people.

l. 19. **Polypheme.** Polyphemus, a one-eyed, man-eating monster, was blinded and outwitted by Odysseus.

203, l. 33. **Semele.** Semele, beloved of Zeus, led on by jealous Hera in disguise, insisted that Zeus visit her in all his divine majesty and in consequence was consumed by his celestial fire.

Of the Last Verses in the Book

These lines, written at eighty, are about as good as any Waller ever wrote. Cf. Wither's *For Old Persons*, p. 21, and Denham's swan song, *To His Ancient Muse*, p. 209.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

John Denham, son of Sir John Denham, lord chief baron of the exchequer of Ireland, was born in Dublin in 1615 but returned with his family to London in 1617. He entered Oxford in 1631, graduated B.A. in 1634, and began the study of law at Lincoln's Inn. Here he became a gambler and spendthrift and devoted himself to architectural and literary pursuits instead of law. In 1642 he produced two successful volumes of verse, *The Sophy*, a tragedy, and an exceedingly popular descriptive poem, *Cooper's Hill*. During the war he served as governor of Farnham Castle, and, on being detected in conveying letters from Maria to Charles, escaped to France. At the Restoration he was made surveyor-general and Knight of the Bath. He died March 10, 1669, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His *Poems and Translations* was published in 1668.

The text here follows that of the edition of 1668.

A Song

(*The Sophy*, Act V.)

204, l. 1. **Morpheus.** Though the edition of 1668 has "Somnus." the *Errata* restores "Morpheus."

l. 6. **Come, I say,** etc. Cf. *The Charm*, p. 11.

l. 8. **Lethean lake.** Lethe, river of oblivion in Hades.

Cooper's Hill

Cooper's Hill (1642) is almost, but not quite, the first important English landscape poem. It is preceded by Jonson's *To Penshurst* (1616), and imitated in Pope's *Windsor Forest* (1713). Dryden remarks of the poem that "the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing."

[The Thames]

(Lines 159–193)

206, ll. 31–34. **O could I flow, etc.** These, Denham's most famous lines, are not found in the edition of 1642.

On Mr. Abraham Cowley

207, l. 44. **Theban swan.** Pindar.

208, l. 66. **two twins.** Virgil and Cowley, whose styles are alike in dignity and finish.

l. 67. **Pythagoras.** Greek philosopher (sixth century B. C.) who taught the transmigration of the soul.

To His Ancient Muse

209, l. 2. **Circæan liquor.** Circe's intoxicating potion (*Odyssey*, Bk. X).

l. 5. **the dove's flight.** Venus' doves were sent to guide Æneas to the Golden Bough, without which he might not visit the realm of Proserpine.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Abraham Cowley, son of a prosperous scrivener, was born in London in 1618. Led in early childhood to delight in *The Faerie Queene* (see *Of Myself*, p. 220), he began writing metrical romances at ten and published *Poetical Blossoms* (1633) at fifteen. From 1637 to 1643 he attended Cambridge. During the war he served abroad as secretary to Maria's chamberlain, Lord Jermyn, and managed the private correspondence of King and Queen with extraordinary ingenuity and devotion. *The Mistress*, a volume of love poems, was published in 1647; his collected works, including the *Pindarique Odes* and *Davideis*, a sacred epic, in 1656. A charter member of the Royal Society, he composed in its honor an impressive ode in 1667. Wearying of public life, he retired about 1665 to a long-coveted country home at Chertsey and devoted himself thereafter to his garden and his books. He died July 28, 1667, and was buried at Westminster Abbey.

The text here followed is that of the 1669 edition of Cowley's works.

The Wish

This poem, written during Cowley's first years abroad and published in 1647, is an amplification of his boyhood poem, *The Vote* (see p. 221).

The Epicure

In this and the following poem Cowley paraphrases freely the *Anacreontea* (Anacreon-like poems on love and wine). Cf. similar Anacreontics by Herrick (*Of Myself*) and Wilmot (*Upon Drinking in a Bowl*, p. 435).

211, l. 6. **Gyges' wealthy diadem.** Gyges was a fabulously rich king of Lydia in the seventh century B. C.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw

Though Crashaw was some five years older than Cowley, the early fame of the younger poet made up for this disparity. The two were associated at Cambridge between 1637 and 1641 and subsequently at Paris, where they had opportunity to criticize each other's forthcoming volumes of verse.

212, l. 5. **Muses banished slaves.** The comparison is between the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt and the abjectness of sacred poetry during the Cavalier régime.

l. 18. **the heavenliest thing on earth.** Poesy; hardly the Church, or woman (but cf. l. 24).

l. 21. **Pan's death.** See the Gloss for May in Spenser's *The Shepherd's Calendar* and Milton's *Ode*, ll. 173–180.

l. 22. **fiend Apollo.** Apollo, the god of pagan verse. Cf. Milton's *Ode*, ll. 176–179.

213. l. 33. **sacred mistress.** The Church.

l. 35. **It.** "Thy spotless Muse."

l. 43. **Angels, they say, etc.** The legend is that angels bore the Virgin's house to Loretto; whence St. Mary's at Loretto.

l. 47. **mother church.** Anglican Church.

To Mr. Hobbes

Here the most popular poet of the age pays sincere homage to its foremost philosopher. The piece is one of the author's simplest and best Pindariques (see Introduction, p. xxxvii).

214, l. 8. **fair idea.** The allusion is to Plato's doctrine of divine ideas, or concepts, upon which as patterns all created things were made.

215, l. 16. **emptiness detests.** Nature abhors a vacuum.

l. 29. **school-men.** Medieval philosophers.

216, l. 72. **Trojan hero.** Ajax.

Of Myself

See Introduction, p. xxxviii.

Page 221. **Thou neither great at court, etc.** Cowley's poem *Destiny* (in *Pindarique Odes*).

222. **Non ego perfidum, etc.** I have not uttered a faithless vow (Horace, *Odes* 2. 17.)

ANDREW MARVELL

Andrew Marvell was born at Winstead, Yorkshire, March 31, 1621. He received the bachelor of arts degree from Cambridge in 1639 and travelled abroad from 1642 to 1646. Soon after his return he became tutor to Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, at whose delightful country home at Nunappleton he composed his finest lyric poems. Respected for his uprightness and moderation by Royalists and Republicans alike, in 1653 he received Milton's recommendation for the position of assistant Latin Secretary, and finally the appointment in 1657. For twenty years he sat in Parliament for Hull. Though flattered and tempted by the King, Marvell stood firmly against corruption in Parliament and at Court. In this warfare, he laid aside his poetic art and became one of the boldest satirists of the age (see Introduction, p. lii). He died in 1678. His poems were published in folio in 1678.

Except as indicated, the text follows that of the folio edition of 1776.

To His Coy Mistress

This early poem, Marvell's most passionate production, is Cavalier rather than Puritan in theme and tone.

223. l. 7. **Humber.** Marvell's home was at Hull, on the Humber River.

An Horatian Ode

In this splendid ode Marvell reveals with entire sincerity his admiration for Cromwell and his sympathy with the unfortunate King. The poem was eliminated from the 1681 folio edition by the printer for political reasons, though a single copy of this edition which does contain the *Ode* was discovered in 1907 and is now in the British Museum.

226. l. 17. **For 'tis all one, etc.** W. C. Bronson (*English Poems* 2. 476) interprets: "To a man of high courage and ambition, rivals in his own party are the same as enemies, and it is more difficult for his fellows to restrain such a man than it is for his enemies to oppose him."

227. l. 41. **hateth emptiness.** See p. 215, l. 16, and note, p. 569.

l. 42. **penetration.** A term used by the schoolmen in affirm-

ing that spirit, but not matter, could occupy without division space already occupied by matter.

l. 47. **Hampton.** Hampton Court Palace, where Charles was detained in 1647 before his escape to Carisbrooke Castle.

l. 66. **forced power.** The Commonwealth set up by force.

l. 69. **bleeding head.** The record is found in Pliny's *Natural History* 28. 4.

The Garden

230, l. 29. **Apollo, etc.** Fleeing Apollo, Daphne was transformed into a tree.

l. 31. **Syrinx.** Pursued by Pan, Syrinx was turned into a reed.

["Nature's Mystic Book"]

(*Upon Appleton House*, Lines 561–600)

232, l. 10. **learned original.** Bird notes, which the poet imitates.

l. 14. **lime-twigs.** Twigs smeared with bird-lime, a sticky substance.

l. 17. **scattered Sibyl's leaves.** The Cumæan Sibyl was wont to record her prophecies on leaves which the winds soon scattered wildly about her cave (Æneid, Bk. III).

l. 22. **light Mosaic.** Probably an easy Mosaic tale—"nature's mystic book."

Bermudas

The Bermudas were discovered by Juan Bermudez in 1522. Cf. Waller's *The Battle of the Summer Islands*, p. 198, and note, p. 566. Marvell had been a tutor in 1657 in the home of John Oxenbridge, sometime clergyman in the Bermudas.

234, l. 20. **Ormus.** See footnote, p. 308.

On Milton's Paradise Lost

Marvell's just and gracious tribute to his illustrious friend first appeared in the 1673 edition of Milton's poems.

234, l. 5. **argument.** Cf. *Paradise Lost* 1. 24, p. 284.

235, l. 22. **show it in a play.** Milton began the poem as a tragedy in 1642.

236, l. 39. **the bird.** The bird of paradise.

l. 43. **Tiresias.** Blind seer of Thebes.

JAMES HOWELL

James Howell was born at Abernant, Wales, about 1596, received the B.A degree from Oxford in 1613, and travelled abroad from 1618 to 1622. In 1624 he attempted, unsuccessfully, to negotiate

a match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain. A Royalist, he was imprisoned in the Fleet from 1643 to 1651, during which time he collected (possibly wrote) and published his letters as *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* (1645). An enlarged edition followed in 1655. At the Restoration Howell was made historiographer royal. He died in 1666.

The text is that of the editions of 1645 and 1655.

Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ

The title means, of course, *The Familiar Letters of Howell*. For the literary position and significance of the collection see Introduction, p. xxxix.

To Dr. Fr. Mansell, from Valencia

Page 239. **Dr. Fr. Mansell.** Dr. Francis Mansell, principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

To My Father, from London

Page 241. **Olivares.** Prime minister of Spain.

To Sir J. S.— At Leeds Castle

This letter is of particular importance for its discourse upon the epistolary art. Cf. Dorothy Osborne's corresponding remarks upon this topic, pp. 251–252.

Page 242. **in udo posita.** Located in a moist place.
243. **Bartholomew ware.** Cheap wares sold at Bartholomew Fair.

To My Nephew, J. P., at St. John's, in Oxford

This letter and the following first appeared in the edition of 1655.

To the R. H. the Lady E. D.

The letter is addressed to the Right Honorable the Lady Elizabeth (Altham) Digby, wife of Lord Robert Digby, who died in 1642.

DOROTHY OSBORNE

Dorothy Osborne was born at Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire, in 1627. Of her early childhood nothing is known. Certain it is that civil strife came all too soon to disrupt the Osborne home. While her father, Sir Peter Osborne, governor of Guernsey, held Castle Cornet for the King, her mother found refuge for herself and children at St. Malo, France, in 1643. On her way thither in company with her brother in 1648, Dorothy met in the Isle of Wight her future husband, William Temple, a handsome, cultured Cambridge youth of twenty

just setting out upon his travels abroad. There and at St. Malo their mutual admiration developed into a love which the opposition of both Royalist and Roundhead families, the flattering proposals of such suitors as Henry Cromwell, and seven years' enforced delay were unable to impair. Her mother having died at Chicksands in 1651, upon the death of her father, Dorothy "defied" her brother and married Temple in 1654. With his illustrious career her own was henceforth blended until her death at Moor Park in 1695.

The text, by the kind permission of editor and publisher, follows that of Sir Edward Abbot Parry's *The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple* (1888).

LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Dorothy's letters to Temple, seventy-seven in all, were written between December, 1652, and the autumn of 1654. They remained in manuscript until 1836, when extracts from them were published by Courtenay. They have since been edited and published by Sir Edward Abbot Parry (1888, 1903, 1914) and by G. C. Moore-Smith (1928). To all of these editions I am indebted for various items given in the following notes.

Letter 10

The letter is undated; date assigned by Moore-Smith, Saturday, March 5, 1653. After several years of travel, Temple is back in London. The exchange of messages goes on apace.

Page 246. **the widow.** Dorothy's cousin, Mrs. Thorold.
one was by. Henry Osborne, Dorothy's brother.

247. **infusion of steel.** An iron tonic described by Temple as "the infusion of powder of steel."
Mrs. Chambers. So Courtenay; both Parry and Moore-Smith read "Mrs. Cl."
Cleopatra. See Introduction, p. xix.

248. **Lord [Lisle].** Temple was to accompany this ambassador to Sweden.
Molle. Henry Molle, sometime orator of Cambridge.
invisible ring. The magic ring by which Gyges (see p. 211) made himself invisible and secured the Lydian throne.
Fortunatus. A legendary adventurer of Cyprus to whom the sultan of Cairo exhibited the magic hat. See Thomas Dekker's *The Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus* (1600).
Lady Diana. Lady Diana Rich.

Letter 18

The letter is undated; date assigned by Moore-Smith, Saturday, April 23, 1653. Temple's father is busily seeking a better match for his son.

Page 249. **the Spencers.** Robert and William, brothers to the late husband of "Saccharissa" (see p. 565).
a strange turn. Cromwell's forcible dissolution of Parliament April 20, 1653.

250. **Mr. Pim.** John Pym (1584–1643) was one of the five members who had "flown" when Charles attempted their arrest in Parliament January 4, 1642.

Letter 40

The letter is undated; date assumed by Parry, Sunday, October 2, 1653. Dorothy here pays tribute to her eldest sister and comments upon the epistolary art. Cf. Howell's letter, p. 242.

Page 251. **Peyton.** Sir Thomas Peyton, who had lately married a widow, Cicely Swan.

252. **Sir Justinian.** Sir Justinian Isham.

253. **a gentleman.** General Fleetwood, Cromwell's commander in Ireland.

Letter 51

The letter is undated; date assigned by Moore-Smith, Saturday, January 7, 1654. A story of Dorothy's acknowledging a gentleman's "civil salute" at St. Gregory's Church (see Letter 60) had reached Temple's ears. He had accused her hotly, and she had suggested that their engagement be broken. Temple's wild talk of suicide then drew from Dorothy this hurried reply.

Letter 54

The letter is undated; date assigned by Moore-Smith, Friday–Sunday, January 13–15, 1654. Lest her fervent note raise undue hope, Dorothy had dispatched in all haste a longer explanation (Letter 52). Having failed to cure Temple, she acknowledged her love in Letter 53. Temple rushed to Chicksands and all was cleared.

Page 254. **tell a great lie.** The officious brother has been completely duped.

255. **a place you are so much concerned in.** Probably Ireland, where Temple's father was again Master of the Rolls.
a romancer story. Later editions read "a more romance story."

256. **a fine lady.** Lady Grey de Ruthin.
Arme. The island of Herm, near the Isle of Wight, probably visited in 1648.
Baucis and Philemon. A story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON, son of John Milton, scrivener, and of Sarah Jeffreys Milton, was born in Bread Street, London, December 9, 1608. Prepared by a private tutor, Milton entered St. Paul's School about 1620 and Christ's College, Cambridge, February 12, 1625. Though dubbed The Lady of Christ's on account of his fastidious morals and good looks, he gradually rose to be the outstanding scholar of the University. Having received the bachelor's degree in March, 1629, and the master's in July, 1632, and having decided to be a poet rather than a preacher, he spent the next five years at his father's country home at Horton in diligent but tranquil preparation for his chosen career. His foreign tour, which began in April, 1638, was shortened by the news of impending civil strife at home. Back in London by July, 1639, he undertook the instruction of his sister's sons and began in earnest upon a major poem. When public duty called in 1641, he promptly laid aside his poetic art. In 1643 he married Mary Powell, Royalist maiden of seventeen, who, tiring of married life within a month, went home upon a visit and did not return until 1645. Four children, Anne, Mary, John, and Deborah, were born to them between 1646 and 1652. In the latter year Mary died and Milton's sight entirely failed. Appointed Latin Secretary in 1649, he continued to serve in that capacity until 1658. At the Restoration Milton, defender of the Regicides, went into hiding for a time, but was arrested and imprisoned, and escaped the supreme penalty only through the intercessions of Davenant and Marvell. His second wife, Katherine Woodcock, whom he had married in 1656, having died in 1658, the blind poet was induced by friends to marry a capable young woman, Elizabeth Minshull, in 1663. He died from "gout struck in" November 8, 1674.

Milton's literary labors were varied and extensive (see Introduction, pp. xl-xliii). Among his outstanding productions in prose and verse are the *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (1629), *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (1632?), *Comus* (1634), *Lycidas* (1637), *Of Reformation in England* (1641), *Areopagitica* (1644), *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (1644), twenty-four sonnets, fourteen between 1645 and 1658, *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* (1651), *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* (1660), *Paradise Lost* (1667), *Paradise Regained* (1671), and *Samson Agonistes* (1671). His minor poems were published collectively in 1645 and again in 1673.

The texts here followed are those of 1645, 1638, 1667, and 1644.

ON A MAY MORNING

This simple but exquisite May song belongs to Milton's late Cambridge or early Horton years.

On Shakespeare

(Sonnet I)

Milton's sonnets (see Introduction, pp. xlii–xliii) are Petrarchan in form; that is, they divide approximately into *octave* and *sestet* and employ not more than two rimes in the first division and in the second not more than three.

These lines are dated 1630 by Milton. They first appeared in print in the 1632 folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. Cf. Browne's epitaph (p. 12).

259, l. 4. **star y-pointing.** The *y-* represents the prefix *ge* of the Angle-Saxon perfect participle of *yclept* (p. 262, l. 12). It is here transferred, for metrical reasons, to the present active participle.

At A Solemn Music

260, l. 1. **pledges.** Probably "assurances" rather than "offspring."

l. 2. **Sphere-born.** As exquisite as the imagined music of the Ptolemaic spheres (see p. 580).

261, l. 6. **content.** So in the 1645 edition. The Cambridge Manuscript has *concent* (L. *concentus*).

L'Allegro

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* are obviously companion poems presenting not so much the mirthful man and the pensive man as the two contrasted moods of mirthfulness and sober thoughtfulness, both of which were very real constituents of Milton's mind. Each describes an eclectic series of experiences that, to the poet's mind, would constitute an ideal day.

261, l. 2. **Cerberus.** Three-headed watchdog of Hell.

l. 3. **Stygian.** Of the under region of the river Styx.

262, l. 10. **Cimmerian.** The Cimmerians dwelt in a dark region beyond the Ocean stream (*Odyssey* 11.14).

l. 29. **Hebe.** Goddess of youth.

263, l. 45. **Then to come, etc.** Then to arise, go to the window, and salute the dawn.

264, l. 102. **faery Mab.** Mab, queen of fairies.

266, l. 136. **Lydian airs.** Lydian music was soft; Phrygian, lively; Dorian, grave.

l. 145. **Orpheus.** Orpheus, legendary musician of Thrace, charmed the realms of Pluto with his lyre and would have regained his wife, Eurydice, but for looking back.

Il Penseroso

Cf. John Fletcher's song (*Nice Valour* 3. 3) beginning, "Hence, all you vain delights," and Burton's *Abstract of Melancholy* (p. 41).

267, l. 18. **Prince Memnon's sister.** Hemera, sister of Memnon, beautiful Ethiopian king who fought at Troy (*Odyssey* 11. 552).

l. 19. **starred Ethiop queen.** Cassiopeia, mother of Andromeda, who boasted that her daughter was more beautiful than the Nereids, and after death, was placed in the constellation that bears her name.

ll. 23, 24. **Vesta . . . Saturn.** Pensiveness here springs from the chaste goddess of the hearth and the melancholy god overthrown by Zeus.

l. 29. **Ida.** Mt. Ida, in Crete, home of Saturn and birthplace of Jove. Cf. *Paradise Lost* 1. 515.

l. 40. **rapt.** Ravished.

269, l. 87. **outwatch the Bear.** "As the Bear never sets, he could only out-watch him by sitting up till day-break"(Keightley's note).

l. 88. **thrice-great Hermes.** Hermes Trismegistus, mythical Egyptian philosopher and king.

l. 99. **Presenting Thebes, etc.** Greek tragedy and epic deal largely with the royal houses of Thebes and Troy, especially with that of Pelops.

l. 104. **Musæus.** Son of Orpheus (see *L'Allegro*, l. 145).

l. 110. **The story, etc.** Chaucer's unfinished *Squire's Tale*, here briefly summarized.

270, l. 124. **Attic boy.** Cephalus, of Attica.

l. 134. **Sylvan.** Silvanus, Roman god of farms and forests.

271, l. 147. **And let, etc.** "Let some dream float with undulating motion (*i. e. wave*) at the wings of Sleep, amid a stream of vivid pictures which rest lightly on the eyelids" (Verity's note).

Lycidas

Lycidas, by "J. M., " is the final poem of the slender volume entitled *Obsequies to the Memory of Edward King, Anno. Dom. 1638.* The manuscript of the poem is dated November, 1637. Edward King, son of the Secretary for Ireland, had prepared himself at Cambridge for the ministry but was drowned on the coast of Wales August 10, 1637. The memorial volume was prepared by his Cambridge friends in the autumn of that year. The poem is a pastoral elegy (see Introduction, pp. xxvi, xli, xlii), though the pastoral mood is put on and off at the poet's will.

272, l. 15. **Sisters.** The Muses.

l. 23. **self-same hill.** Christ's College, Cambridge.

l. 24. **Fed the same flock.** Practised poetic composition.

273, l. 36. **old Damœtas.** Some tutor interested in their verse.
l. 53. **druids.** Ancient Celtic minstrels and priests.
274, l. 61. **the rout, etc.** Frenzied women of Thrace in whose licentious orgies Orpheus refused to indulge (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 11.1).
l. 77. **Phœbus.** Apollo, god of poetry.
l. 85. **fountain Arethuse.** A Sicilian fountain or spring near the homes of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; hence pastoral verse.
l. 86. **Mincius.** An Italian river by which Virgil was born; hence pastoral verse.
275, l. 106. **inscribed with woe.** Inscribed by Apollo, accidental slayer of Narcissus, with the Greek word *Ai* (alas!).
276, l. 130. **two-handed engine at the door.** An effective instrument of relief is at hand, whether Parliament or the sword (Matt. 3.10).
l. 132. **Alpheus.** A Sicilian river; hence the pastoral mood.
277, l. 159. **Bellerus.** Land's End, L. *Bellerium*, the region of a mythical Cornish giant or king.
l. 160. **the guarded mount.** A mount in Cornwall upon which Michael was fabled sometimes to appear.
l. 175. **nuptial song.** Perhaps, as Hanford suggests, "an allusion to the mystic marriage of the soul with Christ." But cf. Rev. 19.7.

To My Friend, Mr. Henry Lawes

Cf. Waller's *To Mr. Henry Lawes*, p. 197, and note, p. 566.

278, l. 4. **Midas' ears.** Midas, who adjudged Pan victor over Apollo in a musical contest, was punished by being given ass's ears (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 11. 175).
l. 14. **Purgatory.** *Purgatorio* 2. 76 f.

To the Lord General Cromwell

Cf. Waller's *Panegyric* (p. 200) and Marvell's *Ode* (p. 225).

279, l. 7. **Darwen, etc.** Cromwell's victories at Preston Moor, August, 1648; Dunbar, September 3, 1650; and Worcester, September 3, 1651.
l. 14. **hireling wolves.** State-paid clergy, such as upstart Presbyterians proposed.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

This, Milton's most vigorous sonnet, is ablaze with righteous indignation over the Duke of Savoy's massacre in 1655 of Protestant Waldensians who declined to become Catholics or to leave their homes in the Piedmontese Alps.

279, l. 4. **When all our fathers**, etc. Before the Reformation.
l. 10. **sow.** Thus Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth, which sprang up armed men.

To Mr. Lawrence

280, l. 1. **Lawrence.** Edward Lawrence (1633–1657), son of Henry Lawrence, President of Cromwell's Council.

On His Deceased Wife

Katherine Woodcock (see biographical sketch) died in February, 1658.

281, l. 2. **Alcestis.** Admetus' wife, rescued from self-sacrificing death by Hercules.

PARADISE LOST

From a list of ninety-nine possible subjects, drawn from biblical and British history, for his long-contemplated heroic poem, Milton finally selected "Paradise Lost." Returning from abroad in 1639 freshly inspired by Grotius's and Andreini's treatment of that subject in dramatic form, he drew up four successive drafts for a tragedy to be entitled *Adam Unparadised* or *Paradise Lost* and, according to his nephew, actually composed the opening soliloquy (Satan's address to the sun, Book IV, ll. 30–41) as early as 1642. Little more was done upon the poem, however, until 1658, by which time it had become apparent to Milton that both his materials and his powers were better adapted to the epic form. *Paradise Lost* was accordingly recast, and composed between the autumn and the vernal equinoxes of the next five years. It was completed, says Aubrey, by 1663; it was read by Ellwood in 1665 (see p. 419) and published in quarto by Samuel Symmons August 20, 1667.

As to type *Paradise Lost* has generally been called a classical and literary epic. It is, indeed, an extended narrative poem, both objective and subjective, which recounts with dignity and sincerity an heroic action, performed by human and superhuman characters, in the outcome of which the destiny of all mankind is involved. Conforming even with such minor epic conventions as the use of introductory invocation and synopsis, episodes, councils, Homeric similes, prophecies, and dreams, it is not, however, primarily a classical epic but rather an imaginative, symbolic epic poem.

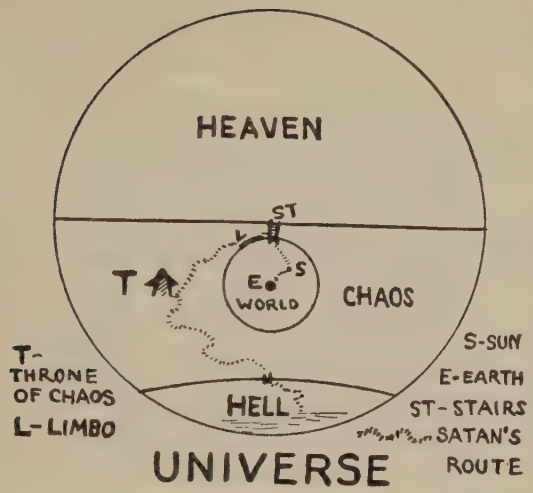
Its literary materials are drawn from the Scriptures, particularly from Genesis and Revelation, but also from a thousand other biblical texts; from ancient classical poems, particularly the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*; from the Catholic middle ages, particularly from rabbinical and patristic commentaries, Cædmon's *Genesis*, and Dante's vivid picture of the abode and state of spirits after death; and from such narrative and dramatic poems of the Continental and

English Renaissance as Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Grotius's *Adamus Exul*, Andreini's *L'Adamo*, Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's *Divine Weeks and Works*, Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven*, Phineas Fletcher's *The Apollyonists*, perhaps Vondel's *Lucifer*, *The Faerie Queene*, and Shakespeare's plays. Although thus learned and eclectic, *Paradise Lost* is nevertheless so suffused with the author's personality and so charged with symbolic meaning as to be essentially one of the most original of English poems.

Its setting, temporally, is from eternity past, through time, to eternity to come; and spatially, Heaven, Chaos, Hell, the Ptolemaic World, at the center of which is Earth, the home of man. Numerous diagrams of this vast spatial setting have been proposed, none of which can be or need be quite consistent with the poem as a whole. Heaven, for example, may as well remain quite "undetermined" whether "square or round." The diagram on p. 581, however, based upon the familiar ones of Masson, may be of use in connection with the setting and the action of the poem. The World, as represented in the Ptolemaic scheme, consisted of the Earth as center surrounded by ten visible, concentric spheres, one for each of the seven known "planets" (Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn), the Firmament of the stars, the Crystalline or watery sphere, and the outermost opaque sphere, *Primum Mobile* (First Moved), all revolving at different speeds and together making a melody too exquisite for mortal ears to hear.

Though millions of spiritual beings appear upon this far-flung stage, the characters that enact conspicuous rôles are comparatively few. Upon the whole, these outstanding personages are masterfully portrayed. Among Milton's triumphs here are Satan, the brave, strong, beautiful, pathetic rebel who gradually degenerates into the cowardly and malignant slave; the vague but terrifying figures of Sin and Death; the infinitely wise and gentle but omnipotent Son of God; and lastly Adam and Eve, in their ideal simplicity and innocence before the fall as well as in their subsequent passion, remorse, and restoration. In the enveloping action of the poem, the rôle of hero must be assigned, not to the degenerating and ultimately defeated Satan, but to the irresistible Son of God; in the central human story, to divinely-assisted man.

The action of the poem is nothing less than the two-fold clash of good and evil in the world of man and in the cosmic universe at large. Yet as presented, these two great plots are one: what seems at first to be the larger action becomes the background and antecedent action of the fall of man. In conformity with epic precedent and Horatian law, the narrative is launched *in medias res*, and the full account of Satan's revolt and fall is presented later as an episodic warning to Adam and Eve. Thus the central story of man's fall and restoration is given prominence as well as setting and causality. The two great threads of plot are still more closely woven together by means of common characters and a single theme. Minor inconsistencies are unavoidable in a narrative that employs both celestial



UNIVERSE

WORLD

and terrestrial systems of chronology and relates superhuman deeds in terms of human life; yet these trouble no one and are immaterial in a poem that aims primarily to shadow forth symbolically spiritual truth. One is conscious rather of the simplicity and symmetry of the plot-structure as a whole.

As to theme, much diversity of opinion has arisen, partly from confusing *title* and *purpose* with *poetic theme* and again from interpreting *Paradise Lost* as something other than a poem. Milton's theological purpose is indeed to assert God's justice in creating man free to stand or fall and providing him redemption from his sins. Then, too, cosmologically and metaphysically considered, the poem does relate man and the World to the Creator and the universe at large and does suggest that evil in self-annihilating, good ever-growing and eternal. But as a poem Milton's story is unmistakably epitomized in lines 1-5. Despite the title, which suggests but half, it is of man as God intended him to be and as he still may become that Milton, poet, Hebraist, and humanist, sings—a theme that is central in the Christian Renaissance. More specifically, the poem bodies forth the thought that as man, through willful disobedience lost peace and contact with the Divine, so by repentance and obedience he may, with God's assistance, regain the spiritual Paradise that he has lost. Thus Milton unites Dante's conclusion, "In Thy will is our peace," with Hamlet's meditation, "What a piece of work is man."

For far-reaching and sustained imaginative flight, sublimity, harmonious verse, and never-failing loftiness and sincerity of feeling and of thought, *Paradise Lost* is universally accorded highest place among the epic poems of the world. But these fundamental qualities of style, and such others as descriptive and narrative effectiveness and sheer beauty of the poem as an artistic whole, the reader can best look for and exemplify for himself.

The Verse

By the second of Milton's three elements of "true musical delight" Milton probably means, thinks Stopford Brooke, "that in every line it was enough if the requisite number of accents were found, within the fair limits of the variety allowed to blank verse." Other metrical graces that make for harmony and flexibility in Milton's epical blank verse are the variety, in number and location, of the cæsura (pause) within the line (note the two distinct cæsuras in line 19 of Bk. I), the varying number of primary stresses per line, the elision of vowels, and the frequent substitution of trochaic, pyrrhic, and spondaic feet. Lines 1-26 illustrate well these metrical felicities.

Book I

Hazlitt thought the first two books of *Paradise Lost* "like two solid pillars of massy gold." Surely the full force of Milton's imagination was here employed.

284, l. 21. **Dove-like,** etc. See Gen. 1.2, Matt. 3.16.
l. 25. **Eternal Providence.** The first edition has "the Eternal Providence."
l. 50. **Nine times,** etc. Cf. Bk. VI, l. 871: "Nine days they fell."
286, l. 109. **And what is else,** etc. Masson suggests: "And what else is there that is not to be overcome?"; "And what is there that else is not to be overcome?"; "And in what else does not to be overcome consist?"
288, l. 177. **bellow.** Onomatopœia (description of sound by the sound of the descriptive word itself) is here and elsewhere in the poem used effectively. Cf. I. 768, II. 880 ff.
289, l. 198. **Titanian or Earth-born.** Titan, such as Briareos, or giant (born of Uranus and Earth), such as Typhon.
290, l. 232. **Pelorus.** Cape Faro, near Mt. Ætna, in Sicily.
291, l. 257. **all but less than He.** Second only to Him.
292, l. 289. **Fesolè.** A hill near Florence.
l. 290. **Valdarno.** Valley of the Arno, in which lies Florence.
292, l. 302. **Thick as autumnal leaves,** etc. Here begins a series of Homeric similes emphasizing numbers. R. C. Browne comments: "The fallen angels when lying on the pool are compared to fallen leaves; when on the wing, to locusts; when on the plain, to the northern barbaric hordes."
293, l. 324. **Cherub and seraph.** The angelic hierarchies, according to Dionysius, were, in ascending order, as follows: angels, archangels, princedoms; powers, virtues, dominions; thrones, cherubim, seraphim.
294, l. 353. **her barbarous sons.** The Goths, 248 A. D.; the Vandals, 439 A. D.; the Huns, 451 A. D.
l. 376. **Say, Muse, their names.** So Homer (*Iliad* 2. 484, 378): "Tell me now, ye Muses, . . who were the captains of the Danaans and their lords."
296, l. 418. **good Josiah.** See 2 Kings 23.
l. 423. **Spirits, when they please,** etc. An explanation that prepares for much of consequence that follows. Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, ll. 69, 70.
297, l. 447. **annual wound.** Thammuz (Adonis), slain by the boar in Lebanon, reddens afresh his stream with blood each spring but soon revives. Cf. Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.
l. 471. **gained a king.** Made an idolater of Ahaz.
299, l. 515. **Ida.** Mt. Ida, in Crete. Cf. *Il Penseroso*, l. 29.
l. 516. **the middle air.** Not, as Beeching thought, "the air between earth and heaven," but, as Verity suggests, the second of the three regions into which medieval physicists divided the air.
l. 517. **Delphian cliff,** etc. The site, on Mt. Parnassus, of the

Oracle of Apollo; Dodona, in Epirus, of an oracle of Zeus.

300, l. 550. **Dorian mood.** See note, p. 576, on *L'Allegro*, l. 136.

301, l. 576. **Warred on by cranes.** The war of the pigmies (13½-inch people) and the cranes is told by Homer (*Iliad* 3.5).

l. 577. **Phlegra.** A peninsula in Macedonia, the reputed birthplace of the Giants.

l. 586. **Charlemain.** Charles the Great, whose rearguard was annihilated at Rouncevalles near Fontarabbia but not Charles himself (*The Song of Roland*).

304, l. 674. **The work of sulphur.** According to early physicists, even Bacon, metals consisted mainly of mercury (the base) and sulphur (the cement).

306, l. 741. **thrown by angry Jove.** Mulciber (Vulcan, Greek Hephaestus) sided with his mother, Juno, in her dispute with Jove and was hurled from Heaven.

l. 756. **Pandemonium.** Temple of all the demons; as *Pantheon*, temple of all the gods.

308, l. 793. **in their own dimensions, etc.** Thus the majesty of the ensuing scene and conference is preserved.

Book II

Book II is noteworthy for the infernal council, the geography of Hell, the allegory of Sin and Death, and the bold flight of Satan from Hell to Earth. The dramatic effectiveness of the Council is due in part to Milton's attendance as Latin Secretary upon Cromwell's councils of state. Here Satan presides. Moloch advises war; Belial, sloth and peace. Mammon urges the middle course of improving Hell. Satan's plan is then proposed by Beelzebub and adopted. Each speech is in accord with the speaker's character and personality.

311, l. 101. **on this side nothing.** On this side of nothingness or annihilation.

313, l. 143. **we must exasperate, etc.** Ironical ridicule of Moloch's suggestion.

314, l. 185. **unrespited, etc.** The impression of utter hopelessness is emphasized by means of the repeated prefix. Cf. *Hamlet* 1. 5. 77: "Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled."

320, l. 375. **frail originals.** The second edition has "frail original." The earlier form leaves no doubt as to Milton's meaning.

323, l. 483. **lest bad men should boast.** Before this clause supply some such expression as "I say this."

324, l. 530. **Olympian games or Pythian fields.** Athletic contests held every four years at Olympia in honor of Zeus and at Delphi in celebration of Apollo's victory over the serpent Python.

325, l. 533. **As when,** etc. Omens. Cf. *Julius Caesar* 2. 2.

l. 543. **the envenomed robe.** The poisonous robe sent by Deianira, Hercules' wife (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 9. 136 ff.), to confirm his love.

327, l. 600. **starve.** Perish; A. S. *steorfen.*

l. 614. **Tantalus.** Cruel king of Lydia, condemned by Zeus to Tartarus, and never to quench his raging thirst; whence *tantalize.*

328, l. 639. **Ternate and Tidore.** Two of the Molucca Islands.

l. 660. **Scylla.** A nymph who, hideously deformed by Circe's magic herbs, threw herself into the sea between Italy (Calabria) and Sicily (Trinacria) and became a dangerous whirlpool or rock.

331, l. 758. **Out of thy head I sprung.** So Athene sprang from the brain of Zeus.

332, l. 787. **Death.** "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James 1. 15). The hideousness of Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is intentional and appropriate.

335, l. 880. **jarring sound,** etc. Cf., in onomatopoetic effect, Bk. I, l. 178.

336, l. 894. **eldest Night.** "Black Night was born of Chaos and Erebus" (Hesiod, *Theog.* 123).

l. 895. **Chaos.** A rude and undigested mass, . . . the discordant atoms of things not harmonizing (Ovid, *Metam.* 1: 7-9)

l. 898. **hot, cold, moist, and dry.** The attributes, here unorganized, of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. Cf. p. 507, ll. 7-10.

l. 906. **To whom these most adhere.** To the one which attracts the most followers.

337, l. 939. **Syrtis.** Quicksands on the African coast.

l. 943. **gryfon.** A fabulous creature, half lion, half eagle, which guarded gold mines from the one-eyed Scythian miners.

339, l. 1017. **Argo.** The ship in which Jason sailed to find the golden fleece.

l. 1020. **Charybdis.** Twin whirlpool or rock to Scylla (note above).

Book IV

345, l. 615. **with thee to go,** etc. To go with thee is to be in Paradise; to stay without thee would be to lose Paradise unwillingly.

AREOPAGITICA

Areopagitica, A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England, Milton's noblest work in prose, was written in opposition to a Parliamentary order, June, 1643, prohibiting the printing and sale of unlicensed books. Oddly enough,

the hated job of licensing later fell into Milton's hands. The term *Areopagitica* comes from the Greek word *Areopagus*, the name of an Athenian court, and therefore means a plea before such a body.

Page 347. **fabulous dragon's teeth.** See p. 279, second poem, l. 10, and note, p. 579.

349. **upon Psyche as an incessant labor.** According to Apuleius (*The Golden Ass*), jealous Aphrodite jumbled together a great mass of seeds and ordered Psyche to separate them by nightfall. This she accomplished by the assistance of ants. She was finally reunited with Cupid.

350. **Scotus.** John Duns Scotus (c. 1265–1308), one of the Scottish schoolmen.

Aquinas. Thomas Aquinas (c. 1225-1274), learned Italian theologian.

Atlantic and Utopian politics. Allusion to ideal republics described in Bacon's *New Atlantic* and Thomas More's *Utopia*.

Plato's licensing. See Plato's *Laws* 7. 801.

SAMUEL PEPYS

Samuel Pepys, son of a London tailor and second cousin to Sir Edward Montagu, was born February 23, 1633. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge. In 1655 he married Elizabeth St. Michel, a poor but beautiful young girl of Irish and French Huguenot descent. Recommended by his extraordinary industry and ingenuity, Pepys became secretary to Admiral Montagu in 1659 and was of much assistance to him in bringing home King Charles in 1660. He was at once made secretary of the Navy Board, mastered the details of naval administration, attended diligently to business during the Plague and Fire, defended the Navy in a great speech in 1668, and became Secretary of the Admiralty in 1672, in which position he served efficiently until 1679, and again from 1684 until ejected with the Stuarts in 1689. His wife died in 1669. A member of the Royal Society since 1665, he became its president in 1688. In addition to reorganizing English Naval administration, he published in 1690 *Memoirs of the Royal Navy*. But his unique production for which the world must ever be most grateful is the *Diary* which he found time to write during nine of his busiest and happiest years. Pepys continued to live with gusto and to purpose until May 26, 1703.

DIARY

Pepys' *Diary* extends from January 1, 1660, to May 31, 1669. It was written in a modified form of Shelton's system of shorthand, published in 1641, and remained unnoticed until deciphered by John Smith, 1819–1822, and published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825. See

also Introduction, p. li. The text here used is that of the Bohn Edition of 1858.

Page 358. **Dr. Earle.** Rev. John Earle (see pp. 34, 537).
Thomas Killigrew. Dramatist and wit (1612-1683).
359. **Duke of York.** Later James II.
future favor. James took Pepys to Ireland with him in 1682, but did little for him after becoming King.
360. **General Monk.** General George Monk marched his army from Scotland to London early in 1659 ostensibly to prevent, but secretly to assist, in the return of the King.

The London Fire

Here Pepys presents a continuous story and vivid description of a memorable public event and also gives an intimate picture of domestic and social life. His keen eye observes all—places, happenings, people, even pigeons and cats.

Page 367. **Sir W. Penn.** Admiral William Penn, father of the Quaker.

JOHN EVELYN

John Evelyn was born at Wotton, Surrey, October 31, 1620. He was educated at Oxford and resided for a time in the Inner Temple. From 1641 to 1652 he lived abroad. In 1652 he returned to England and, although a Royalist, lived quietly with his family at Sayes Court. Respected for his virtues by Puritans and Royalists alike, he was offered many public offices by Charles and James but generally preferred to serve in less conspicuous ways. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society and twice its secretary. He did a great deal to improve London buildings, streets, and benevolent institutions, particularly its hospital and charities. His supreme delights, however, were his family, his gardens, and his books. Of chief importance among his writings are *Sylva*, an authoritative work on arboriculture, and his invaluable *Diary*. Evelyn died in 1706. His works were published in 1825.

The text here used is that of the *Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq.*, 1827.

DIARY

Evelyn's *Diary* extends from 1623 to February 23, 1706. As a social history and personal memoir, it is second only to the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys. See also Introduction, p. li.

[The London Fire]

Compare with the corresponding narrative by Pepys.

Page 373. **non enim,** etc. We have not here an abiding city.

[His Daughter Mary]

Compare with the accounts of Dorothy Osborne (pp. 246-256, 572) and Lucy Hutchinson (p. 400 ff.)

Page 378. **Mundus Muliebris.** *Woman's World.*

SAMUEL BUTLER

Samuel Butler, the son of a Worcestershire farmer, was baptized February 8, 1612. He attended King's School, Worcester, and became an excellent scholar without the assistance of either University. From his father's landlord, Sir William Russell, he early acquired the Royalist's point of view. For a time he was gentleman servant of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent. In 1629, however, he became secretary to Sir Samuel Luke, prototype of Hudibras, in which position he heard much Puritan praying and plotting and accumulated invaluable materials for his satire. When these were brought forth as *Hudibras* in 1662, Butler instantly became famous. Neither wealth nor adequate preferment, however, was his reward; even the rich widow, Mrs. Herbert, whom he married, lost her property in the courts. After spending some time abroad and bringing out a revised edition of *Hudibras* in 1678, Butler died in poverty November 25, 1680, and was buried in Covent Garden by a friend. His *Genuine Remains* was published in 1759.

The text of *Hudibras* here used is that of the Bohn Edition of 1859.

HUDIBRAS

The first part of *Hudibras* was licensed for publication November 11, 1662, and appeared in print before the end of the year. Pepys records December 26, 1662: "We falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple; cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.*" The second part was published in 1664; the third, in 1678. See also Introduction, pp. lii-liii.

[The Presbyterian Knight]

(Part 1, Canto 1, Lines 1-230)

Sir Samuel Luke (see biographical sketch of Butler), Presbyterian colonel and friend of Cromwell, served as model for Sir Hudibras. Puritans of the Presbyterian sect were especially zealous in promoting Presbyterianism as the state-established successor to the Anglican Church.

383, l. 1. **civil dudgeon.** The late civil war.

l. 10. **long-eared rout.** The Roundheads, whose ears were prominent because their hair was cut short.

386, l. 120. **Tycho Brahe.** Danish astronomer (1546–1601).
Erra Pater. Ancient astrologer, but here William Lilly (1602–1681), astrologer, whose followers were called the sons of Erra Pater.

387, l. 148. **Like words congealed.** "In Rabelais, Pantagruel throws upon deck three or four handfuls of frozen words" (Bohn's note). See also *The Tatler*, No. 254, November 23, 1710.

[To His Muse]

(Part 1, Canto 1, Lines 635-664)

390, l. 12. **Withers.** George Wither (p. 12).
Pryn. William Prynne (1600–1669), Presbyterian lawyer and pamphleteer, author of *Histriomastix*, etc. (see Introduction, p. xx).
Vickars. John Vickars, a talkative member of Parliament.

JOHN OLDHAM

John Oldham was born, the son of a Puritan minister, at Shipton Moyne, Gloucestershire, August 9, 1653. He was educated at Oxford, and, on graduating B.A. in 1674, became an usher, or under-tutor, at Croydon School. Here he attracted the attention of London wits by his satires and was honored by a visit from John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. His *Satyr against Vertue*, *A Satyr upon a Woman*, and *Satyrs upon the Jesuits*, though written earlier, appeared in 1681. They were followed soon by *A Satyr concerning Poetry* and *A Satyr Addressed to a Friend*. For a time he served as tutor to the grandson of Sir Edward Thurland and as chaplain to Sir William Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston. He died at thirty, December 9, 1683, lamented by Dryden as the "true Marcellus of our tongue." See Introduction, pp. liii-liv.

The text here used is that of *The Works of Mr. John Oldham*, sixth edition, 1703.

A Satire Addressed to a Friend

391, ll. 11–18. **How many men, etc.** Oldham was probably thinking of Cowley and of Butler.

392, l. 39. **Orders and a Gown.** Anglican ministers, after taking orders, wear surplice or gown.

393, l. 55. **Busby.** Richard Busby (1606–1695), famous headmaster of Westminster School, attended by Dryden and Locke, who birched sixteen future bishops with his "little rod."
Dr. Gill. Alexander Gill and Alexander Gill, Jr., long headmaster and undermaster of St. Paul's School, which Milton attended.

l. 72. **thirty pounds.** A century later Goldsmith's vicar was "passing rich with forty pounds a year."

l. 81. **consecrate the meat.** Cf. p. 71, ll. 79-84.

394, l. 111. **a small estate.** Cf. Cowley's *The Wish*, l. 10, p. 209.

A Satire Against Virtue

Oldham here attempted a kind of satiric *tour de force* upon the popular anti-Puritan theme. He concluded the satire with an apology and retraction. For the Pindarique form see Introduction, pp. xxxvii-xxxviii, and p. 214 ff.

395, l. 13. exacts excise. Levies a tax.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON

Mrs. Hutchinson has given the best account of her early life in her autobiographical fragment. She was married July 3, 1638. Her husband, Colonel John Hutchinson, took an active part in the civil war and subsequently in Parliament. As a signer of Charles' death-warrant in 1649, he was expelled from Parliament at the Restoration and imprisoned on suspicion of plotting in 1663. His wife exerted every possible influence, even to displeasing him, to save his life. His illness and death in September, 1664, spared him from further vengeance. In addition to composing her great memorial between 1664 and 1671, she completed in her final year, 1675, a translation of six books of Lucretius into English verse.

The text here used is that of the Bohn Edition of 1846.

THE LIFE OF MRS. HUTCHINSON WRITTEN BY HERSELF

This lively and detailed account of the girlhood of Lucy Apsley gives more than a glimpse into just such a refined and liberal Puritan home as Milton doubtless enjoyed. Here piety and culture are delightfully mingled with love-making and innocent mirth. Compare the corresponding pictures of Royalist maidens, Dorothy Osborne and Mary Evelyn (pp. 246-256, 375-379).

Mrs. Hutchinson to her Children Concerning Their Father

Here, in more heightened style, the memorialist begins to construct an elaborate portrait of a Puritan gentleman which has never been excelled. Not infrequently her story, which she calls a "naked, undressed narrative," glows and sings with solemn joy.

Page 403. **under a command.** This command of Colonel Hutchinson to his wife just before his death was as follows: "Let her, as she is above other women, show herself in this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordidinary women."

THOMAS ELLWOOD

Thomas Ellwood was born at Crowell, Oxfordshire, in 1639. His father was a well-to-do country gentleman, whose temper and

orthodoxy proved insufficient to restrain his son's strange inclination toward the persecuted Quaker sect once the young man had met Penington and Fox. Through his new friends he was introduced to Milton in 1661. His brief but pleasant association with the poet is best told by Ellwood himself. In prison and out, he spent the remainder of his life in forwarding by word and pen the Quaker cause. His various controversial publications call for no enumeration here. His only composition of literary importance is the delightful autobiography, which, for some reason, he withheld from publication until his death in 1713.

THE HISTORY OF THOMAS ELLWOOD WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Ellwood's autobiography breaks off with July, 1683. It was first published in 1714. The title of the first edition is, in part, as follows: *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood. Or, An Account of His Birth, Education, etc., with Divers Observations on His Manners When a Youth, And How He Came to Be Convinced of the Truth; with His Many Sufferings and Services for the Same. Also Several Other Passages and Occurrences. Written by His Own Hand, . . . 1714.* In the edition of 1829 the title has been simplified to *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, Written by Himself, . . . 1829.* Except for the abbreviated title, the text here followed is that of the edition of 1714.

Page 415. **Dr. Paget.** Dr. Paget, friend of the Peningtons, also recommended to Milton in 1663 Elizabeth Minshull, his third wife.

418. **the pestilence.** The plague of 1665.

CHARLES COTTON

Charles Cotton was born at Beresford, Staffordshire, April 28, 1630. He was educated at Cambridge, travelled abroad, and became an accomplished linguist and translator. Always a lavish spender and generous friend, notwithstanding a large inheritance and two rich marriages, the first to Isabella Hutchinson, sister of Colonel Hutchinson, in 1656, he left nothing at his death in 1687 except a fairly large and varied assortment of verse and prose. In this collection are found several sweet and simple songs of love and nature, translations of Montaigne's *Essays* and of Du Vair's *The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics*, a travesty on the *Æneid*, a *Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque*, and the *Second Part of the Compleat Angler* (1676). Boon companion of Restoration wits, Cotton was beloved also by such upright men as Izaak Walton, who initiated him into the mysteries and delights of rod and reel. His poetical works were first published in 1689.

The text here used follows that of the edition of 1689.

The Morning Quatrains

In this easy-flowing morning song and in *Retirement*, Cotton shows a love of nature which connects him with Herrick, Marvell, and Vaughan and made him dear to romanticists a century later. Coleridge generously remarks of his verse: "There are not a few of his poems replete with every excellence of thought, images, and passions which we expect and desire in the poetry of the milder muse; and yet so worded that the reader sees no one reason . . . why he might not have said the very same in appropriate conversation."

424, l. 21. **Xanthus and Æthon.** The steeds that draw the chariot of the sun.

425, l. 65. **The slick-faced schoolboy, etc.** Cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, 2. 7. 145 ff.

Rondeau

The rondeau is "a poem of French origin, consisting of thirteen lines with two rimes and an unrimed refrain" (*Standard Dictionary*).

Virelay

The virelay is "a form of Old French verse having two rimes to the stanza" (*Standard Dictionary*).

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset, was born January 24, 1638. In his early years he travelled in Italy and returned to lead a dissipated life about the Court of Charles II. His better qualities developed with age. He became a useful member of Parliament, served gallantly in the Dutch war of 1665, and was sent abroad on various diplomatic missions by the King. Not in favor with King James, he became Lord Chamberlain under William in 1689. An easy and graceful writer of songs, he acquired and deserved the reputation of being a generous patron of letters, particularly of such poets as Dryden, Wycherley, and Prior, who were less fortunate socially and financially than himself. In Dryden's great essay (p. 517) he is honored as Eugenius. He died in 1706.

The text here used is that of Chalmers' *English Poets*, 1810

Song Written at Sea

Sackville's most famous lyric was composed on shipboard the night before the Duke of York's victory, June 3, 1665, over the Dutch fleet, upon which occasion Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was killed and some thirty enemy ships were destroyed. The song reflects the best traditions of the Stuart Cavaliers and successfully unites the social and patriotic themes. For gaiety and ease it may be compared with Suckling's *Ballad* (p. 68).

429, l. 27. **Whitehall.** The residence of Charles.
l. 32. **Goree.** An island off the Dutch coast.

Song: Dorinda's Sparkling Wit and Eyes

Dorinda was probably Catherine Sedley, daughter of Charles Sedley, witty but notorious mistress of James II.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Charles Sedley was born at Aylesford, Kent, in 1639. He attended Oxford, and after the Restoration became prominent at Court on account of his wildness, wit, merry comedies, and graceful songs. Like Dorset, with whom he indulged in notorious escapades, he became a patron of poor but promising poets, and was given a place as Lisideius in Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (p. 517). For several years he sat in Parliament. His only daughter (Clarinda of Dorset's song, p. 430) became Countess of Dorchester and mistress of James II. He died August 20, 1701.

The text of the following songs is that of *The Miscellaneous Works of the Hon. Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., Published from the Original Ms., London, 1702.* In the Preface the editor, W. Ayloffe, says: "Being all corrected by his own hand, I thought it would not be unacceptable to the world to see them [Sedley's poems] again, since better drest, or otherwise at least: for Sir Charles Sedley had that felicity of thought, that solidity of judgment, that he could alter, but rarely mend. If there is anything that suits not with the gravity of some nice, or rather supercilious, pretenders to reformation, it is hoped the generous will impute them to the freedom of those happy days when he was young and the kingdom blest in a long-wished-for return of their natural Prince."

Song: Love Still has Something of the Sea

432, l. 1. Sedley's happiest line and one of the finest in Restoration song.
l. 2. **From whence his mother rose.** Aphrodite (*aphros*, sea-foam, *dite*, issued), daughter of Zeus and Dione, a sea nymph, rose from her home beneath the waves to dwell with the gods on Mt. Olympus.
433, l. 3. **doubt.** The usual printing is *love*. The edition of 1702, from Sedley's "own hand," has *doubt* — a reading that makes surprising sense with the context.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

John Wilmot was born at Ditchley, Oxfordshire, April 10, 1647. At eleven he became an earl, at twelve entered Oxford University, and at fourteen graduated master of arts. In 1664 he returned from a three years' tour abroad and plunged at once into the gaieties and

excesses of Court life. In 1667 he married a rich beauty, Elizabeth Malet, and took his seat in the House of Lords. Banished from Court in 1673 and 1676 for trying his satirical wit upon the King, each time he proved himself to be indispensable to Charles and was soon dining again regularly at Whitehall. In 1679 he stooped to employ ruffians to beat Dryden for some real or imagined satirical thrust. Declining rapidly in health, he held religious conferences with Bishop Burnet and professed conversion before his death July 26, 1680. His poems were first printed in that year.

The text here followed is that of Chalmers, 1810.

Upon Drinking in a Bowl

Compare this Anacreontic poem with Cowley's *The Epicure* (p. 211) and *Drinking* (p. 211) and see note, p. 569.

435, l. 1. **such a cup As Nestor used.** See *Iliad* 11. 632.

Constancy

Despite their conventionality of theme, phraseology, and conceits that links Wilmot's songs to Cavalier verse, one finds in them some evidence of sincerity, if not of constancy, in love. Wilmot's "love of wife and children," thinks his latest biographer, John Hayward, was "the truest and most lasting affection of his life."

Epitaph on Charles II

Cf. this impudent but witty epitaph, written at least five years before Charles' death in 1685, with other famous epitaphs of the seventeenth century (see pp. 12, 92, 259). Another extant version reads:

Here lies a great and mighty king,
Whose promise none relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

JOHN BUNYAN

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, Bedfordshire, in November, 1628. At the village school he learned to read and to write, and at home he mastered his father's humble trade, that of tinker, or mender of pots and pans. Very early he began to indulge in pranks and sports frowned upon by his Puritan neighbors and to be tormented by his conscience day and night. From 1644 to 1647 he served in Cromwell's army. In 1648 he married a good woman, whose pious admonitions and two good books helped to transform the frivolous young soldier into an earnest seeker after spiritual peace. Bunyan was baptized in 1653, joined the Baptist Church, and began to preach in 1657. At the Restoration he was imprisoned for unlicensed

preaching, and, rather than promise to desist, lay in Bedford jail, with occasional furloughs, until 1672. The remainder of his life, except for a short imprisonment in 1676, he served as pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedford. As early as 1656 he had tried his pen upon the Quaker sect. In Bedford jail he discovered and developed his unusual literary powers. *Grace Abounding*, his spiritual autobiography, appeared in 1666; the First Part of *Pilgrim's Progress* in 1678; *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, in 1880; *The Holy War* in 1682; and the Second Part of *Pilgrim's Progress* in 1684. He died August 31, 1688. His works were published in folio in 1692. See also Introduction, pp. lvii-lx.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The First Part of *Pilgrim's Progress* was composed in Bedford jail during Bunyan's six months' imprisonment in 1676. The full title of the first edition is *The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which is to Come: Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream. Wherein Is Discovered the Manner of His Setting Out, His Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired Country. By John Bunyan. 1678.* Part Two was added in 1684. Eleven editions of Part One had been demanded by 1688, and some fifty in all by 1784.

The fourth edition (1680), except as indicated, has been followed in the present text.

[The Slough of Despond]

Christian, having heeded Evangelist's advice to flee from the wrath to come, had gone, accompanied by Pliable, but a little way when he fell into the Slough of Despond. Rev. Thomas Scott (*The Pilgrim's Progress*, 1811) interprets the Slough of Despond as "those discouraging fears which often harass new converts."

Page 443. **the burden.** Christian's humiliating sense of sin.

[The Foul Fiend]

Having been instructed at the Interpreter's House and clad on the Hill of Difficulty from the armory of God, Christian, accompanied by Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, descended into the dangerous Valley of Humiliation—"the humiliation requisite for receiving Christ, obtaining peace, and making a good confession of faith" (Scott, *op. cit.*).

Page 444. **Apollyon.** The Destroyer (Rev. 9.11). "The description of Apollyon implies that the combat afterwards recorded particularly represented the terrors by which evil spirits attempt to drive professors out of their path" (Scott, op cit.).

448. **amain.** With all his might. Cf. *Lycidas*, l. 111, p. 275, **reached.** So in the first, second, and seventh editions. The third has *retched*, the fourth *stretched*.

[Doubting Castle]

Having passed by Vanity Fair and Lucre Hill Christian and Faithful, following a by-path, trespassed unknowingly upon the grounds of Giant Despair. Scott (*op. cit.*) interprets: "Whenever we deliberately quit the plain path of duty to avoid hardship and self-denial, we trespass on Giant Despair's grounds, and are never out of his reach till renewed exercises of deep repentance and faith in Christ, producing unreserved obedience, especially in that instance where before we refused it, have set out feet in the highway we have forsaken."

Page 449. **haste.** So the third edition; the fourth has *counsel*.
450. **beating.** So the third edition; *ratcing* in the second and fourth.

[The River]

Escaped from Giant Despair, the pilgrims passed over the Delectable Mountains and came to Beulah Land, where they were met by two Shining Ones, who were to conduct them to the "city of pure gold." But first they must by faith pass safely through the River of Death.

Page 454. **thereof.** So in the third edition; the first, second, and fourth editions have *therefore*.
455. **hearty fears.** The eighth to the eleventh editions have *heart fears* or *heart-fears*.
456. **for you have been.** The third and fourth editions omit *for*.

[The City]

On the farther shore they were rejoined by the Shining Ones and conducted to the Celestial City. Only their conversation by the way is here omitted.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

William Temple, son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland under Cromwell and the Stuarts, was born in London in 1628. After spending two years at Cambridge, he set out in 1647 upon his travels abroad without taking a degree. For his romance and marriage see the Letters (pp. 246–256) and biographical sketch (p. 572) of Dorothy Osborne. After some years in Ireland he settled in London in 1663 and began his long and brilliant career as diplomatist under Charles II and confidential adviser to William of Orange. Among his diplomatic triumphs were the Triple Alliance of 1668 and negotiations that resulted in the marriage of William and Mary.

Not approving of the crooked policies of Charles, he retired from the Court and declined to be secretary of state. At his country home at Sheen and later at Moor Park in Surrey he interested himself in gardening and continued to enjoy his family and his books. Here Swift and Stella served as secretary and maid during the last ten years of his life. His most important essays and studies are *Observations upon the United Provinces* (1672), *Essay upon the Original and Nature of Government* (1672), and *Miscellanea* (1679), including such clear and pleasing personal essays as those from which selections for this volume have been taken. Temple died in 1699 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. See also Introduction, pp. lx-lxi.

The text here followed is that of *The Works of Sir William Temple, Bart*, 1770.

Of Health and Long Life

Here Temple's clearness, ease, and affability as a familiar essayist are well shown. The first three and the last three of the thirty-seven pages of the essay are presented.

Page 468. **essay of moxa.** *An Essay upon the Cure of the Gout, by Moxa. June* 18, 1677.

[Of the Pretensions of Modern Science]

This passage is extracted from *Some Thoughts upon Reviewing the Essay of Ancient and Modern Learning.*

469. **wild as those of Ariosto.** In the *Orlando Furioso* (34. 70), Astolfo is conducted by St. John to a kind of Limbo in the Moon. Milton presents his conception of "more likely habitants" of the Moon in *Paradise Lost*, 3.460 ff.

470. **constat igitur,** etc. This inexact quotation from Pliny's *Natural History* (2. 7. 25) may be translated thus: It is true, therefore, that among so many things that are doubtful nothing can be sure. Than man there is nothing more contemptible or more proud.

Of Poetry

The section given is the last two of the thirty-five pages of the essay. See also p. lxi.

JOHN LOCKE

John Locke was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, August 29, 1632. He was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford, in which University he became tutor in Greek, philosophy, and rhetoric in 1660. Like Hobbes he soon abandoned the classics and scholasticism for modern scientific thought. In 1666 began his friendship with the Earl of Shaftesbury, in whose home he served as secretary and tutor for fifteen years. Shaftesbury's plots and flights placed

Locke in jeopardy for a time and led to a profitable residence abroad for several years. He composed his *Essay on Toleration* in 1667. His first article to be published (in 1686) was completed in Holland. Upon his return to England in 1689, he was received as the foremost living English philosopher. His great *Essay concerning Human Understanding* and *Two Treatises on Government* appeared in 1690; *Thoughts concerning Education* in 1693; and *On the Reasonableness of Christianity* in 1695. In 1691 he was welcomed into the home of Sir Francis Masham, at Oates Manor, Surrey; and here, except for a brief period of public service on the Board of Trade, he spent his remaining fourteen years in tranquil and productive meditation. He died October 28, 1704. See Introduction, p. lxi, for his connection with English literature.

The text here followed is that of *The Works of John Locke*, 1801.

AN ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

Of Ideas in General and Their Original

(Book 1, Chapter 1, Section 1–6, 24)

OF THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING

Of Practice and Habits

(Section 4)

Fundamental Verities

(Section 43)

JOHN DRYDEN

John Dryden was born at Aldwincle All Saints, Northamptonshire, in August, 1631. He was taught at Westminster School by Dr. Busby (see note, p. 589) and graduated B.A. from Cambridge in 1654. Having settled in London, he began to make his way in letters by eulogizing the late Protector in 1658 and welcoming Charles in 1660 in fashionable heroic verse. He joined the Royal Society in 1662 and made a profitable marriage with Lady Elizabeth Howard in 1663. London theaters now began to resound with Dryden's newly-invented heroic plays, in publishing which he prefixed such brilliant essays as, together with the great *Essay* of 1668, stamped him the foremost dramatic critic of the age. Meanwhile the *Annus Mirabilis* (1666), in heroic quatrains, sustained his reputation as a poet. In 1670 he became poet laureate and historiographer royal. In 1681 he turned suddenly from drama to achieve even more conspicuous success in satire, political, personal, and religious. Having espoused Catholicism and attached himself to James II, with the Revolution of 1688 he lost his positions and emoluments and was

thrown completely upon the resources of his pen. During his last decade he triumphantly produced next to his greatest play, his finest lyrics, his great translation of Virgil, and his mellowest prose. He died May 1, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. For his outstanding literary traits and works see Introduction, pp. lxii–lxv.

The texts here followed are those of Chalmers, 1810, and, for the prose, of 1684 and 1700.

FROM ASTRÆA REDUX

Astræa Redux ("Justice Returned") runs to 320 lines. The section given is lines 250–320. Astræa, goddess of justice, was said (Ovid, *Metam.* 1: 149–150) to have left the earth. Virgil (*Ecl.* 4. 6) predicts her return. On the title-page Dryden quotes:

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

486, l. 53. **old Time**, etc. Kronos, husband of Rhea, swallowed all of his offspring but Zeus, by whom he was ultimately dethroned.

487, l. 72. **great Augustus' throne.** The reign of Augustus Cæsar (63 B. C.–14 A. D.), the age of Virgil and Horace, seemed the Golden Age to English classicists (Augustans). Cf. p. 499, ll. 62, 63.

Song: Ah Fading Joy

(*From* Act IV, scene 3, of *The Indian Emperor*, 1665)

Song: You Pleasing Dreams of Love

(*From* Act IV, scene 1, of *Tyrannic Love*, 1670)

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

This is Dryden's earliest and greatest satire. It was undertaken by the Laureate at Charles' request and published anonymously in November, 1681. A Second Part, largely the work of Nahum Tate, was added in 1682. The Earl of Shaftesbury had been imprisoned in July and was awaiting trial on the charge of plotting the Protestant Duke of Monmouth's ascendancy to the throne. The story of David and Absalom furnished the inevitable parallel. Despite Dryden's powerful satire, the indictment against Shaftesbury was thrown out by the jury on November 24.

488, l. 51. **Adam-wits.** Those foolishly discontented, like Adam in Paradise.

490, l. 86. **the town so called.** The old name of Jerusalem was Jebusi.

491, l. 120. **savory deities.** A contemptuous reference to the doctrine of transubstantiation.

MAC FLECKNOE

A medal having been struck off by the Whigs in commemoration of Shaftesbury's release, Dryden produced *The Medal: A Satire against Sedition* in March, 1682. Thomas Shadwell replied for the Whigs in *The Medal of John Bayes* and was answered in kind with *Mac Flecknoe* the following October.

497, **True Blue.** Genuine Whig.

l. 3. **Augustus.** See p. 487, l. 72, and note, p. 599.

498, l. 29. **Heywood and Shirley.** Thomas Heywood (d. 1650) and James Shirley (1596–1666), late Elizabethan dramatists.

l. 36. **King John, etc.** Flecknoe had been treated kindly by King John at Lisbon.

l. 43. **Arion.** See p. 9, l. 25, and note, p 532.

l. 51. **St. Andre.** A French dancing-master.

499, ll. 72, 73. **Fletcher . . . Jonson.** John Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Elizabeth dramatists.
buskins . . . socks. High shoes of tragic actors. . . . Low shoes of comic actors. Cf. p. 265, l. 132. p. 269, l. 102.

l. 77. **Panton.** A punster.

l. 80. **Dekker.** Thomas Dekker (c.1570–c.1641). Elizabethan dramatist.

501, l. 141. **Virtuosos.** *The Virtuoso* was one of Shadwell's plays.

502, l. 164. **Jonson's hostile name.** Shadwell's constant praise of Jonson suggested a possible similarity.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

(Part 1, Lines 1–61, 327–350)

Dryden began to attend Mass during the first year (1685) of the Catholic King's reign. Having made his profession as a Church of England man in *Religio Laici; or a Layman's Faith* in November, 1682, he now signalized his conversion to Catholicism by writing a religious allegory upon the tribulations of the Mother Church. The poem was published in April, 1687.

505, l. 54. **Athanasius.** Arianism, the doctrine that the Son is not co-eternal or co-equal with the Father, was routed by Anthanasius at the Council of Nice (325 A.D.) but was revived by the Italian Socinus late in the sixteenth century.

506, l. 341. **dreaming Platonists.** Mystics as opposed to rationalists. Dryden may allude particularly to Milton, who expressly provides (*Paradise Lost* 3: 463–464) for

> Translated saints, or middle spirits . . .
> Betwixt the angelical and human kind.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

A London society organized in 1683 celebrated November 22 annually by singing an ode in honor of St. Cecilia, patron saint of music and reputed inventress of the organ. For this occasion in 1687 and again in 1697 Dryden composed his finest odes.

506, l. 4. **jarring atoms.** Cf. *Paradise Lost* 2,900 ff., p. 336.

Song: To a Fair Young Lady

First printed in the third volume of *Miscellany Poems* (1693).

509, l. 4. **invert the year.** Turn spring to winter. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* 1. 1. 36:

Simil inversum contristat Aquarius annum.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

Again requested to furnish the ode for St. Cecilia's Day, Dryden composed the following elaborate song in a day and a night, according to Lord Bolingbroke, or within a fortnight, according to Dr. Birch (see Globe Edition, p. 373, note).

510, l. 1. **Persia won.** The feast celebrated Alexander's victory at Arbela, 351 B.C.

511, l. 33. **an image of himself.** Alexander.

l. 41. **the spheres.** See p. 580.

Hunting Song

(From *The Secular Masque*, 1700)

FROM AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

In his Preface Dryden says: "The drift of the ensuing discourse was chiefly to vindicate the honor of our English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them." The essay is enlivened by conversation and plot. It was composed and published in 1668.

Page 520. **Indignor,** etc. *Epis.* 2.1: 76, 77:

"I lose my patience, and I own it, too,
When works are censured not as bad but new" (Pope).

Si meliora, etc. *Epis.* 2.1: 34, 35:

"If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine" (Pope).

523. **Quantum lenta,** etc. As the cypresses tower above lowly shrubs.

FROM THE PREFACE TO FABLES

The Preface was written to accompany Dryden's translations, or imitations, of Chaucer and Boccaccio, made in 1698 and 1699, and published in 1700 as *Fables, Ancient and Modern, Translated into Verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccaccio, and Chaucer: with Original Poems.*

Page 527. **nimis poeta.** Too much a poet.

auribus istius, etc. Suited to the ears of that time.

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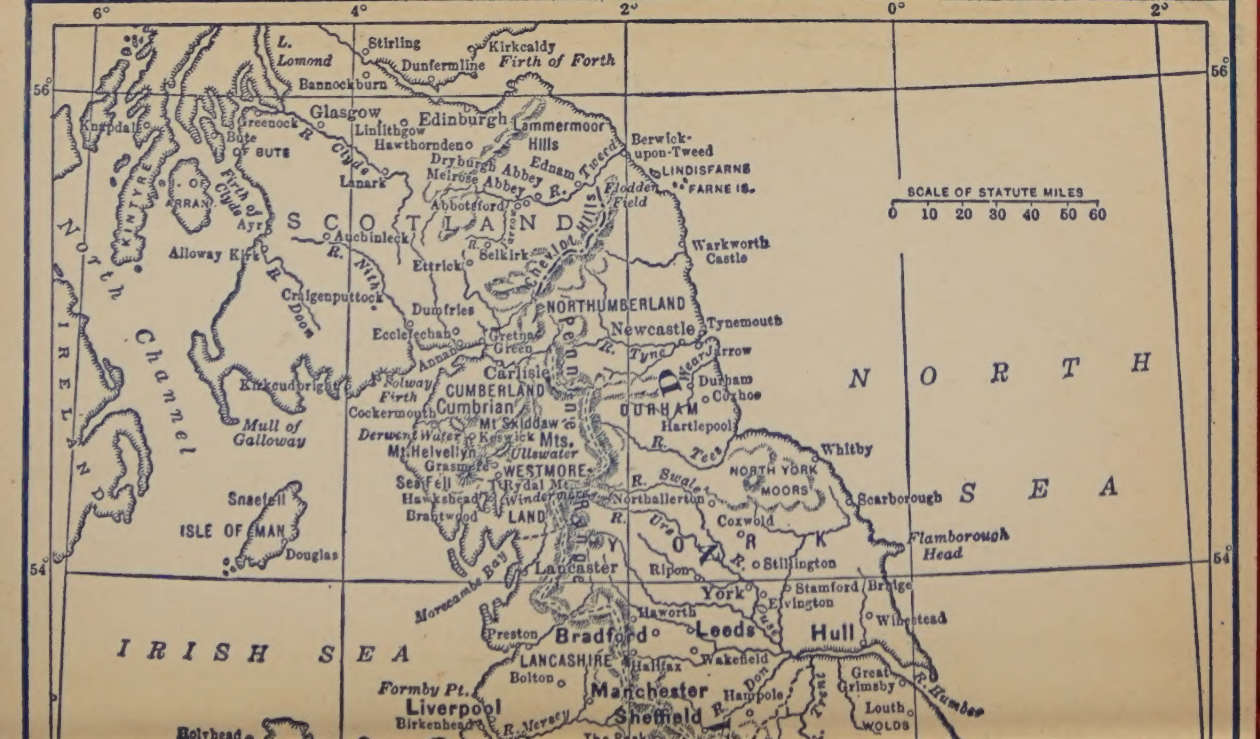
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Firth of Forth
Bannockburn
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Lammermoor Hills
Berwick-upon-Tweed
LINDISFARNE
FARNE IS.
Greenock
R. Clyde
Linlithgow
Hawthornden
Dryburgh Abbey
Melrose Abbey
Ednam
R. Tweed
Flodden Field
Lanark
Arran
Bute
Firth of Clyde
Ayr
SCOTLAND
Abbotsford
Cheviot Hills
Auchinleck
Ettrick
Selkirk
Warkworth Castle
Alloway Kirk
R. Nith
R. Doon
Craigenputtock
Dumfries
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Ecclefechan
Gretna Green
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St. Davids Head
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Newton
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Brecon
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Strait of Dover
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Calais
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Tone
Taunton
Southampton
SUSSEX
Battle Abbey
DEVON
Ottery St. Mary
NEW FOREST
SOUTH DOWNS
Chichester
Brighton
Hastings
Tintagel
R. Tamar
Exeter
DORSET
Bournemouth
Dorchester
Portsmouth
Selsey Bill
Beachy Head
Boulogne
Camelford
DARTMOOR
Ilsington
Dean Prior
Farringford
I. OF WIGHT
CORNWALL
Plymouth
Torquay
Portland Bill
St. Ives
Eddystone L.H.
Dartmouth
Budleigh
Start Pt.
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Falmouth
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Dieppe
4° Longitude West 2° from Greenwich 0° Longitude East